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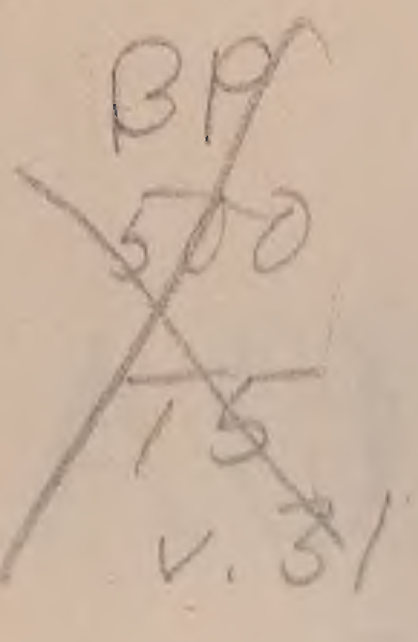
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THE
THEOSOPHICAL REVIEW

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ON THE WATCH-TOWER

A New Year

FIFTEEN years of life now lie completed behind us. One hundred and eighty numbers have been sent out into the world, carrying some fragments of the message of the WISDOM. With the one hundred and eighty-first we open our sixteenth year of life, and face the coming years with unshaken courage and devotion. At the first sending forth H. P. Blavatsky drew to her side as co-editor "Mabel Collins," through whom had come to the West that priceless Eastern jewel, *Light on the Path*. Then she stepped aside, and H. P. Blavatsky summoned Annie Besant as her helper.

Death intervened and carried away the great and noble Soul who held the helm, and Annie Besant, left alone to hold it, asked and found a colleague's help in G. R. S. Mead. Presently one of these will clasp the friendly hand of Death, and the one left alone will choose another comrade, and so on and on till the work of the Magazine is no longer required. Thus is it in the glorious movement in which the THEOSOPHICAL REVIEW bears a standard. As one falls, another steps forward to fill the empty place, and no one person is necessary for the onward-going of the

work; for the work is greater than the workers, and Those who die not guide. "The standard-bearer falls, but the standard floats on high." Such is the sure conviction that cheers us in our work.

* * *

Then and Now

It is startling to look back over the fifteen years, and over those which immediately preceded them, and to see the changes which have come over the face of thought. Statements made by H. P. B. amid scoffing laughter have proved true to the letter, and nothing has changed so much as the science men thought so sure. The theories regarded with reverence in the eighties are now challenged or even rejected, and greater changes are dawning on the horizon, promising to justify yet further the teachings of that great and most unjustly contemned teacher. On the eve of beginning our sixteenth year two such justifications come to hand.

* * *

H. P. B., in the *Secret Doctrine*, repeatedly combated the then theories of electricity as a fluid or as a "mode of motion." Electricity, she says, is "simply matter, and no peculiar fluid" (i. 554). She notes with approval that Helmholtz regarded it as atomic, though it was generally spoken of as a "force" and "imponderable" (i. 734 *note*). Occult science, she says, "maintains that Forces are not what modern learning would have them; *e.g.*, magnetism is not a 'mode of motion,' and in this particular case, at least, exact modern science is sure to come to grief some day" (i. 562). Electricity is not "matter in any of the states known to physical science . . . solid, gas, or fluid" (i. 563). On "the infinite divisibility of the atom" the science of occultism is built (i. 566). Since this was written the atom has been subdivided, and Professor J. A. Fleming (in the *Popular Science Monthly*, May, 1902), writes of negative electricity as "identified with corpuscles or masses only the small fraction of the size of an atom"; a corpuscle is "a fragment chipped off from an electrically neutral atom"; "an electron" or negative "ion" is merely such a fragment. The atom of matter has now become a

Changes

core of positive electricity enclosed in a shell of electrons, and "the architecture of atoms" is spoken of. The atom of hydrogen is said to consist of from 700 to 1000 positive and negative ions. "Electricity is atomic in structure." A moving electron "gives rise to magnetic force as it moves." "If," says H. P. B., "they (men of science) would fathom the ultimate nature of these forces, they have first to admit their *substantial* nature, however *supersensuous* that nature may be" (i. 560). The cause of these forces is "in matter existing in supersensuous states" (i. 561), and this substance is Ether (i. 553). Again, she says; "Light, heat, electricity, and so on are affections, not properties or qualities, of matter" (i. 536). And Professor Fleming says: "The agencies we call electric and magnetic force are affections of the æther." H. P. B.'s views were ridiculed at the time, but later science is justifying them.

* * *

So also with regard to Natural Selection. This doctrine, she said, would have to be greatly modified, and then would form only a part of a true theory of evolution (i. 657).

Natural Selection Dethroned

"Natural Selection is a pure myth when credited with the *origination* of variations" (2. 313, *note*; 683-685; and many other passages). We have now in the *Contemporary Review* (July, 1902), an article by James B. Johnston, which argues for the placing of Natural Selection in the subordinate position advocated by H. P. B. "The proved influence of Natural Selection is being written down as less and less every day." The article deals with the evidence of palæontology, and states various propositions based thereupon, which "stand at variance with a very large amount of the popular supposition and assertion of to-day." Facts, it is declared, are against Natural Selection, as originating species, and it is accepted rather on Weismann's position that nothing else can be suggested which explains "the adaptations, *without assuming the help of a principle of design*." Here, indeed, is the crux of the whole dispute. The WISDOM alleges design, with a host of divine, human, and sub-human builders. Mr. Johnston shows that developed types appear in strata older than those which show supposed ancestral types, as a flamingo in strata older than those which yield the

archæopteryx, and a cockroach as the first certain insect. The fully developed scorpion is found as a contemporary with primitive crustaceans, of whom he ought to be the far-off descendant. The most ancient whales are like those of the present day. "The influence of Natural Selection on either the secondary or the tertiary mammals seems to have been quite trivial and unimportant. Besides the fossil facts offer most serious opposition to our giving any supreme place to Natural Selection even among the tertiary mammals." "Palæontology to-day, as always, refuses to concede any place of great importance to Natural Selection in the originating of species. Palæontology would hardly allow it even a secondary place; it emphatically proclaims Natural Selection as of quite minor importance." Another important point is that "a new type varies with great rapidity just after it comes in, and then varies very little, often not at all, until it ceases to exist." "It is the inward powers of adaptation which are, and always have been, the chief factor in evolution. Environment, struggle for existence, use and disuse, and the like, only modify externals and unessentials, or at most eliminate; very seldom do we see them creating." Thus strongly do the later discoveries of palæontology justify the position taken by H. P. B. when the whole scientific world was against her. She was much blamed for her unscientific theories, but as time goes on the "WISDOM is justified of her children."

* * *

IN the eighteenth and last volume of the works of the late Max Müller, a noteworthy passage appears, distinctly stating his belief in re-incarnation. He writes:

A Voice from the Grave

> I cannot help thinking that the souls towards whom we feel drawn in this life are the very souls whom we knew and loved in a former life, and that the souls who repel us here, we do not know why, are the souls that earned our disapproval, the souls from whom we kept aloof in a former life.

It is only one more witness in an ever-growing band, but each man of mark who adds his testimony increases the rationality of the doctrine in the eyes of the many who are swayed by the authority of well-known names.

HERE is a translation by the late James Legge—kindly given by his daughter—of a Chinese legend, which will interest our readers by its significance and its quaintness :

Digging "Seven Holes in Space"

"There were the King of the North Sea, and the King of the South Sea, and between these seas was the land of Chaos. And Chaos allowed them to come on his land whenever they liked ; so they bethought themselves as to what return they could make him for his kindness. As they talked, Chaos himself passed by, and they saw he was a shapeless mass, head, feet, body and limbs in the wildest confusion, vague, miscellaneous and grotesque. So they said : 'We have lately seen some men, and they have heads, and in their heads seven orifices to let in light, and air, and breath, and food. Let us dig seven holes in Chaos, and let in light, and air and breath.' So they dug one hole a day, and on the seventh day Chaos died."

So says the legend. For the likeness of the Heavenly Man was cast on the shapeless mass of Chaos, and Chaos vanished and a Kosmos rose. Thus have we heard.

* * *

OUR readers will regret to hear that Svâmi Vivekânanda—the well-known disciple of Râmakṛishṇa, and the head of the missionary band of Svâmis who have done so much to popularise Hindu thought in America

Beyond these Voices

—has passed away at the early age of thirty-nine. The late Svâmi collected large funds in America for his Indian work, and founded the Râmakṛishṇa Mission in Calcutta. May Peace be with him.

* * *

THE following incident has appeared in the press. The poor woman seems to have shown no signs of insanity, beyond the natural strong emotion of a daughter on becoming convinced of her father's danger. But official routine is difficult to change. It is spoken of as a "very curious case," but such cases are common enough now-a-days, so far as the communication of disasters and of other events is concerned. That which is fortunately becom-

Astral Impression treated as Insanity

ing more curious, in the sense of rare, is the treatment of a person who receives such an impression as insane.

The woman was coming back from Australia, and while on the voyage conceived the idea that something had happened to her father. This so preyed upon her mind that when she reached Tilbury Dock she was not responsible for her actions, though talking of nothing else but something having happened to her father. She would not give them any details about herself, but from letters found on her, information was received, which resulted in communication being established with her friends. The curious part of the affair was that the solicitor applied to wrote that he knew the girl well, but would suggest that no communication should be made to her father, who had suffered an accident, and was lying in a precarious condition waiting for an operation to be performed. The accident had occurred while the girl was on board ship on her way home.

* * *

Salvation at Last

Good news is shortly expected at Exeter Hall. An American senator has proposed an amendment to the Chinese Exclusion Bill, that Christian Chinese shall be allowed to enter the United States. (Our readers will remember that while Europe and America force China to admit Westerners at the point of the bayonet, the United States is busy in shutting the Chinese out of America. This is western justice and wide-mindedness: "We grab your land, and shut you out of ours".) Thousands of Chinese are expected to enter the Christian fold. The Spaniards, when they held the Philippines, adopted this policy, and 30,000 Chinese were converted during a single week. And "of such is the kingdom of heaven," in the missionary sense. The clause will be as successful as an Indian famine. Perhaps the Chinese might try a similar condition, enforcing Buddhism or Confucianism on all who enter China. It would have the advantage of preventing drunkenness.

* * *

Positive Images

It may be remembered that impressions on sensitive plates have been produced by what is vaguely called "spirit influence," in which the images were positive, not negative. Several persons have been engaged in the attempt to produce such images, and it is stated in *Photography* that Mr. M. J. Wilbert obtained an ordinary negative in the

ordinary way, and then developed in the daylight a second plate to which he had given the same exposure. This second plate showed the usual negative when taken from the camera, but this faded away and a positive image appeared under the action of the developer in light.

* * *

En route

I—to drop the editorial we—have been wandering round the South and West of England during this August, which ought to have been hot and was cold. Theosophy is making considerable progress in this part of England, where, some years since, few knew anything about it. In Bournemouth, Dr. Nunn, Mr. Bellairs and Mrs. McDouall have worked steadily, week by week, and have succeeded in creating interest, so that both the public lectures and the conversation meeting were well-attended. In Plymouth, Dr. and Mrs. Mariette have brought much energy to bear on the work, so that we not only had public lectures and a crowded conversation meeting, but opened a Lodge, housed in a room of its own in the centre of the town. May it prosper, and be a centre of life. For many years it seemed hopeless to do anything in Exeter, but Miss Wheaton's courage and perseverance have conquered local antagonism, and Colonel Montague presided over a good public meeting, followed on the next day by a Lodge meeting and a public gathering for questions. Cardiff is almost unbroken ground, and the local bigotry was so great and the inclination to persecute so strong, that I thought it better not to expose anyone to the risk of injury by taking the chair, and lectured without a chairman. There was a gathering of between six and seven hundred people, who proved sympathetic, and a good many attended the conversation next day. Some serious study is now likely to be done. At Bristol the Lodge has had many difficulties, but has held on through all, and the meetings were very successful. Miss Dobbie and Mr. Sidney Old had organised everything successfully, and Mr. Sibree, Lecturer on Oriental Languages at University College, took the chair. Bath was the last town visited, and here we had a pleasant meeting, presided over by Mr. Hill, and a useful conversation on the following afternoon.

FRIENDS all over Europe will be interested in hearing that Mr. C. W. Leadbeater took ship for America from Liverpool, on August 22nd. He is to remain for two years in the States, lecturing and teaching continuously. All good wishes follow him from the various European countries in which he has been labouring with so much earnestness and self-sacrifice.

* * *

WE referred last month to Professor James' Gifford Lectures, *The Varieties of Religious Experience*. A correspondent sends us the following note:

A Reviewer

"How significant is the fact that in discussing the work, the *Times* accepts without demur the Professor's view 'that our normal waking consciousness, rational consciousness as we call it, is but one special type of consciousness, whilst all about, parted from it by the filmiest of screens, there lie potential forms of consciousness entirely different.' From the monistic insight of such states, says the *Times*, 'it is an easy transition to what are more specifically recognised as mystical states, whether in the Yoga of the Hindus, the contemplative mysticism of the Buddhists and Sufis, or the transports of Christian saints. With a sure hand Professor James disentangles the common elements of these very diverse experiences, and finally proceeds with studied moderation to discuss the psychological mechanism by which they are brought about, and their possible value as an outlook upon reality.' Outlook upon reality! Is it not of momentous significance, that on the very threshold of the twentieth century, the Harvard professor and the *Times* reviewer should be agreed that 'reality' is beyond space and time, and yet may reasonably be sought for, and, haply, recognised by the tenant of the physical body? and that both parties should repudiate as 'superficial' the theory of 'medical materialism, which seeks to discredit the spiritual value of religious experiences by an account of their organic causation?' Verily, the bread cast upon the waters by the Gnostics is being found again, after two millennia."

THE BOOK OF EPIPHANY

In my last article* I dealt in a somewhat compressed manner with many things that must be considered by the student of the *Book of the Dead*, and endeavoured to show the necessity of approaching the study in the same way as we should approach the study of religious philosophy in any other sacred book. I entered into the origin of this book and elaborated the theory of its descent from the rituals of the Mysteries of the ancient world, and analysed a portion of it from the point of view of those rituals.

I propose in this article to give some idea of the varying phases of the study of this ancient book, of the difficulties and whence they arise, and I hope to some extent to make clear the reasons and causes which have up till now prevented the Egyptologist pure and simple from arriving at any adequate rendering of its most marvellous and most profound symbolism. Not that we can yet hope to elucidate it entirely, but I do believe that we are upon the right path, that we have, as it were, cleared the surface in the scientific excavation of this buried treasure-house of the wisdom of Egypt.

It will be remembered that I prefaced my last article with a philosophical essay. The reason for this demand upon philosophy is that there has never been found in the ancient Egyptian language and writing religious treatises such as are produced by the theologians of the present day. Even the Gnostic writings are far more of the nature of symbol than of explanation, though they profess to be explanatory. The ancient commentaries on the xviith chapter of the *Book of the Dead*, or as I prefer to call it the *Book of Epiphany*, are only explanatory in the sense that they give us a choice of symbols, saying merely that one symbol is equivalent to some other symbol.

* See July number, "The Mysteries and the 'Book of the Dead.'"

The reason for this lack of explanatory matter is not far to seek.

The *Book of Epiphany* was not written for the general public; it was not written to form the teaching propaganda of any religion, or any doctrine belonging to a religion. It was compiled for the assistance of those who knew, those who had penetrated beyond the outer husk of the external worship of Gods or even of God; it was compiled for those who had entered the sacred hall of initiation; it was compiled for those who were Masters of the Mysteries —men learned in a divine lore which they held too sacred to write down, a knowledge which they kept locked up within their hearts and handed on from mouth to ear to those only whom they considered worthy.

This absence of written document was one of the peculiarities of the Mysteries, and it is the reason why we never come across in ancient Egypt manuscripts which give any justification of her fame for wisdom. Yet that justification is within our reach. Whence came the learning of the Greek philosophers? From Egypt; they went to Egypt to seek for her wisdom, and when they returned they put it into their own language. What is there of the lore of the ancient world that cannot be traced to Egypt? I believe none, unless it be the Chaldæan, and possibly the Vedântic.

The Chaldæan, like the Egyptian, is lost, and probably through the same cause. Yet a certain small amount of the Chaldæan wisdom has survived for our study, and that also has to be picked out from quotations in works by Greek authors.

There is a collection of these quotations known as the Chaldæan Oracles of Zoroaster, many of which are indeed profound in their philosophic conceptions; among other things these sentences afford us the proof that the Chaldæan astrologers were not ignorant of the position of the sun in the centre of our system.

To return to Egypt, however. Whatever in these days of Higher Criticism we may think of the historical existence of Moses, the Hebrew law-giver, few will attempt to deny that the writings attributed to him afford us an example of the transcription of material which came out of Egypt, and which is venerated

to this day. Moses, we are told, was learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians; mediæval Jewish tradition will have it even that Moses incorporated the great and holy Kabalah under the guise of symbolic history in the first four books of the Pentateuch, having received that Kabalah from the priests of Egypt, but not daring to write it down in any form more direct than parable.

It seems to us, to-day, strange and incomprehensible that there can ever have existed and been known on this earth a Mystery, so profound, so sacred, and so awful, that men handed it down from generation to generation, from father to son, as a sacred heritage, whispering it only behind closed doors, and not daring to commit it to any more tangible and lasting tablet than the human memory.

To students of the Mysteries sometimes there come in upon the mind vague dreams of what such a Mystery might be, but it would be to no purpose to try to reduce such dreams to words; and I believe that a part, at least, of this mysterious secrecy was but a symbol of the mystic silence that to man, as man, must ever remain as an impenetrable veil around the great First Cause; and yet, it was undoubtedly the great First Cause that the initiation of Egypt was in the first place designed to reveal. First, the revelation of Being, then the revelation of the Path to union with that Being, silently, gradually, and at first by means of symbols.

The *Book of Epiphany* was designed to assist the Initiate in his meditations in this age-long search. Truly was it called the *Book of Epiphany*. Originally and in the time of Egypt's greatness, it was no talisman for the benefit of the dead, but a manual of religious meditation to aid the living.

I have given what is usually called the "Judgment of the Dead" as an example of a ceremony of initiation, but true initiation should never be confused with any ceremonial admission into any order or brotherhood, monastic or otherwise. The ceremony of the Trial was only intended to inculcate and drive home to the soul of the aspirant who was led through it, the necessity of an upright life, a life in which justice and mercy were ever mingled, justice as concerning himself, and mercy as concerning others, if he would attain at length to the great end for which he sought.

Having thoroughly learned this lesson of justice and mercy, the aspirant might ask for further knowledge. Probably this further tuition was given after the manner common to all effective teaching; that is, first the letter, then the sound of the letter, and then how to use the letter; first the object, then the name and meaning of the object, then the use of the object; and so in the initiation of Egypt, first the symbol, then the meaning of the symbol, and after that, how to use the symbol.

When the student had attained a competent knowledge of these three things one may suppose that the *Book of Epiphany* was put into his hands, and he was informed that now he must make use of the symbols himself for his own spiritual development.

It is the want of this previous tuition that forms one of our great difficulties in the elucidation of the book, for we find therein nothing but the symbols, hard and crude, without explanation of any kind, and no real directions as to how to use them.

To gather out again their meanings and uses from the slight threads of evidence that we possess is a long and difficult task; among other things the rubrics are somewhat to blame, for superficially speaking, they are rubbish to the modern mind. What benefit is a man to gain for his soul by performing ceremonies over pictures drawn on fresh papyrus, or from walling up little clay images or tablets in the walls of his room, and reciting words over them while he manipulates the plaster that conceals them from view?

It is difficult to see much use in such things; yet the rubrics inform us that they are highly beneficial to the soul, giving to it even divine powers, while yet it walks the earth in its garment of flesh. Some chapters have merely to be known upon earth in order to produce most startling results.

There can be but two possible explanations to these difficulties. Either that these statements are absurd, or that their intention is not only and exactly that which appears upon the surface. When we consider that this book was never published, was not written to startle the vulgar, but was handed down in silence from learned master to aspiring and tested student, each

one of whom from generation to generation gives no sign of incredulity, we can only conclude that either the wisdom of Egypt was hereditary and inculcated insanity, or that we have not comprehended the meanings and reasons which, for the Egyptian Initiate, underlay these rubrics and chapters.

That the latter is the true solution of the problem I have no doubt; I think this conclusion will be brought home to us best by giving a very nearly parallel case. We read in the New Testament that "if a man have faith as a grain of mustard seed, he shall say unto this sycamine tree, be thou plucked up by the roots and be thou planted in the sea," and "it shall obey him." According to our ordinary use and understanding of words, much less is required here than in any of the rubrics of the *Book of Epiphany*; yet none of these promise so startling a result, for all the results suggested in the rubrics of the *Book of Epiphany* can be readily construed in a spiritual manner, while that of the text I have quoted is startlingly physical; and be it noted that no great faith is required, but only an amount comparable to a grain of mustard seed, which we have always understood is a very small thing. Therefore we may readily put the same question here as I put concerning the Egyptian rubrics: Is this statement madness, or do we really understand its original intention? This then is one of our difficulties.

There is a sentence frequently found in the rubrics of the *Book of Epiphany* which informs us that certain results will accrue "if this chapter be known." In Egyptian, as in all full languages, we frequently find many words to express varying shades of one root-idea. There are two special words in the Egyptian tongue to express the idea of knowledge, that is to say two equivalents of our verb "to know." In the sentence above quoted, however, we only find one of these words used and that invariably—it is the word "*rekh*," and this term is that used without exception for that kind of knowledge necessary to success in the battle of the soul for perfection, and for the knowledge of the names of the Gods. Curiously enough, I have been gradually coming to the conclusion that the other word, the word "*sa*," is the more true equivalent of our verb "to know," even in its deeper meanings as connected with the most profound studies. We have then

to discover what manner of knowledge this was wherewith the Initiate "knew," for the very word which denotes "Initiate" is derived from the root "*rekh*" and means "one who knows," and not only knows as we now speak of knowledge, but in that far deeper and less easily translated sense which is denoted by the word "*rekh*." This word, I believe, cannot be translated into English, in fact, can only be explained in a very inadequate manner in our language. It appears to express the idea of the realisation of a thing from the centre to the circumference and from without to within, through and through, in a manner which in our superficial day is almost unknown and unconceived. This is one example out of many of the difficulties which must arise from the loss of knowledge of the precise meanings of words in any long dead and only partially restored language, though the example given is probably one of the most important in the language difficulty. Indeed, portions of the book are absolutely untranslatable as yet by reason of this difficulty; for instance, in the cxlvth chapter (the title of which is given in the Rubric as the "Chapter of the Pylons" or Temple Gateways of the Elysian Field), we find a great hindrance in our very inadequate knowledge of the names of even common things. So that the intricate symbolism of this chapter is at present doubly hidden by our want of knowledge of the parts of costume, and of the various substances used in the making of ointments and perfumes, and many other different materials, all of which evidently have as direct a symbolism in this chapter as they have in a Roman or Greek Catholic Church Service. In order to give a better idea of the nature of the difficulty without quoting the chapter at length (for it is a long one), I will give an analysis of its general scheme.

In order to enter the Elysian Field the aspirant must pass the gates of twenty-one Pylons, each one of which in this highly symbolic number (three times seven) represents some difficulty that must be overcome by the Initiate on the spiritual Path, before he can attain the final peace represented by the term usually rendered "Still Heart," but to be very much more accurately translated by the "Stillness of the Centre."

As the Initiate approaches each gate, one after the other, in

the realisation of the power of Horus, the Saviour, he declares his knowledge of "the Pylon, its name, and the name of the divine Warden of its gate"; and having uttered the two names, he says that he has been purified in the waters in which some divine power or symbol has been purified upon some especial symbolic occasion; that he is anointed with a certain kind of ointment, clothed in a certain kind of garment, and holding in his hand a wand made of a certain kind of wood, or resembling a certain substance. For the majority of the gates all these things are different, so that we have about twenty different garments, or varieties of textile fabrics, of which perhaps one only is known for certain; there are about the same number of oils, of which we may be justified in guessing in the dark as to the nature of three or four. There are many different woods, none of which, I believe, is properly recognised. Nevertheless it is evident that each of these things contains some direct symbolic idea which, if known, might possibly be traced in the more ornate symbolism of some of our church ornaments and vestments of to-day.

I have now dealt with two of the difficulties of the study of the *Book of Epiphany;* they are two which stand in everyone's path, and the latter of the two, that is, the language difficulty, I really think should have been more nearly overcome than it is after seventy-five years of study. It is a matter entirely for our professors of Egyptology and the erudite scholars at our museums, colleges, and centres of learning.

I now come to a third difficulty, yet one which is, to some extent, a development of that of which I spoke first—namely, the difficulty of interpretation; to put it into plain language, the difficulty I am now about to speak of lies in the non-recognition of the symbols employed.

To recognise the Egyptian symbols which are used in the *Book of Epiphany* requires a wider variety of special studies than merely the languages, customs and objects of antiquity; it needs the study of mystical philosophy, and is therefore well calculated to prevent any Egyptologist, who only possesses what is known as a "modern scientific mind," from ever comprehending the *Book of Epiphany*, or indeed any other work that has come down to us from what I would call the religio-scientific past—that is

to say "religio-scientific" in contradistinction to "materio-scientific," by which latter word I would name the spirit that has long ruled in our learned institutions, but is gradually giving way before a vague sense of something beyond, as modern material science gets a clearer and clearer view of the great Pylon Gateway that shuts it out from the Stillness of the Centre.

We have now excellent translations of the later Gnostic documents, and they are, to some extent at least, comprehensible; and though there is evidence that the Coptic Gnostic writings coming out of Egypt are translations from Greek, yet they also seem to be Egyptian speculation, returning to Egypt *viâ* the Greek tongue. As Greek was the polite language of Alexandria at the time when that city was the great centre of Egyptian learning, I see no necessity to suppose that the Gnostic documents known to us were not written by learned Egyptians for the benefit of learned Egyptians without the intervention of Greek learning at all. Be this as it may, it is easier to see the connection between the philosophy of the Greek documents and the philosophies of other nations and times, than it is to find any connection with the symbols of ancient Egypt, as commonly translated, for to some extent the language question rises again; but it is not now so much a question of the Egyptian language, as of the choice of English words wherewith to present the Egyptian ideas.

All who are acquainted with Gnostic terminology are familiar with the word "Æon," and will remember that this word and its uses present many difficulties.

In these days when we are beginning to recognise more and more the roots of Greek and Latin words in older languages, you will perhaps not be surprised if I suggest an Egyptian root for the word "Æon." I believe it to be a corruption from the *ḤeḤ* or *ḤeḤU*, the shortened form of the Egyptian sentence *ḤeḤUN-ReNPUT*, meaning "millions of years;" but while the Egyptian in his shortened form of this sentence reduced it to one word *ḤeḤU* or *ḤaiḤU*, meaning "millions," the Greek transcribers by one of those little slips of the ear that almost invariably prevent the idiom of any language being accurately transcribed by foreigners, omitted to strike off the letter *N* at the

end of the word *ḤeḤU*, and so they called it *ḤeḤUN* or *ḤeḤŌN*, meaning literally "millions of," and leaving out the last word, *Renput*, meaning "years." Thus they cut the sentence in two in the wrong place, and it is this incorrect form *ḤeḤUN* that appears to me to be the origin of the Greek "Aiōn," which we now call Æon; and in translating the Egyptian word *ḤeḤU*, Æon appears to fit it very much better than the usual equivalent of "millions of years," more particularly where it is found in the *Book of Epiphany* used in a personified sense, exactly as the term Æon is used by the Gnostic writers, in which case to translate it "millions of years" only serves to cloud the idea expressed. Also the Egyptian word *NeHeH*, from the same root, seems to find its most exact counterpart in the Greek form *αἰώνιον*, meaning "Æon-long," rather than in our "Eternal"; the latter being better expressed in Egyptian by the word *ZeTA*, usually translated "everlasting," to which, so far as I know, no particular number or period of time, however indefinite, has ever been attached.

Another very interesting word is *ḤeRÀ*, the radical meaning of which is a "face" or "countenance"; but as will be readily understood, owing to the face being the great distinguishing characteristic between man and man, *ḤeRÀ* comes to mean "personality," "individuality," and so "Ego," that individual self by which one man is distinguished from another; and so it finally forms an important philosophical symbol, a technical term, so to speak, of the deeper philosophy of the Divine Self, the one and only essential Ego of the Universe, *NeB-ḤRÀ-WA*, "the Lord of the One Ego," or "of the only Ego."

Again, in the Gnostic writings, one finds continually recurring the word "Pleroma," meaning literally Plenitude or Fullness. In the *Book of Epiphany*, we find a Goddess spoken of by the name *MeHe-URIT*, and if one cares to look up the word in a vocabulary, he will find the word simply and definitely rendered into English as "a Cow-Goddess." I presume that the reason for calling *MeHe-URIT* a "Cow-Goddess," is, that in the language of the modern Egyptologist, her symbol was a "cow." If, however, we wish to learn anything from the ancient Egyptian symbols, we must go to work in a more truly scientific manner than the

modern vocabulary maker; we must not, for example, make such a crude mistake as to state that the symbol of Osiris was a man; for any person, with even a very small sense of discrimination of the eternal fitness of things, realises that before a man could possibly be taken as the symbol of Osiris, he must be dead and properly embalmed. Even then he is not, correctly speaking, the symbol of Osiris unless he have the white crown with the two Feathers and Uræus, also the Crook and Scourge, held in the proper manner; he must also wear a particular pattern of collar, and must, finally, stand on a pedestal of proper form. Let us then be scientifically accurate and recognise that the symbol of *McHe-URIT* was not a cow, but that the cow form became her symbol only when it was placed upon a proper pedestal, crowned with the correct head-dress, coloured in the correct manner, and generally surrounded with the correct insignia; then let us translate the name of *McHe-URIT*, for there is no difficulty about it. It means simply and literally, "Great Fullness," or "Great Plenitude;" in short, she is the Pleroma of the Gnostics, or, as I have heard it expressed in Hindu phraseology: "The infinite Light may be likened to a cow, and the 'master' is that by which the milk is drawn for the use of man."

So long then as our Egyptologists persist in the present lack of attempt at differentiation, we cannot expect them to throw much light on these intricate symbols.

Let me return for a moment to the word *ḤeRA* ("face," "individuality," "Ego"), for we find a curiously interesting link by the help of this word with the Chaldæan symbolic philosophy, and I think that the possibility of linking the philosophy of these two separated nations, the two great schools of wisdom of the ancient world, is a matter of considerable importance, for by this means comparison could be made to throw light from one on to the other.

All who have made any study of the Kabalah will know the importance of the symbolism of the two Countenances, the Greater Countenance and the Lesser Countenance, corresponding to Macroprosopus and Microprosopus of the later philosophy. The Hebrew term for Macroprosopus is Aryk Anpin, while that for Microprosopus is Zaiyr Anpin.

These terms are not true Hebrew but Chaldee; the first is commonly translated Vast Countenance, and the latter Lesser Countenance. Both these adjectives remain with very little alteration in the Arabic language of to-day, the first being pronounced *Aryd*, and the second *Zughayer*. Their meanings may also be given as Vast and Little, but the more accurate modern use of *Aryd* is best expressed in the sense of width or breadth, and curiously enough the Egyptian equivalent for Aryk Anpin, the Vast Countenance, is *Usχet ḥra*, the "Broad of Face;" thus giving a curious and interesting link, as being more closely allied to the modern descendant of the Chaldee word than are the equivalent expressions in the philosophies of other nations.

These, then, are the main difficulties in the elucidation of the *Book of Epiphany*, and they resolve themselves practically into three. First—the expression of symbolic action in a purely material manner, without assisting the imagination by giving any reasons that might link the material action to any spiritual conception underlying it.

Second—the language difficulty; and third—the difficulty of the recognition of those symbols which are found in all old philosophies. Having recognised and defined the difficulties, we may now go forward to the consideration of the general contents of the *Book of Epiphany* and of the way in which it was intended to be used.

M. W. BLACKDEN.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

REMEMBER, words are not needed. The best work is done in silence. Those in whose midst you may live, quiet and unknown, may have the radiance cast upon them merely by your presence. It is not what you say and do, but what you *are*, that tells, and that will leave its ineffaceable mark upon each character you meet as upon all time.

The soul desires to express itself in its reflection, your life. So live that it may do so. So think and act that you may become a channel for higher things to descend to lower planes. Duty is not an ogre but an angel. How few understand this! Most confuse it, as they do conscience.

Sorrows, crosses, these are our opportunities, could we but see it so. But he is far along who does so see it. He has attained who fully realises it.—*Unpublished MS.*

THE LIBERATION OF JÔHIANNÂ

(From the XIth Tractate of the Right-Hand Genzâ)

"In the name of the Great Life!" These are the sayings of Jôhannâ the Baptist when he took of the stream of living water and baptised the living and named the Name of the Life.

And Mandâ d'Hajjê came to Jôhannâ and said to him: "Arise, Jôhannâ, and baptise me with the baptism wherewith you baptise, and name over me the Name which you name."

And Jôhannâ said to Mandâ d'Hajjê: "I suffer now from hunger and I suffer from thirst, and I have gathered herbs and I am observing silence. I desire to rest and the souls have been very burdensome. Let it be to-morrow. Come then and I will baptise you."

As Mandâ d'Hajjê stood there He lifted up His eyes to the place of the pure glory, to the great place of the pure light, and He prayed a prayer which is a great prayer and which is no small thing and said: "Unto you I pray, unto the First Life and the Second Life and the Third Life—I pray of you a great prayer which is no small thing! Concerning this hour in which I now stand—concerning the twelve hours of the day and the twelve hours of the night, concerning the twenty-four hours: may they be as one hour! And may a sleep come and a slumbering upon the eyes of Jôhannâ. May he lie down and sleep and may his soul be like that of Enoch in his glory! I will speak with him now and ask him with what baptism he baptises. In this same hour in which I now stand!"

And Mandâ d'Hajjê came out from the place of pure glory and from the place of pure light; for it had been given him concerning the twelve hours of the day and the twelve hours of the night that they should be as one hour!

And it was evening, and it was morning; it was night and it

was day. There came a sleep and a slumbering upon the eyes of Jôhannâ.

He lay down and slept; and he awoke and shook himself and passed his right hand across his eyes, and they were freed from sleep.

And Mandâ d'Hajjê said: "Welcome, Master Jôhannâ, grey-haired Father, Master of honour!"

And Jôhannâ said to Mandâ d'Hajjê: "Come in peace, Little One, whom I appointed yesterday to come to the stream! To-day I will not disappoint you!"

And Mandâ d'Hajjê said: "It is well, let the stream arise, and spread out your arms and take me and baptise me with the living baptism wherewith you baptise, and name over me the Name which you name."

And Jôhannâ said to Mandâ d'Hajjê: "Two and forty years have I taken of the stream and baptised men in its waters: yet none hath bade me enter the stream. Now I go with you, Little One of three years and of one day, that we may enter the stream."

And Mandâ d'Hajjê said: "What is the manner of the baptism with which you baptise?"

And Jôhannâ answered: "I place men in the stream as sheep are placed with the shepherd. And I pour over them water from my staff and name over them the Name of the Life."

And Mandâ d'Hajjê said: "With which baptism do you baptise and what is the Name that you name?"

The disciples opened their mouths as one man and said to Jôhannâ: "Two and forty years have you baptised: yet none bade *you* to enter the stream but this Little One. Despise not the speech with which he speaks!"

The disciples pressed round Jôhannâ. And Jôhannâ arose and went down to the bed of the Stream and caused it to shine, and he spread out his arms and welcomed Mandâ d'Hajjê and said: "Come, come, Little One of three years and one day, youngest among his brethren but oldest with his Father, who is so small yet his sayings are so exalted!"

And Mandâ d'Hajjê went down into the stream to Jôhannâ, and the stream sprang up and rushed to meet him and flooded

its borders. And Jôhannâ was up to his middle and up to his chin in water, and he was driven from wave to wave and had not strength to stand upright.

Mandâ d'Hajjê saw Jôhannâ and took pity on him; and the glory of Mandâ d'Hajjê constrained the stream, and it turned itself back and Jôhannâ stood on dry land.

And Mandâ d'Hajjê went to him and said: "Baptise me with your pure baptism and name over me the Name that you honour!"

And Jôhannâ said: "A thousand times a thousand men have I caused to enter the stream, and ten thousand times ten thousand souls have I baptised with the water, but there has not come one like you under my hand! Now it is dry land; how shall I baptise you?"

And Mandâ d'Hajjê said: "As far as the water has gone, go you also. And I shall go with you."

And the glory of Mandâ d'Hajjê fell on the stream and upon its borders. And the fishes of the sea opened their mouths, and the birds from both shores of the ocean, to praise Mandâ d'Hajjê, and they said: "Blessed art thou, O Mandâ d'Hajjê, and blessed is the place from which thou camest, and blessed and established shall be the great place to which thou goest!"

The voices of the fishes out of the sea and of the birds from both shores of the ocean fell on the ear of Jôhannâ. And Jôhannâ recognised that it was Mandâ d'Hajjê who went with him.

And Jôhannâ exclaimed and said to Mandâ d'Hajjê: "Thou art the Man in whose Name I have been baptising with the living baptism!"

And He asked him: "With what Name do you baptise?" And Jôhannâ answered: "With the Name that was revealed to me, with the Name of the predestinate One who was fore-ordained to come, that the well-concealed Mânâ should be made manifest. Thou! Give me now the handshake of the Kuštâ and thy right hand, the Master of healing, and name over me who am thy branch which thou hast planted: that through thy Name the first and the last may be established!"

And Mandâ d'Hajjê said to Jôhannâ: "If I lay my hand upon you, you will go out of your body!"

And Jôhannâ said: "I have seen thee, and I desire to stay no longer here! I have seen thee and held thee fast. I wish for the handshake of Kuštâ (the true bond). Do not separate me from you, or from the place from which you came, or from the great place to which you are going. I will gird up my loins and say farewell! Be gracious to me and give me the revelation of the Mysteries of the King . . . and of the Living Fire, and of the Life wherein it dwells, and of the primal causes and degrees of all beings."

And he gave him the handshake of the Kuštâ, and laid His hand upon him in Jordan.

And he made him lay off his garment of flesh and blood, and he clothed him in a raiment of glory and covered him with a fine and new head-covering of light.

Mandâ d'Hajjê went onwards to the place of pure glory, to the place of pure light, and Jôhannâ went with him. . . . . And there went with them four men—the Sons of Peace, they were: Source-of-Life, Name-of-Life, Glory-of-Life, and Light-of-Life.

The above extracts, though only a translation of a translation, may give some idea of the highly metaphorical character of the narrative.

John the Baptist is not the roughly clad man of the desert baptising men in an actual river Jordan, but a great soul that has been in a position to initiate tens of thousands of souls—entering the stream being the allegorical phrase for initiation.

He is preparing to rest, when he sees coming towards him yet another soul, which he takes to be that of an ordinary disciple.

The solemn prayer that time shall stand still shows that the power of Mandâ d'Hajjê was that of a perfected Master, who was able to confer upon Jôhannâ privileges greater than those connected with the "baptism" given by Jôhannâ himself.

The place of pure glory to which He rises is the timeless plane, and thither he draws the soul of the sleeping Jôhannâ and enlightens the liberated soul concerning some very high matters;

consequently on returning he addresses him as "Master Jôhannâ, Master of Honour," and Jôhannâ, on awakening, appears to realise that this is no ordinary disciple but an Initiate, a "Little One," though he does not yet perceive the greater power that is overshadowing the "Little One"—a power for whose advent he has been preparing the way in the wilderness of the world's ignorance, and whose Name is the very Name he has ever invoked at each initiation.

Mandâ d'Hajje now asks again to be told this Name, and the disciples begin to realise that the questioner is the superior of the two.

In the course of the ceremony Jôhannâ begins to see the whole truth concerning Mandâ d'Hajjê, and at last all the voices of Nature cry out to him to acknowledge their Lord, and he understands that this is indeed the Gnosis-of-Life for which he had waited. This is the Tree of which he is a branch, the Head of the ancient community whose "grip" or handshake he proceeds to give.

We are led to conclude that the human form in which Mandâ d'Hajjê thus appears to John the Baptist is that of Anusch, "The Little Anusch," who figures so often throughout the work. But here comes in also the strange conception of Jesus as the false Messiah, whose personality is mysteriously inwoven with that of Anusch.

Jesus, or Nebu Meschiha, was born of a Virgin but is under the rule of the Seven Planets. He is the "bad Genius," who has a great power of deceiving men, and works only for the acquirement of temporal kingship. He performs miracles with no beneficent purpose, merely for display.

Anusch, the good Genius, seeing his presumption, crucifies the body of Nebu Meschiha, whose Genius goes and hides itself in Mount Moriah.

Anusch has escaped from the dominion of the Seven—that is, he has conquered all the powers of the lower nature.

Tractate xxxi.: "I am Anusch; choose thou thine elect, the just men and the faithful women, and reveal to them the doctrine . . . . that they may utterly astonish the Adepts of the Seven Planets."

Anusch chooses 365 disciples, whom he instructs after the building up again of Jerusalem until the coming of Muhammad.

"And when the wicked saw the glory they said: 'No, these three men who have appeared in this world are not simple mortals. It is a splendour and an incarnate light and so shall be the form of the little Anusch.'" This is in the xxist Tractate, and the Angel of Life also says to Anusch: "And your form shall be one day like that of your two elder brothers who are now in the Abode of the Life."

These elder brothers would seem to be the prophets of a by-gone age, not the two other mystical persons associated with Anusch at that time, for while Anusch is contemplating the "fires of the night" and "the dominating angels of the sky" he says in his soliloquy: "Although I am small I am older than my brothers"—meaning presumably the other disciples of John.

In summing up what we may consider interesting in the above, we find that the Mandæan version of the appearance of a great Power whose ministry began by the river Jordan by no means simplifies the psychological problem of the Person of Christ; rather it opens up deeper and darker questions, as well as presents greater and more vividly glorious possibilities.

The Person of the Christ is rendered more complex by the mystical association of a good and evil Genius—both merged in or overshadowed by a higher Power.

The idea of the great unbroken stream of living souls which are gathered in through all the centuries by an Initiate, in possession of the knowledge of a great Name and a grip or handshake, links the whole episode to many other schools of mystical thought. And finally the guardianship of the world and all things by invisible beings of many orders, whose nature is light, is constantly and vividly brought before us.

A. L. B. HARDCASTLE.

WHO in his mind knows the Lord's will to be for the best,
He is verily called Jîvan Mukta.
To him joy is the same as sorrow.
He is ever blissful; to him there is no separation.

GURU V. SUKHMANI.

"PROMETHEUS UNBOUND"

I would fain
Be what it is my destiny to be,
The saviour and the strength of suffering man,
Or sink into the original gulf of things:
There is no agony and no solace left;
Earth can console, Heaven can torment no more.

THIS is the last cry wrung from the tortured Titan. The zenith of his agony, mental and physical, is here. Dauntless in fortitude, sublime in patience, conscious of ultimate victory, he has borne every nameless suffering which the power of Jupiter could inflict, every horror which the imagination of a God could devise. His last words of pain ring out, beneath the agony, a strain of hope and a prophecy.

Among modern dramas, this, perhaps the least dramatic, from the "modern" point of view, is, in the opinion of some, the most perfect. Life and form, spirit and structure, conception and treatment, are alike worthy of the subject. We have here a world-drama, whose *personæ* are abstractions, yet "live, move and have their being," vivified by the heart-blood of the mighty poet, their creator.

The philosophy and lyrical utterance of the poem are alike theosophic. And though the whole drama must be read and taken in its entirety, to form any adequate idea of the fulness of "theosophic lore" contained in it, yet a short study may serve to introduce it, perhaps, to some who love beauty of thought clothed in gracious form. To those, "Prometheus Unbound" will bring a rich harvest.

Here then we have Prometheus, the God-Man, made perfect through suffering; Asia, type of love, in its patience, purity and passion, the redeeming, uplifting spirit of life; Demogorgon, mysterious elemental, with power to work in the darker forces of

Nature; and Jupiter, mighty shadow of evil—mighty, yet we feel throughout the poem that he is but a gigantic apparition of unreality. Before the poem brings us to his downfall, we know that it must come. How graphically does our poet with his divine intuition foreshadow this conquering of darkness by the irresistible might of light:

> All pains the immortal spirit must endure,
> All weakness which impairs, all griefs which bow,
> Find their sole speech in that victorious brow.

Forth then, came the God, with the gold of his immortality purified by the furnace, calm and strong, secure in that peace which comes only after strife.

With what splendour and strength the poet paints the death-pangs of Jupiter, son of the darkness, whose death-struggle thrills with desire to drag another down with him to the depths of his abysmal tomb. He cries to Demogorgon:

> Sink with me then,
> We two will sink on the wide waves of ruin,
> Even as a vulture and a snake outspent
> Drop, twisted in inextricable fight,
> Into a shoreless sea. Let hell unlock
> Its mounded oceans of tempestuous fire,
> And whelm on them into the bottomless void
> This desolated world, and thee, and me,
> The conqueror and the conquered and the wreck
> Of that for which he combated.
> Ai! Ai!
> The elements obey me not. I sink
> Dizzily down, ever, for ever down.
> And, like a cloud, mine enemy above
> Darkens my fall with victory! Ai! Ai!

The terror which enwraps the very atmosphere in its black wings, the elemental struggle for supremacy, are depicted here with a master's power. Throughout this poem, titanic in structure as in conception, we have a striking example of the power of genius to personify emotion, without losing or lowering the flight of the ascending song. This, of course, is one of the tests by which we try our poets. Shelley possessed the power in an inimitable degree, and nowhere shows it with such "rare excellence" as in this, his masterpiece, "Prometheus".

Let us look now, in this forest of poesy, for some flowers of theosophic symbolism. We have not far to seek, for our poet is deeply imbued with the temper of mind which looks always beneath and beyond the apparent for the real. "I seek (he says) in what I see, the manifestation of something beyond the present and tangible object." The three-fold vision was always before him—he saw it as "Love, Light and Life"; and each poem was an endeavour to give somewhat of form to this wealth of elemental beauty and terror, which was revealed to the eye of the poet's soul.

Throughout "Prometheus Unbound" we breathe "the wind, the sea, the depth of air". His was true sympathy with Nature. He looked deep into her mighty heart and saw there all that was noblest, truest, in the heart of man.

The truth, familiar to us, that before the eye of the mind can see, the darkness of ignorance must be dispelled, is given in the words of the "Spirit of the Hour," speaking immediately after the awful descent of Darkness, symbolised in Jupiter:

> Soon as the sound had ceased whose thunder filled
> The abysses of the sky and the wide earth,
> There was a change: the impalpable thin air
> And the all-circling sunlight were transformed,
> As if the sense of love dissolved in them
> Had folded itself round the spheréd world.
> My vision then grew clear and I could see
> Into the mysteries of the Universe.

Shelley, too, knew by "right divine," by virtue of his art, that all Life is one, that the only difference is in degree, and not in kind:

> Ye elemental Genii, who have homes
> From man's high mind even to the central stone
> Of sullen lead; from Heaven's star-fretted domes
> To the dull weed some sea-worm battens on.
> (A confused voice) "We hear—thy words waken oblivion."

Surely here is the poet's contribution to the dictum "One Force, One Life." Yet another instance, showing how love raises both lover and beloved:

> Common as light is love,
> And its familiar voice wearies not ever,

Like the wide heaven, the all-sustaining air,
It makes the reptile equal to the God.

In this wondrous drama we find a deep belief in the typal nature and archetypal forms of all things that are of art, and in the mind and apprehension which humanity brings to art, "parts of one stupendous whole". Prometheus is here describing the life which shall be his and Asia's (and all who have suffered and triumphed with them) in a beautiful sea cave where they are to dwell, re-united once more. This sea cave is a symbol of the triumph of love over hate, of light over darkness, subduing all things unto the lovely image of itself. He tells of all high visions which shall be theirs, and of

Lovely apparitions, dim at first,
Then radiant, as the mind arising bright
From the embrace of beauty, whence the forms
Of which these are the phantoms, casts on them
The gathered rays which are reality,
Shall visit us, the progeny immortal
Of Painting, Sculpture and rapt Poesy,
And arts, though unimagined, yet to be.

Here we have the old philosophic conception of mind, casting on matter (as it were) "the gathered rays which are reality."

Innumerable quotations might be made. May the few here given tempt some to gather blossoms for themselves from this wondrous forest of theosophic thought and imagery.

To all who love Nature, too, Shelley is a friend, a master, an inspiration. "He loved Nature so," said Leigh Hunt, "that she almost broke her silence for this her child. If she did not speak, yet she returned him look for look"—this poet of poets, who dwelt so near to Nature's heart, and yet loved struggling humanity with a high hope and a burning passion.

If any poet should ask us "What does Theosophy teach?" send him home to read his "Prometheus" and will he not find the answer?

L. NIGHTINGALE DUDDINGTON.

A VOICE FROM THE KINGDOM

In reading J. M. I.'s interesting paper in the May number of the Review, entitled "A Little Lost Kingdom," the thought suggested itself that if other quondam subjects of that kingdom would in like manner relate their personal recollections and observations of this misty realm of childhood, there might result a mass of testimony which could not fail to suggest many interesting psychological problems, and which might possibly throw a new light on some of the difficult questions in child study and child training.

Is it warm in that green valley,
  Vale of childhood, where you dwell?
Is it calm in that green valley,
  Round whose bournes such great hills swell?
Are there giants in the valley—
  Giants leaving footprints yet?
Are there angels in the valley?
  Tell me—I forget.

We have all forgotten, and forgotten the more because we were early taught to despise that first kingdom to which we fell heirs. But we all remember, too, something, more or less, and it is possible that we may learn in reviewing the mental records of babyland a clearer understanding of the lights and shadows that chequer the path leading into the world. And if some of our recollections seem trivial, and some have the air of being egotistical, let us not be discouraged, remembering that there is wisdom in all the little things common to humanity.

In my own case recollection does not seem to extend back to a very early period. It is obviously impossible to attempt to date events accurately in a world where time is merely an unmeaning word employed by an alien race for its own unintelligible purposes, but I feel pretty well convinced that none of my recollected impressions go back beyond the age of four years or so,

Some, no doubt; one, certainly, must have been brought over from the land which is hid by a misty, unremovable veil, the land of infancy, but as a distinct memory they can be given only where they are found, in the days of small childhood. That one, which is as a memory of a memory, is the ineradicable belief that the power of flight had once been mine: nay, that this lost art of flying was one that was in abeyance merely, that some day when I should really try I should fly again. Why did I not make the attempt then, it may well be asked? Because, no doubt, another part of nature forbade, but that did not prevent my locating the position of my remembered flights down a steep and dark and particularly uninviting back staircase of my childhood's home. Was I, perhaps, carried swiftly down by a nurse on some occasion in infancy? I do not know: I only know that the sensation of floating through the air above those wooden steps, with just a touch of the toe in the middle of the flight to give a new momentum, was present with me all the days of my childhood, and is easily recalled even yet.

In the life of Tennyson mention is made of the extraordinary fascination which was exercised on his mind in childhood by the three simple words, Far, far away; and in his old age he embodied this phrase in a little poem intended to be set to music, of which the last verses are as follow:

What vague world-whisper, mystic pain or joy,
Thro' those th ree words would haunt him when a boy,
Far—far—away.

A whisper from his dawn of life? a breath
From some fair dawn beyond the doors of death?
Far—far—away.

Far, far, how far? from o'er the gates of birth,
The faint horizons, all the bounds of earth?
Far—far—away.

What charm in words, a charm no words could give!
O dying words, can Music make you live?
Far—far—away.

Possibly every child has, though it may be in a less vivid degree, experienced the same feeling with regard to some expression which, in one of those self-satisfied phrases which pretend to explain, "has caught his fancy." For me that charm, "a charm

no words can give," dwelt in the very ordinary phrase "By-and-bye." They come back to me now as when I first consciously heard them, spoken rather hastily by a grown-up, who, as I recall, was worried over some small domestic catastrophe. They seemed to wrap me in a mystic veil of indefiniteness as I wandered away into an empty hall in order to say them over to myself, gazing up to a window whose aspect at that moment I perfectly recall. I think that I used to have the same feeling afterwards in gazing at sunsets, perhaps would say to myself the same words without attaching any meaning to them—but of this saying the words in after days I cannot be certain.

All the rest of my recollections seem to be such because they were burnt into my mind by the icy-hot iron of fear. Two are connected with fear of the phenomena of nature. In one of these my sister and I are out in the fields with our father, accompanied by a dog. The dog refuses to obey, and is beaten by my father in consequence, with what seems to my baby mind great anger and cruelty. There either was, or my excited fancy pictured that there was, an angry lowering of stormy clouds in the sky, darkness coming on with a cold wind, and that, with the cries of the dog, my own revolt from, and baby condemnation of, my father, and my sister's great terrified eyes, are blended in my mind in one impression of dread and suffering.

The other is less obvious. Leading from the road which we trod daily to school for a number of years there was a little-used lane, which in its beginning led past some cottages and a farmyard, closed up by a big black door. To my recollection I had never been down this lane, and I would not go far enough to look down it; it was shrouded to my fancy with awe, and a mystery, half painful, half pleasurable, but which effectually prevented me from attempting to penetrate its mystic recesses. I made no romances about it such as a more imaginative child might have done, I simply avoided setting foot in it. Afterwards, when I was nearly a woman, I asked a possible reason for this feeling from the relative who cared for my motherless childhood. Her explanation was simply that we—the babies, nurse and herself—had once been overtaken some way from home by a thunderstorm, and had hurried through this unfrequented lane to make a

short cut. The haste, nervous anxiety, and heavy atmospheric conditions, had made a cloud in my baby brain dense enough to last all through my immature life.

Of the "horrible dark passages" of dreams, the tortures by wolves, bears and crocodiles, of which J. M. I. speaks, I have no recollection. My nightmares were only two in number, but they seem to have been repeated *ad infinitum*, if not *ad nauseam!* In one I stood with my nurse, or some grown person, near a gate which crossed the road by a pond, close by my home. We would be returning from walking, when we saw on the other side of the closed gate a farmer's cart jogging slowly along. The horse stopped at the gate, and his driver prepared to dismount in order to open it. It was at this moment that my blood turned to ice at the discovery that this driver was without the ordinary appendage of a head! Instead of it his trunk ended with—to all remembrance—a gory neck. At this point horror awoke me. I believe that this dream expressed—or did it cause?—a secret fear that haunted my mind of suddenly, as I went about the world, coming upon persons lacking in a dreadful recent way some of the members of their bodies. Monsters, and "men whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders," formed one of the not impossible terrors of that great unknown world in which I found myself.

My other nightmare was more abstruse. I was in another and a new world, amongst kind but stranger people, who lived in a state of infinite terror. At any time IT might appear: IT might come at any moment. What IT might be could not be communicated, but I was told that when IT came my only safety from an indescribable fate lay in throwing myself face downwards on the ground, and so remaining until IT had gone away. And, right away, IT came, and, quite unable to throw myself on the ground, I remained gazing with the serpent fascination at a creature which appeared like a great jack-rabbit walking on its hind legs. I was conscious that all around were people flat on their faces, and with the gaze of the monster being turned slowly upon me I always awoke in a cold perspiration, rigid, and unable to cry out.

But the strange part of the story is that, a quarter of a cen-

tury, or more, after that dream had become a memory, I saw one evening the picture of my childhood's terror thrown on to the great white sheet by the light of the stereoscopic lantern, under the title of the Serpent God of the Ancient Aztecs!

May I not ask, with J. M. I., is not this the ghost of some terrible past stalking fantastically through a childish memory?

Of those fears which children deliberately manufacture for the purpose of experiencing a "new thrill," I recall but one. That is connected with a large stone which covered the mouth of a drain for waste water in a ditch which we passed daily. This stone to us was the covering of the habitation of a wicked fairy, who, evolved deliberately at first, presently grew into a small Frankenstein, and ruled her creators. She used to pursue us fleeing, whenever we thought about her, from her domicile to the great white gate that led into home precincts, where her power ended. Of course it was we who had decided that at this gate her authority ceased, but that did not hinder the fact that this edict became a law of nature as soon as it was fairly promulgated, and as irresponsible of our influence as the rain or the sunshine. When we passed the home of our enemy in grown-up company we walked sedately without a sign, but triumphing over her in our hearts.

There was one odd taboo of our childhood which I mention because I think I have heard of a similar one amongst some savage or half-civilised tribes. This was the rule that forbad our saying our own names. This was felt to be both wrong, or at least unbecoming, and also rendered the transgressor ridiculous. "You said your own name," was a reproach to which there was no reply, and the answer to the first question of the Catechism, which obliged the infraction of this rule by the catechumen, was the most disliked, though certainly the easiest of all.

My first revolt against the authority of false conventions dates back to a very early age, probably to about the age of five years. Out on our daily walk a discussion had arisen about weather probabilities, if it was going to rain or to be fair, and I was told that it was without doubt going to rain, because my father had said so, and because my father could not be wrong. I wish I could recall the words in which I pleaded the fact, quite patent to my

baby brain, that father, though wise no doubt, might possibly occasionally be mistaken. I can only remember being told with exaggerated firmness that it was utterly impossible that my parent could ever be wrong, or make a mistake, and the tone, if not the words, added that I was an extremely naughty little girl to imagine such a thing. What I do well remember is the storm of impotent wrath which filled my heart at the falsity imposed by the voice of authority, the absolute conviction I had of the assertion being untrue, and that out of no want of affection for my father, but from—I do honestly believe—a greater and innate affection for the simple essence of truth. How often has that same storm of wrath against false conventions and pious frauds filled my heart since that day, stronger, yet, alas for the paradox, as impotent!

My sense of logic betrayed me into trouble in quite early days, but I most distinctly remember an incident which did not occur until I was about ten years old. I was being instructed about the birth of Jesus, and about there being "no room in the inn," and the fact that it was so was the text for a very sweeping condemnation of all concerned with the inn, for whom I very rashly took up the cudgels of defence. I could not see why people should be blamed for not giving something which according to the statement they did not possess. If it was a fact, argued my sense of justice, that there was really no room for any more travellers, why blame the authorities? If it had been said they would not make room, I thought the case would have been different. Needless to state the small heretic got small satisfaction and quick suppression.

I cannot remember that in my *small* childhood the names God, spirit, heaven, hell, had any real significance for me, or were anything but names. I do recall earnestly assuring my aunt of the fact that I had no conscience, and I remember the helpless feeling I had when she refused to believe what I was sure was the truth.

Such a lonely little child as I was! I wonder if I might not have grown up "like myself," if it had not been for the ever present fear of ridicule, and the people in the books I read. Ridicule, indeed, was the beast of prey that lay in ambush in all dim recesses of the life of every day, at any moment ready to spring

out, and feed on my vitals. Only the most careful suppression of every original thought, and every spontaneous act, sufficed to keep him at bay. Looking back, these two, ridicule and misunderstanding, seem to have composed the dual-headed monster who ruled my young days. Such language may seem exaggerated; it but faintly represents sufferings which were never suspected, and would not have been believed. I grew up at a time when for grown persons to exhibit their wit by publicly bantering and teasing small children was not held to be unkind or unparental. How often have I seen my timid sister, as nervous as a thoroughbred, led on from rejoinder to repartee, until, unconsciously overstepping the permitted bounds, she was summarily dismissed into disgraceful banishment, and was led away with scarlet face and convulsive sobs, the small victim of a Roman holiday. Somewhere now she is going through the initial years of a new life experience. Wherever that may be, and whatever it may be, may it be in a happier environment, and with a tenderer training than the one that cramped and straitened her life possibilities here.

There was one young fellow, a friend of my father's, who seems in retrospect to have spent the entire time of his visits at our home in teasing us two little girls, and provoking us to ebullitions of passion which always met with condign punishment. Yet he was not a bad-hearted youth, only unused to children, and probably nervous, and taking this means of appearing quite at ease with them. If only *once* our father had been our champion, once been for instead of against us, what a wealth of love and gratitude he might so cheaply have earned. I do not think it ever entered his head to think of us as anything but amusing toys, then, and serviceable household implements afterwards. But I think that even then I dimly felt it a small thing for a man to sharpen his wit against a baby's, and a mean thing to call in parental authority when that wit came off second best.

I wonder if a terror of the unknown face of life is an ordinary experience of childhood? I well remember the effect produced on me by my aunt's expatiating on the goodness of our father towards us, and the gratitude we were in duty bound to return to him. She illustrated her thesis by the relation of an incident drawn from the life of Charlotte Brontë, where that amiable gentleman,

Brontë *père*, finding his offspring's shoes set out in a row before the fire to warm during their absence outdoors, incontinently cast them all on the back of the flames. What would we do, we were asked, if our father were like that, and burnt up our shoes? Experience being at fault, for I doubt if we had ever seen a barefooted person, and imagination not being adequate to picture ourselves going round in that condition, we promptly answered that he would have to get us some more. Whereupon we were told with solemn air and head-shakings, that we little knew! But though we put such a gallant face on the situation, and objected, as I think all healthy normal creatures would object, to being forced into gratitude, yet our secret hearts were full—I know mine was—of the sense of being given over helplessly and irretrievably into the hands of a perfectly irresponsible power, a power that might choose to be good and kind, but also might, for anything we could know to the contrary, choose to inflict the most painful disgraces and deprivations on us, without our having any possible redress or rescue. It is painful, it is, in a sense, humiliating, to be obliged to own that such was the dominant idea of childhood; one knows not whether to attribute it to a defect in one's own nature, or entirely to environment.

Two things, experience impressed on my mind—never to lie to a child, and never to ridicule it; and I hope that these principles, which seem to have been so little recognised in the days of my youth, are the ordinary commonplaces of morality to the parents of to-day.

What has been written so far is drawn from the recollections of a childhood whose note was repression, and concerning a child with very small natural powers of expression, and who was always discouraged from exercising such powers. That which follows is written from observation of a very different nature, the nature of a child highly gifted with the powers of expression, and always encouraged in employing them.

G. was an only child, and had the only child's natural longing for a playmate who should be more easily available than kindergarten companions and visitors to spend the day. When she was about three years of age an invisible companion for awhile cheered her solitude. Out of doors she would be heard convers-

ing with great volubility, and when asked, "Who are you talking to?" she would reply with a finely matter-of-fact air, "Oh, jus to my wikke brudder"; and when a little guest—of the visible order—took occasion to question the existence of this hypothetical relative, the most strained relations immediately ensued. The little brother, however, was short-lived, and seemed to fade away out of his sister's consciousness without any effort of farewell. He perhaps represented a sphere of consciousness of which the last manifestation took place two years later, as the little girl stood beside a busy street, and watched the crowd stream by, a shifting kaleidoscope of faces and forms passing silently along. After a space of complete silence G. looked up to say: "They're not real, are they, mother? Because nothing's real. *They only seem to be.*"

So, in like manner, J. M. I.'s little girl found nothing real but herself, and thought that perhaps she too "only seemed to be."

For a long time G.'s religious instruction was confined to simple hymns and songs learnt in the kindergarten. These led her to put that query which so long has baffled theologians and philosophers: "What is God?" A perplexed public hazarded the statement in reply that "God is our father." For some reason this did not at first please: "I don't want him to be my father," G. said definitely, "I'm going to write him a letter and tell him not to be." Nevertheless the idea took a great hold of her, and led to innumerable questions and remarks. From a very early age she had a fixed idea that not only had she lived before, but that she was very certainly going to live again. A very favourite phrase was, "When God makes me over again," as thus: "I'll be a boy when God makes me over again." When hearing of anyone spoken of as having died, she always made use of the same phrase, "When God makes them over again," and would ask if they "would be just the same, and have the same things." Asking why George Washington's birthday was observed she hazarded the conjecture that it was "because we are keeping it for him till God makes him over again."

She was very small when she assured her mother that "I was once the mother, and you were the little girl; when you

grew big, I grew little." Later she attributed all the phenomena of nature directly to the divine agency, and would say, "Isn't it kind of God to make it fine to-day"? Or, "I thought God would have made it snow." If she saw a sickly or deformed person or animal she would say: "Isn't it mean of God to make him so?"

She defined a spirit as "a cage with little holes all round it".

It must be clearly understood that there was nothing in her environment to suggest speculation of any sort. On the contrary, it was of a most matter-of-fact kind; she heard absolutely no talk about religion or metaphysics; the words God and spirit she heard first at school. "Does God hop out of us when we die?" was the rather startling question propounded on one occasion. And the experience of ages of imperfect beings is surely expressed in the remark, made to serve as an excuse, that "You know we can't always do as God wants us to do." A famous biblical assertion is recalled by her expressed opinion that, "Children oughtn't to be spanked. It's the spirit that makes them naughty, so it's the spirit that should be spanked."

If all conscious sinners could honestly add the same saving clause as little G., nestling into sheltering arms: "Now when God sees us He'll see two naughty little angels—naughty, but loving."

From what dimly metaphysical sense of the impossibility ot the existence of inorganic matter, or of the noumena back of forms, could arise the remark that "Everything's got a heart in it. Even a tea-pot's alive till you break it."

And if metaphysics are involved in the last expression, surely psychology is suggested in this plea for forgiveness: "I didn't know it was wrong. At least probably I did in my *heart*, but I didn't in my *mind* and *memory*"—the emphasis being her own.

The expressions quoted are sufficient to indicate the attitude naturally assumed towards the invisible of a mind which appeared otherwise eminently practical and at home with the world. They at least serve to illustrate the assertion of a vigorous and unbiassed writer on religious subjects, Miss Frances Power Cobbe, that nothing is more remarkable than the readiness of the human heart

to love the Divine Father. This little girl, who had never seen a Bible, and whom orthodox church-goers would have instantly dubbed "heathen," had yet attained, quite spontaneously, and without conscious effort, to that which has been well defined as being —not a part of religion, or the aim of religion—but religion itself, namely, the love of God. "To awaken which in a child's heart," to use Miss Cobbe's words, "is the alpha and omega of religious education."

The orthodox will of course exclaim that this is nothing but a doctrine of *laissez faire*, that the counsel is to let a child remain in ignorance, with the inevitable result of its growing good. We would answer rather: Direct a child's thought towards loveliness and gracious things, and it will of itself endeavour to search out the invisible source of good.

Yet in this most difficult of sciences, the science of child-training, each must be a law unto himself, as each child to be trained is a world of himself. Some little help, some support from others' experience, may be obtained, but that little must be individually applied. There is but one certainty in the practice of this science, the certainty that our blunders, negligences and ignorances will be as the sands of the sea for multitude. Yet even these may oft-times work out for more good than our wisdoms.

Only, and above all, let us strive to make the children happy, for an unhappy childhood is a heritage that can never be wholly lived down, at least in the space of one earth existence. All after-life is too short to lay to rest the ghost of insufficiency that stalks restlessly through the chamber of the brain.

And still remains the word, "to him that hath shall be given," and "le vrai bonheur c'est d'être né heureux."

But on the knees of the Gods lie all these things.

K. W.

THE ink of the scholar is more valuable than the blood of the martyr.—THE PROPHET MUHAMMAD.

THE GENESIS OF THE TALMUD

It is perhaps not too much to say that the Talmud has been the chief means whereby the Jews have preserved themselves as a nation ever since the time of the final destruction of their Temple, and the extinction of the last shred of their political independence, until the present day. The Talmud is the chief embodiment of that mysterious power which has kept alive the peculiar spirit of Jewry, and never permitted Israel to forget that it was a people apart.

It is the Talmud which beyond all else has established the norm of life for the Jew; for it is the repository of that multitude of rules of conduct and laws of custom (Halachoth), which the Rabbis, with a bewildering ingenuity (which would frequently be a perverse casuistic were it not so intensely serious), deduced from the Law—that Torah, which they, in every fibre of their being, believed had been given by God Himself, who had chosen their fathers from out the nations and for ever bound them to Himself by a special pact and covenant.

But over and beyond this the Talmud is a vast store-house of the strangest mixture of wise saws and witty sayings, of legend and folk-lore and phantasy, parable and story, homily and allegory, magic and superstition,* to be compared to nothing so much as to some seething bazaar of the Orient, where all sorts and conditions of wisdom and folly swarm together and are blended in inextricable confusion.

The most convenient point of departure for a brief excursion into the jungle of Talmudic beginnings is the period from 70 to 200 A.D., which marks the first definite attempts at arrangement (for codification would give the reader a too precise idea of its confused nature) of those rules of custom which constitute the oldest deposit of the Talmud in both its forms.

* The Haggadic as contrasted with the Halachic element.

The fall of Jerusalem in 70 A.D. deprived the Jews of even that comparative political independence which they had previously possessed. It was a terrible blow to the hopes of the nation, especially to all those who looked for a material fulfilment of the many promises in the sacred rolls which bore the names of their ancient prophets—that if they kept the Law, and were true to their covenant with Yahweh, all nations should be placed in subjection under their feet. And now not only was the Holy City destroyed and the Elect of the earth prostrate before the hated power of idolatrous Rome, but the Holy Temple itself, the chief means, as they then believed, whereby they were to carry out their covenant, was a heap of ruins!

It was indeed a terribly tragic moment even in the history of a people inured to tragedy in the past and destined to a future replete with tragic terrors. It is true that even so the spirit of the zealots was not yet broken; they were yet stubbornly to essay the fortune of arms in Trajan's time in the opening years of the first century, and again in the desperate attempt of Bar-Kochba in the closing years of Hadrian's reign (132-135 A.D.). But with the final shattering of their hopes of a material Messianic victory by the crushing defeat of their champion, even the most irreconcilable were forced to abandon the unequal struggle.

One thing alone remained to save out of the general ruin in Palestine—the treasure of the Law. This desolation, they were convinced, had come upon them because they had not rightly kept their covenant with Yahweh. To the keeping of this bond they would now devote all their remaining strength. The "study" of the Law should be the means of their future deliverance. From this determination, into which they threw all the perseverance of their stubborn nature, there resulted a marvellous enthusiasm for collecting and preserving the traditions of their predecessors concerning the Law, and of still further developing an infinity of rules of conduct and laws of custom to meet all the diverse changes and chances of Jewish life.

By the end of the second century what were at that time held to be the more authoritative traditions emerged in a definitely fixed form—the Mishna. This was the nucleus of our

Talmud, the skeleton, so to say, round which the industry of the next three centuries built up the study of the Law into its present shape, by completing the Mishna with the Gemara.

And indeed it seems almost as if it required that something of this kind should have been done if the Jews were to be preserved to play the important part they have played, and doubtless have still to play, in Western history. For had it not been for the eager zeal for this Study displayed by the Palestinian Rabbis of the first centuries of our era, it is very probable that the Jews would have been entirely absorbed in the nations. It was a period when in Babylonia the descendants of the Jews who had contentedly remained behind at the time of the Return (and they in those days constituted the majority of the nation), had almost entirely forgotten the Law and its traditions; from what we can make out of the dim historical indications, they seem to have been almost utterly ignorant of that for which they subsequently became so famous. In Egypt, again, where very large numbers of the Hebrews were permanently settled, Greek culture and Alexandrian mysticism had gradually weakened the old exclusiveness; philosophy and cosmopolitanism had greatly sapped the strength of pure legalism and narrow materialism, and the crude objectivity of ancient legend and myth had long been allegorised into subtler forms more suited to immediate intellectual and spiritual needs. The same factors were doubtless at work elsewhere in the Diaspora or Dispersion of Israel, while even in Palestine itself the influence of the numerous communities and associations who looked to a more universal view of things had been so strengthened by the crushing disaster which had befallen the nation, that the forces of rigid conservatism were being weakened in every direction, and the ideas of an Israel of God to be formed out of the Righteous of the world, irrespective of race, seemed to threaten the very existence of Jewry as a nation apart.

Indeed it seems most highly probable that the strongest factor which helped to intensify Talmudic activity was the rapid spread of general Christianity, on its emergence from an embryonic stage in which it was hidden in the womb of communities of a somewhat similar nature to those of the Essenes. More than

ever was it necessary to put a fence round the Torah, that the Law should be preserved by Jews, as Jews, for Jews, when, by means of the ceaseless propaganda of Christianity of all shades, the Gentiles seemed to be robbing the Jews of their birthright—of their Law and their Prophets and their Holy Writ. The main claims of the Christians on behalf of their Founder, so argued the Rabbis, were based on mistranslation and misinterpretation of the sacred scriptures of their race. More than ever was it necessary to preserve these writings in their original tongue and purity, and to strengthen the tradition of the authoritative interpretation of their fathers. So thought the Rabbis of Palestine, and unweariedly they laboured to make strong their special tradition and develope it.

It is to this period that we owe the formulation of many vague, floating opinions and dim reminiscences into distinct and rigid formularies, and the selection out of many contradictory traditions of a view that should constitute "*the* tradition." Nay, sometimes the bitterness of controversy brought to birth "traditions" which, perchance, had had no previous existence. Just as the industry and high literary ability of the Sopherim, from the time of Ezra (about 440-400 B.C.*) to the days of the apocalyptic scribe or scribes of *Daniel* (about 164 B.C.), and even later, gradually evolved out of originally very scanty materials a grandiose tradition of pre-exilic greatness, priestly legalism, sonorous prophecy, and splendid hymnody, so did the Rabbis of the first Talmudic period, 70-200 A.D., the Tanäim, put the finishing touches to the tradition evolved by their immediate predecessors, —that all these gradually developed scriptures of the Sopherim were not only written throughout by those archaic worthies whose names they bear and immediately inspired by the Holy Spirit, but that Yahweh himself had given to Moses the five books of the Torah proper written by his own hand. It is on this fundamental presupposition that the whole of the Halachic development of the Talmud is based. These norms of conduct and laws of custom are founded on the Torah, expanded to include all three divisions of the sacred writings, Law, Prophets, and

* The traditional date of Ezra's "promulgation" of the Law is 444, but as late as 397 has been argued for.

Hagiographa, as upon infallible revelation from Deity Himself extending to every word and letter.

In brief, the Palestinian Rabbis would have it that the canon of the Old Covenant revelation ceased with Ezra, whereas modern scientific research has proved that in the highest probability it only began with that famous scribe. For the Rabbis of Palestine,* then, there was no prophet after Malachi; prophecy and direct inspiration had ceased with Ezra; from that time they would admit no addition to the Law, they acknowledged the authority of no subsequent prophet and of no subsequent scripture. It was for them a question only of the correct tradition of interpretation, and logical development of what had been once for all infallibly laid down. They were to vindicate the authority of the school-men and legalists against the claims of subsequent prophecy and apocalyptic of all kinds, and to do so they could find authority for their authority solely in the "Oral Law."

They would have it finally that this Oral Law had always existed side by side with the Written Law ever since the days of Moses onwards. In the first chapter of the Mishna tractate *Aboth*, or *Pirke Aboth*, containing the "Sayings of the Fathers," we are given what purports to be an unbroken succession of individuals, from Moses to the destruction of Jerusalem, who are said to have been the depositories of this Oral Law. The succession runs as follows: Moses; Joshua; the Elders; the Prophets; the Men of the Great Assembly (from Ezra's time to about 200 B.C.); the famous "Five Pairs," as they were called, the last of which were Hillel (about 70 B.C. to 10 A.D.) and Shammai; and finally, Gamaliel and his son Simon.

Such is the account given in the Mishna of the heredity of its tradition, and it is not surprising that if scientific research not only questions, but actually reverses, the judgment of the Mishnaic Rabbis with regard to the development of the Written Law, for it practically begins where they would have it cease, that modern scholars should hesitate to accept their account of the Oral Law without question.

Even the most inattentive reader must be struck with the vague and fragmentary nature of the line of descent. Evidently,

* The Rabbis of Alexandria had a far more extended canon.

little was known of the past; even the history of the great literary activity from the fourth to the second century B.C., which had practically given them their Written Torah in the form in which it lay before them, was utterly forgotten. The "Men of the Great Assembly," who are made so much of in the Talmud as the immediate depositories of the Oral Law from the Prophets, are nameless. The Rabbis evidently knew nothing of a historical nature concerning them; nay, of the succeeding period they can only produce the names of teachers to whom tradition ascribed certain sayings, but of whose life and labours we can glean but the scantiest information, while of their literary activity we hear not a word.

Accordingly, the very existence of the "Men of the Great Assembly" has been questioned by modern research, and it has been conjectured with great probability, that the historical germ of the traditional idea is to be traced to the general assembly of the people who were called together to accept that Law which had been rewritten by Ezra after the Return (*Neh.*, viii.-x.). "In course of time, instead of an assembly of people receiving the law, a college of individuals transmitting the law was conceived of, and this notion seems to fill up the gap between the latest prophets and those scribes to whom the memory of subsequent times still extended."*

Whatever else is obscure it is clear that the Palestinian Rabbis of the Tanäite period, or first Talmudic epoch, were busily engaged in establishing a rigid "orthodoxy" for Judaism, and making it strong against manifold "heresies."† The history of the past fine literary activity of the nation which had produced not only the great monuments of scripture we still possess in the Old Testament documents, but much else, was utterly forgotten. And if documents, some of which we now know were written as late as the Maccabæan period, could be ascribed with every confidence to a David or a Daniel, we are justified in assuming that

* Schürer (E.), *A History of the Jewish People in the Time of Christ*, Eng. trans. London; 1893), Div. ii., vol. i., p. 355.

† See Weinstein (N. J.), *Zur Genesis der Agada* (Göttingen; 1901), "Die Minim," pp. 91-156, and "Kampf des Patriarchats gegen das Eindringen polytheistischer Ideen in die Gelehrten-Kreise des palästinischen Judenthums," pp. 157-252.

the authority given for the Oral Tradition was, for the most part, of a similarly unhistoric nature. No doubt the heredity of the methods employed by the Tanäim could be traced with very great probability as far back as the earliest of the "Five Pairs," somewhere approaching the beginning of the second century B.C.; but the striking fact that the greatest industry could only discover the names of two teachers for each generation, seems to indicate either that no others were known, or that many names and tendencies had had to be eliminated in seeking the paternity of that special tendency which the Tanäim erected into the test of orthodox Jewry. As to the Oral Law being contemporaneous with Moses, we must place this fond belief in the same category with the still more startling claim of later Kabalism, that *its* Tradition was first delivered by God Himself to Adam in Paradise.

Again, the fact that the appeal for authority was to an oral and not to a written source, is at first sight strange when we remember that there were thousands of books in existence, some of them claiming the authority even of an Enoch or an Adam. Thus the writer of IV. *Esdras*, which in every probability was composed under Domitian (85-96 A.D.), tells us (xiv. 18 *ff.*), "that Ezra prays to God to grant him his Holy Spirit that he may again write out the books . . . which had been burnt (with the temple, one understands). God bids him take to himself five companions, and in forty days and nights he dictates to them ninety-four books, of which seventy are esoteric writings, and the remaining twenty-four are the canon of the Old Testament."* It is moreover to be noticed that the numbers differ greatly in various forms of the text; thus we have eighty-four instead of ninety-four, but also 204, 904, and 974. But whatever may have been the number in the original text, this much we learn, that there existed at the end of the first century A.D., a very different view from that so strongly insisted on by the builders of the Talmud—namely that there was a very extensive written tradition not only contemporaneous with the Torah, but of equal inspiration with it, nay, of so precious a nature that it was kept apart and guarded from public circulation.

* K. Budde's art., "The Canon," § 17, in the *Encyclopædia Biblica*.

The adherents of this view, who we know from the indications of the many mystic communications of the time and also of preceding centuries, were very numerous, seem, it is true, to have been as ignorant of the actual history of the development of the twenty-four books of the Torah as were the Tanäim, and this is strange, seeing that it is in the greatest probability to their predecessors that we must assign the more spiritual elements in the Torah itself. It was these esotericists and their communities who were in intimate contact with that ever-widening and spiritualising tendency which we can trace in Essenism, Therapeutism, Philonism, Hermeticism, and Gnosticism; and it is their writings which as strongly influenced the development of Christianity as did the twenty-four books of the Torah.

Doubtless all of these schools and associations had oral as well as written traditions, but their main interest was vision and apocalyptic; they devoted themselves to the culture of prophecy and the practice of contemplation, and their whole energy was centred on the unfolding of those mysteries of the inner life which gave them a certainty of heavenly things. Whereas the chief concern of the Tanäim was the separation of the national life from contact with all "foreign" religious influences by the ever more and more stringent insistence upon that peculiar legalism which the others had found, or were finding, more and more irksome, or had entirely cast off for a more liberal spiritual interpretation, suited to the needs of those who were gathered round the cradle of the infant Proteus that was destined to develop eventually into a new world-faith.

It seems somewhat a sign of weakness that in the midst of so much that was written conservatism had to rely entirely on an oral tradition for its authority. Be that, however, as it may, the lack of written authority for establishing the Mishnaic legalism as the orthodoxy of Israel seems gradually to have evolved a virtue out of necessity, and we find it repeatedly laid down in the Talmud that the tradition must on no account be written down but solely committed to memory. Indeed later times would have it that not only was the Mishna never written down even when it had reached its final form about 200 A.D., but that the whole voluminous contents of the Talmud Completion, or Gemara, were never committed

to writing until the time of the Saboräer* (500-650 A.D.), the schoolmen who followed the Amoräer, or those who wove the Gemara on to the Mishna.

But in spite of what we know of the prodigious memorising faculty of orientals,† and in spite of the fascinating stories told of the marvellous feats of memory of the Talmudim, while we might be tempted to accept the oral tradition of the far less voluminous and comparatively less complex Mishna text, the enormous mass and utterly confused and chaotic nature of the contents of the Gemara make it very difficult to believe that it was handed on solely by verbal repetition. Indeed, it seems far more probable that the Mishna was fully committed to writing at the time of its final redaction about 200-207 A.D.; for when we hear of its completion at this date, it is difficult to understand how an authoritative form of codification of such heterogenous material could have been arrived at by the exercise of the memory alone; and if this be true of the Mishna, much more must it hold good for the far more voluminous matter of the Gemara.

With regard to the Halachic contents of the Mishna, it may, of course, have been that the tradition of the precedents on which the lawyers based their decisions had been kept private as the hereditary possession of a special profession; but surely some brief written notes had existed, perhaps also private collections of notes been made, even prior not only to the time of an Akiba in the beginning of the second century, but even of a Gamaliel in the days of Paul.

Are we to believe that a Joshua ben Perachia and a Nithai, a Judah ben Tabbai and a Simon ben Shetach, a Shemaiah and an Abtalion, a Hillel and a Shammai, a Gamaliel and an Akiba, left nothing in writing ?‡ They surely must have done so. And if this holds good with regard to the tradition of the most authoritative Halachoth, much more is it likely to have been the case with that huge mass of Haggadic legend and homily, and flotsam and jetsam of like nature, with which the Talmud is filled. In-

* See Strack (H. L.), *Einleitung in den Thalmud* (Leipzig; 1900, 3rd ed.), p. 55.

† Even Western scholars have declared that the oral tradition of a Vaidic text, for instance, is to be preferred to a written copy.

‡ See Block (J. S.), *Einblicke in die Geschichte der Entstehung der Talmudischen Literatur* (Wien; 1884), pp. 2 *ff*.

deed, a scientific review of all the Talmud passages germane to the question, reveals a most confused state of mind on the subject, even among the many makers of that stupendous patch-work themselves. While on the one hand we find it most stringently forbidden to write down Halachoth, we come across isolated references to older written Halachoth; and though the writing of Haggadoth as well is apparently included in the general prohibition, we meet with very precise references to Haggada books and even collections of such books.*

In fact, while the North-French Rabbis of the Middle Ages held that the Talmud was never committed to writing till after its final completion at the end of the fifth century A.D., the Spanish Rabbis maintained that the Mishna was written down by Rabbi Jehuda (136-217 A.D.), the Palestinian Gemara by Rabbi Jochanan (199-279),† and the Babylonian Gemara by Rab Aschi (375-427) and Rab Abina (head of the Sura School 473-499). This difference of opinion was probably owing to the fact that the French Rabbis had to depend almost entirely on their memories, owing to the burning of their MSS. by the Inquisition, while the Spanish Rabbis of an earlier date were still in enjoyment of their literary liberty.

But whatever may have been the precise mode of the genesis, development and transmission of the text until it reached its full growth in the form which now lies before us, and however difficult it may be to sift out reliable historical data from the dim and confused indication of its contradictory assertions, the tractates of the Talmud remain like the mounds of some great buried city of the past to challenge the industry and ingenuity of the courageous explorer to ever fresh exertions, in the hope of laying bare traces from which the outlines of some of the ancient buildings may be reconstructed.

And to none can the Talmud be of greater interest than to the student of Christian origins. We will not go so far as to say with Reuchlin that the Talmud (or even the Mishna) is a book "written by Christ's nearest relations," but it is ungainsayable,

* See Block's *Einblicke*, pp. viii., ix.; and Strack's *Einleitung*, §2, "Das 'Verbot des Schreibens,'" pp. 49-55.

† And this in face of the fact that many of the authorities cited in the Palestinian Gemara lived after R. Jochanan, some even a century later.

as has so often been pointed out before, that every purely ethical precept in the Gospels can be paralled in the Talmud by sayings ascribed to the ancient Rabbis of Israel.

In the Talmud we have a strong stream of tradition which generation by generation, we might almost say year by year, runs parallel with the primitive streamlet which so rapidly widens out into the river, and finally into the flood of Christianity. Here, if anywhere, should we expect to find reliable information as to how what subsequently became the great religion of the West arose, who was its founder, what the matter and method of the teaching, and who were the earliest followers of the teacher.

But before we discuss the passages which are said to refer to Jesus, we must give some rough idea of the history of the written Talmud, and show how these passages were gradually singled out to form the ground of bitterest controversy and persecution.

G. R. S. MEAD.

TO MY HEART IN ETERNITY

When all the worlds have withered, when you gain
  The perfect blossom of Nirvânic calm,
When you have left the paths of joy and pain,
  Will you not pause, bearing the crown and palm
Of victory, to think upon the past
  And of the endless tracts of shine and rain
Whereon you journeyed helpless, now how fast
  To seek some shadowy joy, now bent with grief;
And how you strayed far from the hidden end
  In the great folly of obscure belief;
And of the vanity which thought to bend
  The ways of Beauty to the senses' will;
And how weak things were strong to wound and rend?
  And seeing this, your seraph life will thrill
With infinite pity, seeing how you called
  On your dim shadowed Self in broken song,
By failure wrought, when you were deep enthralled
  Behind the iron bars of right and wrong.
O heart, what though thy hour be overlong?
  The heart of these vain joys and idle tears
Greets thee, strong brother of the coming years.

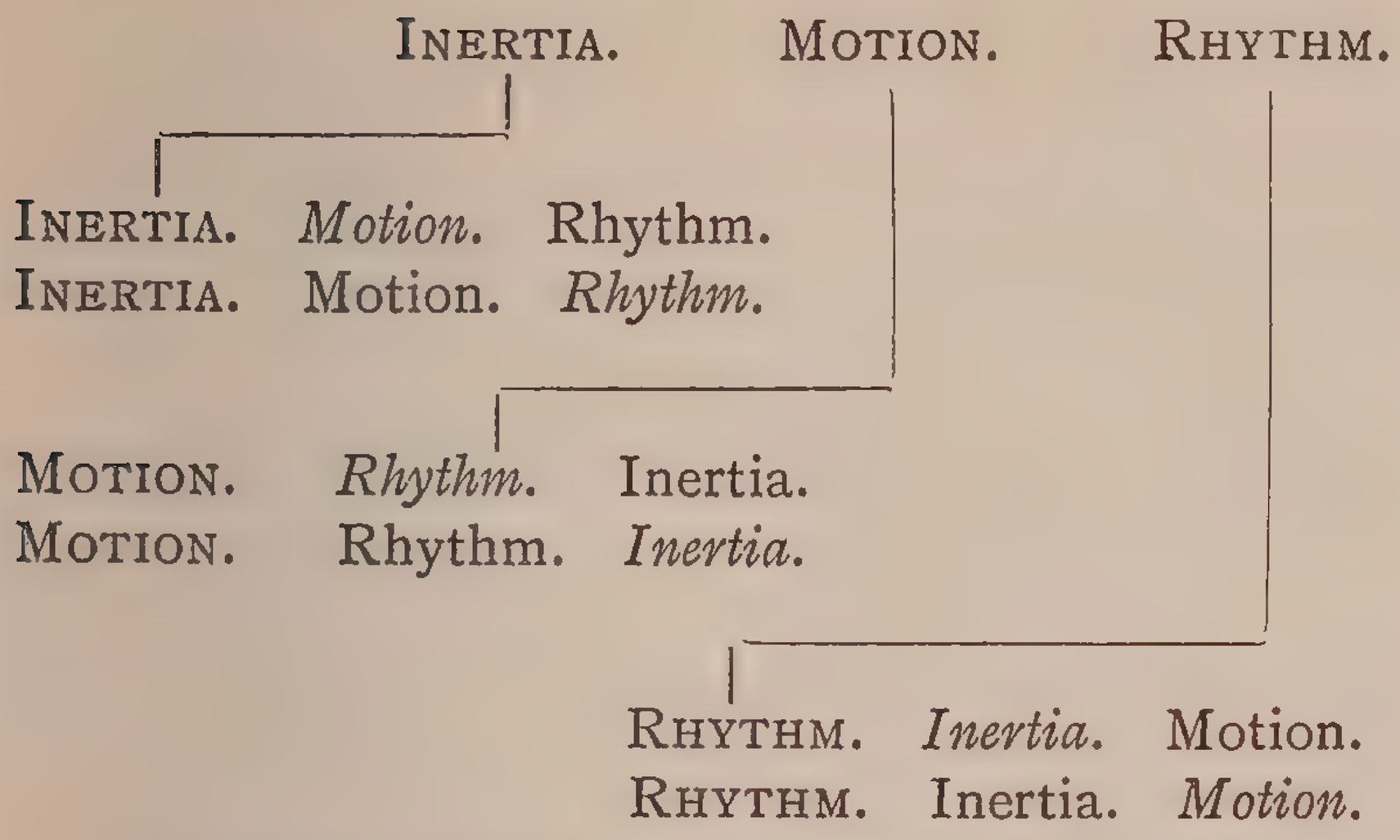
CECIL FRENCH.

THE EVOLUTION OF CONSCIOUSNESS

(CONTINUED FROM p. 531)

The Seven Streams

The question is constantly asked: Why this continual play upon the number seven? We speak of it as the "root-number of our system," and there is one obvious reason why this number should play an active part in the grouping of things, since we are concerned with the triplicities previously mentioned. A triad naturally produces a septenate by its own internal relations, since its three factors can group themselves in seven ways and no more. We have spoken of matter, outside the limits of a universe, as having the three qualities of matter—inertia, motion and rhythm—in a state of equilibrium. When the Life of the Logos causes motion, we have at once the possibility of seven groups, for in any given atom, or group of atoms, one or other of these qualities may be more strongly energised than the others, and thus a predominant quality will be shown forth. We may thus have three groups, in one of which inertia will predominate, in another motion, in a third rhythm. Each of these, again, subdivides, according to the predominance in it of one or other of the remaining two qualities: thus in one of the two inertia groups, motion may predominate over rhythm, and in the other rhythm over motion, and so with the other two groups of motion and rhythm. Hence arise the well-known types, classified according to the predominant quality, usually designated by their Sanskrit terms, sâttvic, râjasic and tâmasic, and we have sâttvic, râjasic and tâmasic foods, animals, men, etc. And we obtain seven groups in all, six subdivisions of the three and a seventh in which the three qualities are equally active. [The varieties of type are simply intended to mark in each triad the relative energies of the qualities.]



The Life of the Logos, which is to flow into this matter, itself manifests in seven streams, and all forms are assignable to one or other of these seven streams. It is obvious that there will be seven further subdivisions in each stream, consequent upon the sevenfold grouping of matter as above described—forty-nine and so on—until an immense complexity arises; but fundamentally all are grouped under the primary seven streams of Logic life. These seven streams must not be confused with the seven planes; they may be thought of as running side by side *across* each of the seven planes—each plane having its own seven primary groups of forms.

It is enough to notice that there are these seven streams, without outlining the characteristic marks of the types. They are to be seen as seven distinct types in each of the three Elemental Kingdoms and on the physical plane. Mme. Blavatsky, in the *Secret Doctrine*, dealing with man, quotes from the stanzas of the *Book of Dzyân*, the fact that there were "Seven of Them [Creators] each on His lot," forming the seven types of men, and these subdivided, "seven times seven shadows of future men were born."* Here is the root of the differing temperaments of men.

THE SHINING ONES

We have now to consider another result of the downward-sweeping Life-Wave. We have seen that it gives qualities to aggregations of matter on the third and second planes, and that

* *Loc. cit.*, ii., 18, 81, 95.

we have in the First Elemental Kingdom materials ready to clothe abstract thoughts; in the Second Elemental Kingdom materials ready to clothe concrete thoughts; in the Third Elemental Kingdom materials ready to clothe desires. But in addition to imparting qualities to aggregations of matter, the Second Logos gives forth, during this stage of His descent, evolved beings, at various stages of development, who form the normal and typical inhabitants of these three kingdoms. These beings have been brought over by the Logos from a preceding evolution, and are sent forth from the treasure-house of His life, to inhabit the plane for which their development fits them, and to co-operate with Him, and later with man, in the working out of His scheme of evolution. They have received various names in the various religions, but all religions recognise the fact of their existence and of their work. The Sanskrit name Devas—the Shining Ones—is the most general, and aptly describes the most marked characteristic of their appearance, a brilliant luminous radiance.* The Hebrew, Christian and Muhammadan religions call them Archangels and Angels. The Theosophist—to avoid sectarian connotations—names them, after their habitat, Elementals; and this title has the further advantage that it reminds the student of their connection with the five "Elements" of the ancient world, Ether, Air, Fire, Water and Earth. For there are similar beings of a higher type on the âtmic and buddhic planes, as well as the Fire and Water Elementals of the mental and desire planes, and the ethereal Elementals of the physical. These beings have bodies formed out of the elemental essence of the kingdom to which they belong, flashing many-hued bodies, changing form at the will of the indwelling entity. They form a vast host, ever actively at work, labouring at the elemental essence to improve its quality, taking it to form their own bodies, throwing it off and taking other portions of it, to render it more responsive, as well as constantly busied in the shaping of forms, in aiding human Egos on the way to reincarnation in building their new bodies, bringing materials of the needed kind and helping in its arrangements. The less advanced the Ego the greater the directive work of the

* The translation of this descriptive term as "Gods" has led to much misapprehension of Eastern thought. The "thirty-three crores of Gods" are not Gods in the western sense of the term, but are merely Devas.

Devas; with animals they do almost all the work, and practically all with vegetables and minerals. They are the active agents in the work of the Logos, carrying out all the details of His world-plan, and aiding the countless evolving lives to find the materials they need for their clothing. All antiquity recognised the indispensable work they do in the worlds, and China, Egypt, India, Persia, Greece, Rome, tell the same story. The belief in the higher of them is not only found in all religions, but memories of those of the desire and of the ethereal physical plane linger on in folk-lore, in stories of "Nature-spirits," "Fairies," "Gnomes," and under many other names, memories of days when men were less deeply enwrapped in material interests, and more sensitive to the influences that played upon them from the subtler worlds. This concentration on material interests, necessary for evolution, has shut out the working of the Elementals from human waking consciousness; but this does not, of course, stop their working, though often rendering it less effective on the physical plane.

At the stage we are considering, however, all this work, except that of the improvement of the elemental essence, lay in the far future, but the Shining Ones laboured diligently at that improvement.

There was thus a vast work of preparation accomplished before anything in the way of physical forms, such as we should recognise, could appear; a vast labour at the form side of things before Consciousness, save that of the Logos and His Shining Ones, could do anything at all. That which is to be human Consciousness is a seed, sown on the higher planes, unconscious of all without it. Under the impelling warmth of the Logic life, it sends out a tiny rootlet downwards, which pushes its way into the lower planes, blindly, unconsciously, and this rootlet must form our next object of study.

The Permanent Atom

Let us now return to the spiritual Triad, the tri-atomic Âtmâ-Buddhi-Manas, the Jîvâtmâ, the seed of Consciousness, within which the warmth of the stream of Logic life, which surrounds it, is causing faint thrillings of responsive life. These are

internal thrillings, preparatory to external activities. After long preparation, a tiny thread, like a minute rootlet, as said above, appears, proceeding from the tri-atomic molecule of Consciousness, a golden-coloured thread of life sheathed in buddhic matter; countless such threads appear, waving vaguely at first in the seven great streams of life, and then becoming anchored—if the expression may be permitted—by attachment to a single molecule or unit, on the fourth mental sub-plane. Round this attached unit, in each case, gather temporary aggregations of elemental essence of the Second Kingdom, scattering and regathering, over and over again, ever with the attached unit as centre. This stable centre, serving for an endless succession of changing complex forms, is gradually awakened by the vibrations of these forms into faint responses, these again thrilling feebly upwards to the seed of Consciousness, and producing therein vaguest internal movements. It cannot be said that each centre has always round it a form of its own; for one aggregation of elemental essence may have several, or very many, of these centres within it, or, again, may have only one, or none. Thus, with inconceivable slowness, these attached units become possessors of certain qualities, that is, acquire the power of vibrating in certain ways, which are connected with thinking and will hereafter make thoughts possible. The Shining Ones of the Second Elemental Kingdom work upon them, also, directing upon them the vibrations to which they gradually begin to respond, and surrounding them with the elemental essence thrown off from their own bodies. Moreover, each of the seven typical groups is separated from the others by a delicate wall of monadic essence (atomic matter ensouled by the life of the Second Logos, see p. 539), the wall of the future "Group-Soul."

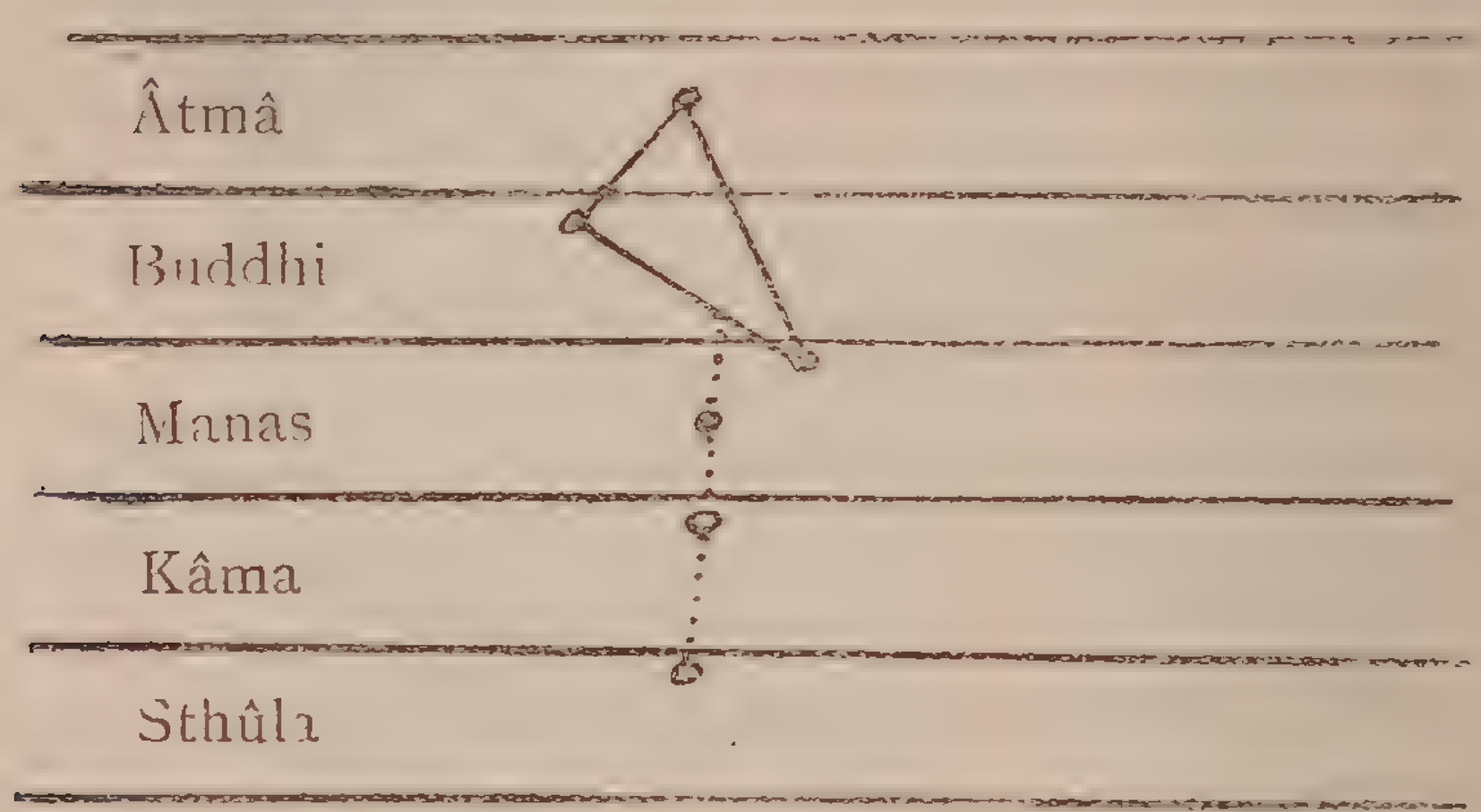
This whole process is repeated, when the Third Elemental Kingdom has been formed. The tiny thread of buddhic enSheathed life, with its attached mental unit, now pushes outwards to the desire-plane, and attaches itself to a single astral atom, adding this to itself, as its stable centre on the desire-plane. Round this now gather temporary aggregations of elemental essence of the Third Kingdom, scattering and regathering as before. Similar results follow, as the countless succession of

forms ensheathes this stable centre, awakening it to similarly faint responses, which in their turn thrill feebly upwards to the seed of Consciousness, producing therein, once more, vaguest internal movements. Thus, again, these attached atoms become slowly possessed of certain qualities, that is, acquire the power of vibrating in certain ways, which are connected with sensation, and will hereafter make sensations possible. Here also the Shining Ones of the Third Elemental Kingdom co-operate in the work, using their more highly developed powers of vibration to produce sympathetically in these undeveloped atoms the power of response, and, as before, giving them of their own substance. The separating wall of each of the seven groups acquires a second layer, formed of the monadic essence of the desire-plane, thus approaching a stage nearer to the wall of the future "Group-Soul."

Once more is the process repeated, when the great wave has travelled onwards into the physical plane. The tiny thread of buddhic-ensheathed life, with its attached mental and desire units, pushes outwards once more, and annexes a physical atom, adding this to itself as its stable centre on the physical plane. Round this gather ethereal molecules, but the heavier physical matter is more coherent than the subtler matter of the higher planes, and a much longer term of life may be observed. Then—as are formed the ethereal types of the proto-metals, and later proto-metals, metals, non-metallic elements, and minerals—the Shining Ones of the Ethereal Physical Kingdom submerge these attached atoms in their sheaths of ether into the one of the seven ethereal types to which they respectively belong, and they begin their long physical evolution. But before we can follow this further we must consider Group-Souls, which on the atomic sub-plane receive their third enveloping layer. For the present we need only realise the existence, the nature and the function of these permanent atoms, the tri-units, or triads, which are as a reflexion on the lower planes of the spiritual Triads on the higher, and each of which is attached to a spiritual Triad, its Jîvâtmâ. Each triad consists of a physical atom, an astral atom, and a mental unit, permanently attached by a thread of buddhic matter to a spiritual Triad. That thread has sometimes been called

the Sûtrâtmâ, the Thread-Self, because the permanent particles are threaded on it as "beads on a string."*

We may again resort to a diagram, showing the relation.



The function of these lower triads—the sole connection for long ages between the Jîvâtmâ and the lower planes—is to preserve within themselves, as vibratory powers, the results of the experiences through which they have passed. If we glance forward, we shall find that they serve, later, as the connecting link between the re-incarnating Ego and the lower planes, and act as the nuclei of his lower bodies when he begins a new incarnation. The results of all assimilated physical experiences remain stored in the permanent physical atom, as powers of vibrating in a particular way; the result of all assimilated astral experiences are similarly stored up in the permanent astral atom, and of mental in the mental unit. The physical, astral, and mental bodies perish at and after death, but this triadic unit remains, ever stored up within the causal body. And when the time for re-incarnation comes, the mental unit acts as the attracting centre for the new mental body, drawing to itself the suitable material, brought by the Shining Ones of the Second Elemental Kingdom within its reach, and shaped by them in the earlier stages of evolution, and by the Ego in the later, until an appropriate mental body is thus obtained. The astral atom plays a similar

* This term is used to denote various things, but always in the same sense, as the thread connecting separate particles. It is applied to the re-incarnating Ego, as the thread on which many separate lives are strung; to the Second Logos, as the Thread on which the beings in His universe are strung; and so on. It denotes a function, rather than a special entity or class of entities.

part in the forming of the astral body, and the physical atom in the forming of the physical. As our readers well know, the Ego has little to do immediately with the building of the physical body; he supplies the permanent atom he has guarded, and it is, in fact, the presence of this atom which enables the ethereal builder, the Nature-spirit, to choose the material suitable for his work, as it must be consonant with the permanent atom.

That such complicated results, capable of impressing their peculiarities on surrounding matter, can exist in such minute space, may indeed appear inconceivable—yet so it is. And it is worthy notice that ordinary science countenances a similar idea, since the biophors in the germinal cell of Weismann are supposed to thus carry on to the offspring the characteristics of his line of progenitors. While the one brings to the body its physical peculiarities from its ancestors, the other supplies those which have been acquired by the evolving man during his own evolution. H. P. Blavatsky has put this very clearly:

> The German embryologist-philosopher—stepping over the heads of the Greek Hippocrates and Aristotle, right back into the teachings of the old Âryans—shows one infinitesimal cell, out of millions of others at work in the formation of an organism, alone and unaided, determining, by means of constant segmentation and multiplication, the correct image of the future man, or animal, in its physical, mental, and psychic characteristics. . . . Complete the physical plasm, mentioned above, the "germinal cell" of man with all its material potentialities, with the "spiritual plasm," so to say, or the fluid that contains the five lower principles of the six-principled Dhyâni—and you have the secret, if you are spiritual enough to understand it.*

The question has sometimes been asked: how can these permanent atoms remain within the causal body, without losing their physical, astral and mental natures, since the causal body exists on a higher plane, where the physical, as physical, cannot be? Such a querent is forgetting, for a moment, that all the planes are interpenetrating, and that it is no more difficult for the causal body to encircle the triad of the lower planes, than for it to encircle the hundreds of millions of atoms that form the mental, astral and physical bodies belonging to it during a period of earth-life. The triad forms a minute particle within the causal body; each part of it belongs to its own plane, but as the planes have meet-

* *Secret Doctrine*, i. 243, 244.

ing points everywhere no difficulty arises in the necessary juxtaposition. We are all on all planes at all times.

Group-souls

Speaking generally, a Group-soul is a collection of permanent triads, in a triple envelope of monadic essence. This description is true of all Group-souls, but gives no idea of the extreme complexity of the subject of Group-souls. For they divide and subdivide constantly, the contents of each division and sub-division decreasing in number, as evolution goes on, until at last a "Group-soul" encloses but a single triad, to which it may continue for many births to discharge the protective and nutrient functions of a Group-soul, while no longer technically describable as one, the "Group" having separated off into its constituent parts.

In the life of the etheric region of the physical plane, the Group-souls form a definite and remarkable feature. At the commencement of the shaping of the etheric types, seven Group-souls are observable, but the division goes on rapidly with the multiplication of distinct sub-types, as the immediate fore-runners of the chemical elements appear, and subsequently the elements and the minerals formed from them. The laws of space, for instance, may lead to the division of a Group-soul, as well as the specialisation of its contents—the permanent triads. Thus a vein of gold in Australia may lead to the inmineralisation of many such triads within a single envelope, while the laying down of another vein in a distant place, say the Rocky Mountains, may lead to the division of this envelope, and the transfer of part of its contents to America in their own envelope. The Group-soul and its contents divide by fission, like an ordinary cell—one becomes two, two four, and so on. All the triads have to pass through the mineral kingdom, the place in which matter reaches its grossest form, and the place where the great Wave reaches the limit of its descent, and turns to begin its upward climbing. Here it is that physical consciousness must awaken; life must now turn definitely outwards, and recognise contacts with other lives in an external world.

Now the evolution of each being in these early stages depends chiefly on the cherishing life of the Logos, and partly on

the co-operating guidance of the Shining Ones, and partly on its own blind pressure against the limits of its enclosing form. I have compared the evolution through the mineral, vegetable and animal kingdoms to an ante-natal period, and the resemblance is exact. As the child is nourished by the life-streams of the mother, so does the protective envelope of the Group-soul nourish the lives within it, receiving and distributing the experiences gathered in. The circulating life is the life of the parent; the young plants, the young animals, the young human beings, are not ready for independent life as yet, but must draw nourishment from the parent. And so these germinating lives in the mineral kingdom are nourished by the Group-souls, by the envelopes of monadic essence, thrilling with Logic life.

For the sake of a clear conception, we may glance forward over the changes through which the group-soul passes, as its contents evolve. During the mineral evolution, the habitat of the Group-soul may be said to be that of its densest envelope, the physical; its most active working is on the physical plane. As its contents pass onwards into the vegetable kingdom, and ascend through it, the physical envelope slowly disappears—as though absorbed by the contents for the strengthening of their own etheric bodies—and its activity is transferred to the astral plane, to the nourishing of the astral bodies of the contained triads. As these develop yet further and pass into the animal kingdom, the astral envelope is similarly absorbed, and the activity of the Group-soul is transferred to the mental plane, and it nourishes the inchoate mental bodies and shapes them gradually into less vagueness of outline. When the Group-soul contains but a single triad, and has nourished this into readiness for the reception of the third out-pouring, what is left of it becomes a constituent part of the causal body, formed by the downpouring from above meeting the upward-drawn column from below—to use the graphic water-spout simile. Then is the re-incarnating Ego born into manifestation; the guarded ante-natal life is over.

ANNIE BESANT.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

THE SEARCH FOR THE SILVER SHIELD*

In Book IX., we find Arthur in the Polar regions, brought thither in a Norwegian barque led by the Dove. It is here that his second labour begins—the search for the Shield hidden in the caves of Lok. In that region all is desolate; cold, loneliness, darkness prevail. It is a tale of Life warring against the Ice Element, and we read that Nature had stricken down all in that waste world except the soul of Arthur. That sublime soul in its faith saw beyond the present, and was satisfied.

> Believe thou hast a mission to fulfil
> And human valour grows a God-head's will . . .
> Calm to that fate, above the moment given,
> Shall thy strong soul divinely dreaming go,
> Unconscious as an eagle, entering heaven,
> Where its still shadow skims the rocks below;
> High beyond this, its actual world is wrought,
> And its true life is in its sphere of thought.

Intent on his mission the King leaves his companions and the shelter they had built, and goes forth musing—but not alone—for the Dove is still with him in this desolate place. It replies to his caress and is ever near his heart; it has shared his sorrows, it responds to his hopes, it follows "each quick movement of his soul." It was his Angel-guide.

In Book X., we find that the King has met his good knight Gawaine, who has been sent before to aid him, and is living with a tribe of dwarfs. It is amongst these that he hears the legend of a fierce Dwarf, said to be dwelling in a certain cave and guarding a Shield of Light. The hint is enough for Arthur. Then it is that he again goes forth alone, and comes to a rock standing out of the ice-bound sea. It was a chaos of chasm and precipice, and near it was a charred crater made in ages past, and within

* See July issue of the Theosophical Review.

this a cavern. In the space within that cave he sees a Shadow ever quivering. It is a strange shadow; the savage bears around do not sense it, as they would were it man. They are gambolling in the shadow of the unseen, but are arrested in their sport as they hear the King approach, and they watch for him as for a prey.

> He comes—the Conqueror in the Halls of Time,
> Known by his herald in the starry Dove,
> By his imperial tread, and front sublime
> With power as tranquil as the lids of Jove—
> All shapes of death the realms around afford;
> From Fiends God guard him!—from all else his sword!

Thus, led by the Dove and having the Dwarf's clue, does the lonely King find himself in that awful solitude. Yet the friends he has left and the Norwegian sailors are following him afar off. He however feels in the "desert of the desolate" and is still haunted by the strange quivering Shadow. Sometimes it is in the beach cavern, sometimes in the snow. The place is full of savage life, and the hungry bears come towards the King, but are blinded, and slink away in terror as he bares the diamond sword, which gives out a flaming light.

At last the Shadow takes shape. It is an awful form, half giant and half dwarf—manlike, but not human, a terrible Power.

As the King looked on it he feared, and the Thing addressed him, asking him why he came to these gloomy realms. "Hath thy world," it said, "no fairer path to Death?" Then the pale King tells his errand—how he comes to seek the Silver Shield which guards the free. The Demon mocked him and said that he could not expect singly to face the "Hosts of Hell"; that if he persisted he must bring on his comrades. But the firm King falters not, and the Fiend then sends away the beasts who are thirsting for his blood, saying to them:

> Your prey escapes the snare . . . .
> Here not the mortal, but the soul defies.

And entering the cavern he cried, "Follow," and goblins echoed "Follow."

The King paused until he saw the Dove wing its way on; then he made the sign of the cross, and went into the darkness,

the glitter from his sword sending a ray of light down the cavern. He was in the bed of an old volcano, amidst poisonous gases, smouldering fires and glowing lava, while in the rock he saw the skeletons of vanished monsters, foul reptiles, and dragon-like things. The Fiend watched the King; had he faltered he would have been lost, but he kept his eyes steadily on the Dove, and the Fiend was foiled. On and on they went among a race who were forging evil, murders, destruction of all kinds. They were forms who had never seen the sky, and as they approached the King, they fell back before his blazing sword. At last a place was reached where was a mighty circle belting the mine; these were the corpses of giant warriors—giants whose guilt had perhaps provoked the Deluge—all were kneeling vigourless, and their eyes were fixed on a couch screened by curtains, on which slept a kingly Fiend. Around the couch sat the Valkyrs, weaving the woe of war; each web when finished was thrown into a pit of gore, yet, ever rising, it wandered upward—the seed of future "heaven-fruit" from the "hell-born" deeds.

> For out of every evil born of time
> God shapes a good for his eternity.

The Dwarf glared upon the silent King, and pointing to the curtains, said that even the Valkyrs dared not draw them aside, yet it was there that he must seek the Shield. It was well that he should know what would happen when his hand woke the Fiend—"Incarnate War." It was that all the kneeling corpses of warriors who had lived in distant ages would leap to life; that the skeletons of monsters from giant days would be re-clothed and thirst for blood, and that the rocks would close all paths for flight save one.

> Ho, dost thou shudder, pale one? Back and live.
> Thrice strove the King for speech, and thrice in vain,
> For he was man, and, till our souls survive
> The instincts born of flesh, shall Horror reign
> In that Unknown beyond the realms of Sense,
> Where the soul's darkness seems the man's defence.

Yet his Faith saved him.

> Mute on his knees, amidst the kneeling dead
> He sank; the dead the dreaming Fiend revered,

And he, the living, God! Then terror fled,
And all the King illumined the front he reared.
Firm to the couch on which the Fiend reposed
He strode—the curtains, murmuring round him closed.

While all this had been going on, the Norwegians and the dwarfs, led by Gawaine, had followed Arthur's wanderings by his footprints in the snow, and at last they came to the crater cave. There were great noises as from a terrible tumult within, and smoke-clouds burst from every cleft. The men were all overcome with the pestilential blast and lay senseless. On coming to life again they found themselves in silence and light, and looking up they beheld in the calm air the Dove. When they saw that its wing was poised over the prostrate form of the King they rejoiced, but on reaching him he appeared death-like. His armour was crushed, his bright sword dim with gore, and on his face was seen a solemn change. It was as though he had gazed with awe on some terrible sight; but on his arm was clasped the wondrous prize—the Silver Shield.

Led by the Dove they carried him to a green inlet amid the snows, where after remaining many days in trance state he revived, the bird ever resting on his breast. Voice and strength came back slowly, but never did he speak of the strife that won the Shield.

That secret was never revealed to mortal ear; it was a mystery that ever flowed through his thought and yet "remained unuttered and unutterable." The memory of the struggle lived within his life for ever; it was with him in solitude, in crowds, in strife, in joy. He was not sad, but he was changed; his strength was calm, his smile was ever grave; had he not "learned to look upon the stars"?

Such Freedom is, O Slave that would be free!

E. WILKINSON.

SEEK the Place of Peace and dwell therein, and let the storms rage outside as they will. For the SELF is still and waveless, and that SELF art thou.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF SIMPLICITY

THERE is only one test of the beautiful, the true and the virtuous; it is harmony. Plato in his doctrine of Ideas summed these up in the one word "Good." We may look upon the good as that which is harmonious. In the Platonic philosophy the harmony of intelligence and goodness is regarded as the highest attainment of human integrity. The harmony of the intellect is expressed in the perception of truth, which follows upon a true perception of things in their essence, that is, their unity. Goodness may be defined as the right adaptation of one's feelings to all the circumstances of daily life. Thus we have the attainment of Truth by right thought and the attainment of Goodness by right feeling. Right thought is expressed in right speech, and right feeling in right action. The harmonising of right speech and action is expressed in right living. This is what we are concerned with.

There is in the nature of things a law of compensation which cannot be better expressed than in the familiar words: "Whosoever humbleth himself shall be exalted," and "whosoever giveth his life the same shall save it." It is a complete and a definite statement and there is no paraphrase permitted. It is directly counter to the feeling and the policy of modern times. This is an age of so-called progress, of civilisation, of ever-growing complexity in daily life, of consequent strife and stress. To be up-to-date, and if possible one day ahead, is the purport of every social function, every commercial enterprise, every political measure of the present times. The pioneers of modern civilisation appear to have concentrated all their powers upon making the pace, regardless of how long it can be kept up or whither it is taking us. Century after century has seen the professional "pacer" making the giddy round of the vicious circle, the world red-hot upon his tracks. Only the philosopher, calm and self-

possessed, attentive but unmoved, sits in his place of peace by the milestone where, in his estimate of men and things, the contest will be finished. That stone is passed a thousand times in every thousand rounds. It is marked by a single word: SIMPLICITY.

Buddha, Plato, Democritus, Jesus, and all the great Teachers and moulders of the highest thought, have refined all the beauty and virtue and goodness of life to this one standard of simplicity, whereby life itself is rendered of least value when most worth living according to modern notions. Possibly no thinker has better expressed himself upon the superlative virtue of simplicity than has Laotze of Tchu, who was born in the year B.C. 604, and who in his eighty-fourth year so greatly impressed Confucius with his clearness of thought and power of expression.

To leave the beaten track and take our seat at the feet of the old philosopher for a few minutes may prove a source of refreshment to many who are from one cause or another tired and discouraged with the struggle for existence. For the social derelict, for the needy and oppressed, the moral transgressor and the bankrupt of soul, in equal measure with the great and mighty of this world, the old philosopher has a word of welcome. The virtuous and the thoughtful already know the Master.

"*The Path which is the cause of contention is not the true path.*"

There is the whole subject of discussion, the cause of the ancient feud twixt man and man, in just so many words as go to make a line. The philosopher takes us by the ears from the first, and arrests all further hostilities by informing us that the bone of our contention is devoid of meat, that, in fact, it is not worth discussing. In thus setting the subject of our enquiry outside the pale of discussion, the philosopher must not be mistaken for a gymnast. Beyond the Brahmâ of the Hindu theogony the Vedântins have placed Parabrahm; above the Elohim of the Hebrews the Kabalists have set Ain Suph, the unfathomable depth of hidden mystery, upon the clear face of which as upon a veil, a man may write whatever name he deems most suitable; or, standing on the brink of the great ocean of Truth, robed in the thought of his own divine kinship, the pure in heart may look into the great depths and see himself reflected!

"*There is only One Cause, Heaven; and only One Effect, Nature.*"

The spiritual, noumenal or causal world he calls "Heaven." The natural, phenomenal or physical world he calls "Earth." This is an example of his great simplicity. What is the use of all this bandying of words, these fine distinctions of principles, causes, effects and ultimates, this cleaving of the substance of things into states of matter, when after all, as our philosopher tells us: "the Non-existent and the Existent are identical in everything but name." The names are only so many labels of our own affixing. Every man who comes into touch with the Obvious puts a new label on it. That is why the Sage calls the One Effect (Nature) "the open door of bewilderment." When we have learned to see the effect in the cause, not viewing them separately, "to see oneself reflected in all things, all things in Self," as the *Voice of the Silence* dictates, all barriers to thought will be broken down and all discussion of this way and that will cease. Our feet are on the Path just where we find them.

"*The Sage is occupied only with that which is without prejudice.*"

Having affirmed the essential identity of apparently opposite things, the disputants are disarmed, the victory is won without a blow being struck upon either side, and the philosopher smiles us into friendliness. His attitude is at once easy and natural. What use is there in further talk of my way and your way, of this view and that? The right and the wrong way are things which concern the minds only of those who are groping in the dark. To the Sage sitting in the full light of Heaven, the difference between No and Yes is not much after all. These are distinctions and things of prejudice, and he is not concerned with them. "He acts without effort; he produces without possessing; he works without regard to the fruit of action; he brings his task to perfection without assuming credit; and claiming nothing as his own, he cannot at any time be said to lose." Verily he is sitting in the Place of Peace.

"*A man who does his duty can be paid for it. If he be zealous he will gain distinction.*"

The virtue of simplicity is its own reward, and what good it does is done for the sake of good. Like a tree that is strong and

flourishing it produces good fruit, naturally and without effort, and the maggot of selfishness is not hidden at the core. If diamonds were as common as pebbles they would not be esteemed. Only those who set a value on rare things are troubled about the scarcity. For breaking up the rays of light a diamond will serve, but if you want stones broken on the highway you had better find a man. Neither the jewel nor the stone-breaker assumes any merit. It is the way of the world to esteem the one and disparage the other, thus putting a premium upon theft and discounting honest work. Yet the virtue of everything is its use.

To the man who is dying of thirst a sirocco laden with diamond-dust would bring no consolation.

"*Neither Heaven nor Earth has any predilections. They regard all persons and things as sacrificial images.*"

The perfect impartiality of Heaven in the distribution of life-conditions to man needs no modern commentary. It is an ancient saying that "He maketh the sun to shine on the evil and the good." It has nevertheless been as much an occasion of scoffing among the ignorant as of thoughtful gratitude among the devout and learned. The laws of nature, as observed from the physical side of things, appear to have no direct relations with the mental and moral status of the individual. The soil responds in equal measure to the operations of the honest and dishonest. The same ungrudging nature supplies all their needs, the same heaven overarches them. The wicked, equally with the good man, procreates and sustains his species. What is the reason of this? The Sage tells us that neither Heaven nor Earth has any regard to merit in the person, but both have a great regard to use. So whether we sow or reap is an inconsiderable matter, so long as we serve some useful purpose in the general economy of life. For the sower sows more than he can reap, and the reaper gathers more than he can garner, and he who garners has greater store than he alone can consume. So that while nature is most lavish she is also economical, and things are so ordered that no man can sow or reap for himself alone. Therefore the Sage, keeping close to God and Nature, regards all men as sacrificial vessels, the virtue of everything being its use.

"*The cause of Heaven and Earth enduring so long is their indifference to life.*"

Man as the "sacrificial vessel" exists only for use. The extent of his usefulness and the manner of it is a matter that is left to the law of spiritual selection. Regarded merely from a pathological view-point, this indifference to life as the probable cause of long life would appear to be a fact in nature. It is the effort to live which destroys life, the care engendered by the struggle for existence which makes existence so unendurable, so pitiable. The constitution which can long withstand the attacks of disease and the continual corrosion of unhealthy conditions of life will readily break down under the effects of carking care. Men grow old with care far in advance of their years. Pleasure also is a frequent source of corruption. But pleasure itself would never corrupt a man if he did not first of all corrupt pleasure. There is only one antidote for care, and that is carefulness. And because there is nothing more deadly than life, the Sage secures himself from harm by his indifference to it. Being indifferent to life he is nevertheless careful of its uses, and thus secures the best fruits of life without desiring them. Thus he is wholly free from care and his old age is full of contentment.

"*The greatest virtue is adaptability.*"

Having said that the virtue of everything consists in its use, and that the only quality which commands the esteem of Heaven and Earth is usefulness, the Sage now states that whatever is most adaptable is most useful. He cites two universal things, spirit and water. He points to their faculty of attaining the most inaccessible places in the two worlds without strife, their power of adapting themselves to the vessels which contain them, their soft, yielding nature and irresistible power, their servitude to all forms of life without acknowledging a master in any, and the fact that they are the only desirable things which are always in season. The body cannot do without water, and the soul cannot do without the spirit. Therefore man, compounded of soul and body, needs both water and spirit. From them alone can both body and soul derive that degree of adaptability which is necessary to complete usefulness. It is necessary to observe, however, that the philosopher does not speak of convertibility in that which is most adaptable and therefore most useful. Through all the infinite manifestations of the spirit there is no essential

change. Self-adaptation to the exigencies of life, to the constant change of environment, does not entail a change in the purpose of life, or subjugation of inherent powers to inappropriate uses. It does not imply adherence to the servile policy of being "all things to all men." It merely demands an adaptation of the individual line of action to the state of things as we find them. The lightning flash does not come straight to earth the shortest path; it follows the line of least resistance, the quickest path; it reaches its objective and fulfils the law. The river which meanders through the valleys and plains, sometimes doubling back upon its course, but all the while gaining strength and volume by every such deflexion and detour, reaches at last the ocean to which it is inevitably impelled. To pursue one's purpose without strife, to yield without losing ground, and to accommodate oneself to the needs of the day without change of character, are things which are possible only by the use of the supreme virtue.

"*To stop when good work is done is the way of Heaven.*"

Many a fortune, many a good reputation, would have been saved if those who had secured them had known when to stop. Of the vaulting ambition that over-reaches itself our philosopher seems to have seen many examples, and he therefore proclaims a sabbath for everything well done. It is better to have a little and be able to hold it, than to have much and be in constant dread of losing it. And because the jewel is more to be considered than its setting, the welfare of the soul must ever be of more importance than merely physical or worldly advantage. And after all, as Shakspere wrote: He is well paid that is well-satisfied. How often a fortune is lost by the man grasping at the penny when he is sure of the pound. How often a good picture is spoiled by the very last touch. Nature is more careful, the spirit is more reticent. What is created is preserved, what is revealed is sustained. Neither nature nor the spirit can ever be said to have done their utmost. For if they were exhausted in the production of things, what would be left to sustain them? It is well to do a good thing, but better to leave well alone.

WALTER GORN OLD.

OUR DUTY TO GOD AND OUR DUTY TO OUR NEIGHBOUR

I give no alms to satisfy the hunger of my brother, but to fulfil and accomplish the will and command of my God.—*Religio de Medici.*

THE above passage from Sir Thomas Browne has been severely criticised by Professor Mackenzie in his *Manual of Ethics*, a book, by the way, which is extremely interesting to theosophic students, as showing how nearly the ordinary moral science of the day approaches the theosophic standpoint.

Ethics is founded on metaphysics; the end of the moral life is self-realisation brought about by realising social ends; individualism and socialism are not really opposed; man has freedom in a higher sense than any of the lower kingdoms, but *there is a freedom of a still higher kind;* evolution in man consists not in adjusting himself to his surroundings, but rather in adjusting his surroundings to him.

This is all right, and one only wonders that anyone should see so far without the theosophic spectacles, or rather perhaps, one wonders that such an able writer should prefer to walk round and round the subject without actually going into it.

His criticism of Sir Thomas Browne, however, is misplaced.

According to Professor Mackenzie, it is evident "even to the plainest common-sense" that the attitude of the philanthropist—who is actuated simply by love of those whom he seeks to benefit—is immeasurably higher than that of Sir Thomas Browne.

This amounts to saying that according to the "plain man"—and apparently also according to the writer on ethics—it is a higher thing to serve a hungry man than to serve God.

In answer to this, we may say with Dogberry, who was surely a "plain man," that "God defend but God should go before such villains" (as any of ourselves).

This curious idea that human beings should come first and

God second, seems to be founded on the theory that the service of God is impossible without self-conscious glorification of the personal self. Professor Mackenzie says:—

> It would scarcely be a paradox to say that in such cases the more purely a man is guided by love, and the less conscious he is of performing a duty, the better his action is.

He does not seem to have grasped the idea that it is possible to serve God without self-conceit.

Now it is of course true that the service of God and the service of our neighbour are at root one and the same thing; each includes the other; they are two different aspects of the object towards which human effort is directed. It is also true that there may be times and places when the attention of some human beings may be rightly entirely directed to one or other of these two aspects.

But a treatise on ethics which almost entirely omits any explicit reference to one of these aspects is surely incomplete. A fuller treatise on the subject would surely contain definite and explicit statements that it is the duty of human beings to steadily direct effort towards *the understanding of the laws of God.* It would surely treat of the pursuit of Divine Wisdom as an important part of the duty of man.

It is in fact the aspect of human duty to which it is most important to call attention at the present time.

The duty of serving our neighbour is well-known and universally acknowledged, but the pursuit of Divine Wisdom is sometimes spoken of, even in the Theosophical Society, as though it were a form of selfishness, and the same curious assumption is sometimes made that is made by Professor Mackenzie, that the man who makes the service of God his object is actuated by self-conceit.

We have been told so often that we must distribute all the knowledge which we have, that there seems to be some risk that we shall forget the duty of acquiring any.

There is in some quarters an underlying conviction that study is selfish, and it does not seem to be quite distinctly realised that a man must have something before he can give anything away.

There does not appear to be any particular reason why a philanthropist should be less conceited than a student.

It is not always wise to begin to play before we have learned the rules of the game. Do we feel sure that all our propaganda work is necessarily useful? Is it not conceivable that some of us may engage in propaganda work which is, on the whole, not a wise expenditure of energy? There is no object, however, in setting up one form of service against another.

The point to be brought out clearly is that study as well as propaganda work *is service*. It is, in fact, a very important part of our work, if we intend to fit ourselves for usefulness to the cause in this or any other life.

The mere fact of *trying to understand* is service, and for some of us may be the most important part of our work.

It is a most important part of the service of God to find out *what we believe and why we believe it.*

The study of spiritual law is closely allied with the realisation of brotherhood. The one is the service of God, the other is the service of our neighbour.

SARAH CORBETT.

SINK into the very depths of your being; you will find all there. Be a follower of no man. Follow the inner voice. The truest happiness is to be found in the deep interior study of the great mysteries of nature and of life, seeking thus to find the best manner in which the soul may express itself, and in a constant fulfilment of this manner of expression when found. If men can be taught to see and feel this and the true meaning of it, the work is done. Labour, therefore, faithfully to accomplish this in yourself, for we can teach others only what we ourselves know, and this knowledge is one with experience. The Divine Light burns for all; take your part of it, and illuminating first your own heart, the power will then be yours to illumine others.

Be what you love, strive after what you find beautiful and high, and let the rest go. Harmony, sacrifice, devotion: take these for keynotes; express them everywhere, and in the highest possible way. The beauty of a life like that, the power of it, who can measure or set bounds to?

An unpublished MS.

"BECOMING AN ORIGINAL"

THE sun was high in the heavens and the heat of the day was great, but the man felt cool and refreshed, for he was walking quietly through the dark, green glades of an ancient pine forest and the spirits of the trees breathed forth such friendly fragrance that he was at ease and restful; therefore he sat down and leaned against the bole of a weather-beaten veteran. The hush was intense, all things seemed subdued, and "his mind spread itself out like a becalmed and boundless ocean," penetrating into nature's secret chambers, which she silently opened before his spirit's gaze.

Ethereal beings moved about him and he saw them flocking all round the earth, for his vision comprehended much. Like a great army were these spirits reviewed and set in order by glorious Angels, and each was appointed to his own service in this world. Then the man knew that these were the souls seeking rebirth upon the earth.

Every soul had a name upon his forehead, that of a mighty Archangel, one of the great Seven next to the One at the head of all things, the Archangel in whose battalion he was enrolled and of whose characteristics he partook. On the foreheads of some the names flashed forth brilliantly; on those of others they were indistinct or blurred; but above the eyes of each one of these seven names was written. An Angel-minister conducted each soul to his post upon the earth, and as he left his charge, he gave this command: "Be thyself; become thy name. Let the sacred waters of originality that flow forth from the great Origin have free course in thee, and be glorified with that glory with which thou alone art entrusted."

That vision passed.

Again the man sat in the forest and, as his inner sight reached out afar, he beheld a home in a land across the seas and

there, upon a couch, lay a young girl, tossing to and fro, restless, for she could not understand many things, much less herself. She chafed against that prison, her body. "O body!" she said, "thou wilt not let me do as I desire. Thou thwartest me continually, and, when thou art foolish, the people think it is I when it is thou. I would get away from thee and be myself."

Then one of the Angel-ministers came to the girl. He drew her forth from her body and took her to a region where she could be herself. "Ah, Master!" she said, "this is beautiful! I will stay here." But the Angel said: "No, I must take thee back to thy body and thou wilt make it like thyself." When she again beheld her body, she drew back. "I cannot, Master," she said, "the people will laugh." "Go," he gently replied, and she obeyed.

Then the people did laugh, for her body was awkward, and she was often restless and ill at ease and longed for the Angel to come again. But he did not come. She tried and tried to make her body like herself. It seemed of little use, yet, as time went on, she found herself caring less and less when the people laughed.

Then —— she cared not at all.

Then —— she forgot she had a body.

Then —— one day she looked up fearlessly and with joy into all the people's faces and lo! in each there shone the Christ, the Lord of Love. "O Lord Christ! Lord Christ!" she cried.

And the whole of Nature becoming to her luminous with the radiance of that countenance, she felt herself "one with all that lives and breathes." The man recognised a soul serving in the battalion of the Archangel Love.

That vision passed.

Again the man sat in the forest at the noon-tide hour against the old pine-bole and, as he sat and thought, a soft melodious thrill ran up the tree and sped outwards along its branches. Then a bright light shone round about him and, in the midst, a figure stood and spake these words:

"I went to hell. The Master took me there and left me to test my strength of soul. It was awful in hell. The people had all kinds of forms like beasts and reptiles. It was dark and the

silence was intense. The reptiles crawled over me, and the beasts glared and showed their teeth. I thought of being like God and loving them, but I was afraid and called out to the Master to come and take me away. He came and lifted me up in his arms and carried me thence. He said: "O foolish one, thou art useless thus; thou must do greater things." Then I laid my head down upon his shoulder and fell asleep, for I was tired.

I went to heaven. The Master took me there. It was full of light and sweetest sound. He said: "Dost thou see the people here?" "Yes," I said, "they are like thee. Oh, they are beautiful! They are altogether lovely!" He said: "Those in hell will some day be as these." And I said: "Is that so?" And he said: "It is so." Then I put my hand in his and said: "I am going." And he smiled. And I flew back to hell for very joy; God's secret made my heart so full.

When I went in, it was awful, but I was not afraid. And the people were hideous, but I loved them. Then the reptiles crawled over me and the beasts skulked round, and they whispered: "Thou art not afraid. Art thou God?" And I said: "No, but I bring His love." And they looked hungry and athirst and grated forth: "Give us, give us His love." And they drew nearer, and pressed upon me from every side with their fangs and their glaring eyes. And I threw my arms all round about them, and drew them to me nearer still. And, with a sound as of falling music, the light of heaven shone into hell.

Then she in the midst of the light asked: "Have I begun my becoming?" "Thou hast begun thy becoming," rang through the forest. The spirits of the glades sang forth in chorus: "Another has begun becoming," and the great pines caught up the refrain and wafted it towards the sun.

As the man gazed upon the figure, he knew it was she whom he had seen upon a bed of anguish with her battalion's name scarce visible. Now, the word Love flashed forth like living fire upon her brow and radiated on every side.

He thought. She is letting the sacred waters find outlet. She is "becoming an original."

M. P.

THE TRUE STORY OF A VISION

For here have we no continuing city
But we seek one to come.

A YOUNG man, scarcely more than a youth, sat alone in his room. He was struck down by the first great disappointment of his life, —a blow so heavy that it had taken him weeks and months to realise it; and now at last, when it came home to him in the solitude of the night, his very life, even consciousness itself, seemed to be falling away from him, and the future became unthinkable.

It was the old story, the story which every human soul must live through in one form or another before it can attain its majority; a necessary step in that long pilgrimage which for every soul begins in doubt, hesitation and pain, and ends—ah! where does it end?

But the youth did not know this as yet, though for many years he had been unconsciously preparing himself to enter on the pilgrimage. Therefore it was that he was so deeply wounded, so utterly bewildered. For it was the great passion, the great love of his life that had overtaken him, and he knew it to be so, though he did not yet know the true meaning of it. He did not yet know how happy is he who is capable of a great love, a great joy, or a great grief, nor how it is that these three must always be bound up together, for indeed they are one. To him his love, because it was not returned, because it was utterly hopeless and impracticable from the world's point of view, was as yet nothing but misery. The words of the poet rang in his ear—

Entbehren sollst du, stets entbehren—

those words which are so terrible to the many, so glorious to the few; and he was still one of the many.

He was fighting for his life, and more than his life: he knew

with the sure knowledge that comes at moments like these, that, young as he was, the great crisis had arrived. He could not realise yet what victory meant, but he saw only too plainly the meaning of defeat, and he shuddered, for he was afraid. He could only see that he must renounce his Beloved, and he understood in some dim way that unless the renunciation was a willing one it was of no avail. And yet how could the sacrifice be a willing one, seeing that the Beloved was more to him than life itself? How could he renounce his Beloved willingly, without renouncing his love? And if he gave up his love he might lose the power to love, and then he lost everything. At least, this was how the problem appeared to him. All the powers of evil seemed to rise up in his heart to mock and to torture him, and there was none to help. Bitterness, envy, and the black phantom of despair struck at the inmost fortress of his heart, and he knew that surrender or even weakness meant death. The weapons upon which he had been used to rely failed him utterly in his need; no reason or logic, no common-sense, no habit or teaching of his boyhood availed him anything. His only safety lay in what seemed to be a dead, unreasoning, unswerving force of will, which obliged him to resist to the last gasp—to be annihilated rather than to surrender. And this force had been terribly weakened and worn down during the long and hopeless struggle; he had wrestled for months with his foe, and his foe was his very self; and now, during this last long night of terror the final assault was being made upon his fortress, and his power of resistance was well-nigh spent. Slowly the hours passed, until nature could endure no more, and the sleep of utter exhaustion fell upon him.

* * * *

He found himself in a wide and desolate valley; no rock nor tree, nor blade of grass was to be seen, and the deathlike waste harboured no living thing. The earth was enveloped in a dense and choking mist, and a dark veil of thick cloud hurried unceasingly across the sky. Furious winds buffeted him with their icy blast, and voices and wailings as of lost souls sounded in his ears. An awful sense of untold and hopeless evil pervaded everything and seemed to be sapping his life. Nevertheless

something within himself told him that all this was not real, and had no real power over him, since he was a Warrior and a Pilgrim bound for other shores, whom none of these things could harm.

After awhile he became aware that he was not alone, but that the valley was filled with a great multitude of people, men, women and children, who crowded together for warmth and comfort, and for protection against the dread powers that filled the waste and from time to time made furious onslaughts upon them. It seemed to him that sometimes these powers took visible shape as ravening wild beasts, while at other times they were clothed with a mantle of darkness. The whole multitude was continuously fighting and struggling, each one for himself, in order to avoid the danger to which those were exposed who were on the outer edge of the crowd.

The Pilgrim was sorely tempted to join in the struggle, and escape the danger by the use of his superior strength; but the inner voice warned him that it was not for him to escape from danger, but rather that this multitude was entrusted to his charge, to save and defend from the powers of darkness, even at the sacrifice of himself. At length he accepted the charge, and placed himself upon the outside, resolved to fight manfully at any cost.

And then he perceived that close to him, and protected by his own body, was his Beloved; yet, though he knew beyond doubt that it was she, he could never see her face, nor hear her voice, nor know her as she was, and the inner voice said, "The time is not yet." All that he could understand was that she was no longer as she had seemed to him on earth, radiant with power and beauty, and independent of his care. Now he saw that it was he that was strong, and his Beloved that was in need of him.

It seemed to him that many years, indeed a lifetime, passed in the struggle. There were no helpers, and the whole burden fell upon him alone of defending the multitude, and above all of cherishing and protecting the Beloved; yet the burden was welcome, and the struggle not beyond his powers. He led the multitude far along the valley, until gradually the tempest ceased and

the battle seemed less desperate. He still felt his Beloved at his side, and now she seemed to be fighting with him, and supplying to him both comfort and courage. Then he turned to look at the charge that had been entrusted to him. The vast multitude had diminished to a small band, but whether they had succumbed to the attacks of the enemy or whether they had been finally delivered he knew not. However that might be, a sense of peace and comfort seemed to steal over him, and he knew that but a little more and his warfare would be accomplished.

Once again he looked round. The whole of his company had disappeared, and none but the Beloved remained. A grey and voiceless quiet brooded over all things; gone were the powers of evil, and the icy wind had sunk to rest; a holy calm pervaded his own soul, and a sense of expectancy spread itself over all the world.

He turned to the Beloved, and, as he did so, she held out her arms to him with a smile, and gently sank into dust.

Then he knew that the time had come, and with a sigh of infinite peace and thankfulness he too laid down the burden of the body, knowing that his task was accomplished.

Time passed—whether minutes or years he knew not, for he had no sense of time, but only of duration.

The remainder of the vision no words can describe, since the vision is reality, and words are but symbols.

He became conscious that he was entering, as it were, a vast hall, tremulous with life, joy and peace. In himself he seemed to possess the Peace that passeth understanding, and to be part of that Peace; and yet, perfect though his condition was, he understood nevertheless that there were realms of unimagined bliss beyond, to which he would surely attain. He had an intense feeling of his own unworthiness, yet this caused no disturbance of his peace. His very being pulsed with unearthly life and love and the sense of great things accomplished. At the end of the hall hung a great Veil, through which shone out the greater glory whither he was bound, and seated before the Veil was his Beloved, waiting for him.

He approached her, and knew that she was singing, and knelt at her feet weeping. The music that she sang has lived

with him ever since, yet it cannot be expressed by mortal notes, and as to the words, a seal has been put upon his lips and upon his understanding, so that he can neither express them nor remember them until he comes again into that place. Let it be enough that she sang of all that ever has been, or is, or shall be.

Then they rose to their feet, and hand in hand approached the Veil of Glory. They knew in that supreme moment that each was about to lose the other, yet the thought caused no pang of regret, for grief cannot enter into that place. They knew that they would no longer exist in human form—that the days of lover, of friend, even of individual existence, were past for ever. What awaited them behind the Veil they knew not, but they knew that it was good, and together they passed on.

* * * *

The sleeper awoke, but it was no longer as a weary wrestler, blinded by pain and unconscious of his destiny. Henceforth he became a Pilgrim, with the goal ever before him. The renunciation was made, but it was a willing one, and having lost all, he found that he had gained all. He understood also that though it is good to be loved, yet to love is heaven itself, and therefore he was content. Moreover the memory of that place dwells in his daily life as some deep organ note, with which all common events have to be brought into harmony.

Years have passed, and, contrary to all the probabilities as this world reckons them, the events shadowed forth are fulfilling themselves to the letter. The Pilgrim and his Beloved dwell together in this life and together have learnt many things. The call to arms and the lifelong struggle also have not been wanting, nor have the Pilgrim and his Beloved beheld each other face to face, for they are still veiled in flesh, and the time is not yet come. It is enough for them to know that their love will be crowned, and to await with a sure and certain hope the completion of the vision and the end of sorrows.

Z.

Note.—The events here related occurred many years ago, before the author had so much as heard of Theosophy, and the story is not therefore coloured by any mental prepossession.

A DÛSAN CREATION MYTH

In the *Spectator* for April 26th, 1902, there appeared an article by Mr. H. Clifford entitled, *An Anomalous People*. The people in question are the Dûsans, a savage tribe of Borneo. They are a persecuted race, much harried and oppressed by the Malays; they are also a people possessed of very unpleasing characteristics, to judge by the account given of them by Mr. Clifford, who says: "They are filthily dirty in person and surroundings; they dress in foul wisps of rag round loins and head; they tattoo their bodies in fantastic fashion; they carry much of their portable gear in the elastic holes punched in the sagging lobes of their ears;" their "roof-trees fairly groan under their loads of dried human skulls . . . . the Dûsan, like all natives of North Borneo, never kills in fair fight if he can avoid doing so . . . . he kills, in fact, as the ferret and some other animals kill, for the mere love of bloodshed, selecting the defenceless for his prey, and sparing neither sex nor age."

Surely in this people we come near to the primitive man: rude material from the "prentice han'" of Nature, struggling slowly upwards from the animal, through a condition once common to all men, unaided save by the evolutionary force of the life working in his physical frame, and the guidance of his elders.

"It is certain," says the writer of the *Spectator* article, "that his (the Dûsan's) past has been both unrecorded and inglorious, that his present is abject, and that his future is hopeless;" but—and here is the anomaly indicated by the title—"his language and his religious beliefs betray a subtlety, a refinement, and an amount of originality which seem altogether at odds with the man himself. He has been utterly dominated by the Malays, who possess one of the simplest if one of the most idiomatic of tongues, and whose own rude pantheism surrendered almost

without a struggle to the teachings of the Muhammadan missionaries; yet he possesses a language which would seem to belong to a refined and fastidious civilisation, and has held staunchly to his own beliefs in spite of all efforts to convert him to the faith of Islâm. The Dûsan . . . . . runs fearlessly atilt against all the best constructed theories of the learned. What business has such an one as he with a language which is not only agglutinative and complicated by a most elaborate system of prefixes, suffixes, and diabolical interfixes, but conjugates its verbs and declines its nouns after a fashion which seems to have stepped straight out of some sort of chaotic Latin grammar?"

Mr. Clifford may well express surprise; the reported condition of all the tribes of North Borneo is such as to render it practically impossible that they can have evolved an elaborate language. The Dûsans and the other tribes of the Malayan Archipelago, are not the only people whose language shows an advancement they do not share; there are certain North American Indian tribes who speak a tongue which indicates a higher degree of civilisation than is possessed by the speakers; these tribes account for the fact by saying their ancestors were a great nation, and from them they received their language, their religion and mystery rites, their magic, and such arts as they possess. These American Indians have also legends of creation which are not unlike the Dûsan creation myth given by Mr. Clifford in the *Spectator*; he explains that space forbids him to give more than a single example of the "ingenuity" of the creed of this savage tribe, but it is of such a nature as "to convince most readers that this curious people, though sunk in the depths of an abject barbarism, have in their time thought deeply concerning the origin of things."

This Dûsan myth I summarise below, from the account given by the above-quoted writer. The story of the building of the world by the Goddess Sinemundu bears a resemblance to the myth of the "abortion," created by the Sophia; the reader has only to turn to *Fragments of a Faith Forgotten* and compare with the Dûsan legend the account given by Hippolytus of one of the variants of the Sophia-Mythus.*

* See *Fragments of a Faith Forgotten*, G. R. S. Mead, p. 335 *et seq.*

The story of the forming of the earth by Sinemundu is as follows:

In the beginning there was darkness and an empty void; in the void was a long, thin stone; from one end crept forth the God Kinohringan; from the other the Goddess Sinemundu. They sat on the stone in the dark void, and Kinohringan unfolded to Sinemundu the thought which was in his mind, for he, alone and unaided, planned a Perfect World, wherein should be neither pain nor evil. Sinemundu listened, and flattered him "after the manner of women," says the Dûsan cynic; at last Kinohringan went into the void to explore its capabilities; Sinemundu was left alone; she was angry because Kinohringan planned to create alone, and spoke of his schemes without reference to her. In order to show herself his equal in power she began hastily to fashion the world without his assistance; but she was in too great haste and wrought nothing perfectly. When Kinohringan returned and saw what she had done, he cried out in dismay at the misshapen, ill-made world Sinemundu had fashioned; he refused to help her, and bade her manage it after her own methods. This is why women hold sacerdotal offices among the Dûsans, who, though they pray to the great God Kinohringan, know that the world is ruled by the Goddess Sinemundu, who, striving to create, became the source of evil.

It is a curious allegory of a world in which, to outward appearance, matter rather than spirit rules, and evil oftentimes seems to be stronger than righteousness and peace. It is certainly not a myth which one would expect to find among a tribe of unclean, ignorant "head-hunting" savages; the very conception of a world in which pain and evil are not is an ideal one would scarcely expect to find among a race whose roof-trees groan with the skulls of men and women who have been treacherously slain by them. There is a subtlety of thought displayed in the tale which is inexplicable from the standpoint of the accepted theories of students of anthropology.

Mr. Clifford is of opinion that the myth would be remarkable in any religion; remarkable, no matter what the race whence sprang the "unknown philosopher" who evolved it. The origin

of evil attributed to woman (as the symbol of matter, of form, and *separation*) reminds one of the biblical account of the Fall: "the woman whom Thou gavest to be with me" bears the burden of the pain of the world alike in the Dûsan and the Jewish accounts of creation; and rightly so, if the "woman" be a symbol of matter and differentiation, and the early stages of the climbing upwards of the hidden life.

The Dûsans are, as the writer of the *Spectator* article says, "an anomalous people," unless we see in them the laggards of an earlier race, which inhabited the earth in days so far past that their history is forgotten; a race whose language and whose myths were given them by those possessed of a knowledge beyond that attained by the philological and anthropological experts of our own day.

I. HOOPER.

THE SECRET TRANSMISSION OF NEWS.—Under this title the *Spectator* of August 16th has an interesting article, in which are discussed various theories which are intended to explain the fact "which not unfrequently forces itself upon the notice of Europeans in their dealings with men of other races, and this is the extraordinary and accurate knowledge which they sometimes possess of events happening at a distance, and of which they cannot apparently have received information through ordinary channels of communication, though when news of the events subsequently arrived it fully confirmed the native rumours." The *Spectator* mentions the arrival of the news about the disasters in Afghanistan in 1842, of the death of the Amir in 1901, and various other cases: "In the same way the attempts of daring travellers to penetrate into Thibet without permission have usually failed, for however carefully they may have arranged their plans, they are always met at the most unexpected places by the Thibetan guards, who make them prisoners, or compel them to return."

The *Spectator* regards it as "not improbable that there may be not one but several modes of communicating intelligence to a distance, which were known to the ancients, but the knowledge of which has not descended to, or has not yet been rediscovered by, the scientific men of modern Europe, though this knowledge may well have been perpetuated among some of the descendants of ancient races whom we are too apt to despise as 'savages' or 'niggers.'"

After remarking that thought-transference, or some kind of "optical phenomena" may account for some of the cases cited, the *Spectator* says: "Other cases of abnormal perception of events may possibly be due to the imperfect working of faculties usually in abeyance in our ordinary waking state, but which may be, as has been conjectured, faculties which the human race enjoyed at an earlier stage in the history of man, but which have since fallen into disuse; or possibly, dawning faculties which will become fully developed in future races of men; or, thirdly, faculties, in what we may call a larval condition, which do not pertain to our present life at all, but to some other stage in our existence, though potentially present, or on rare occasions partially active, even here and now."

THE PHYSICAL BASIS OF MIND

The study of "The Evolution of Consciousness," and similar writings, has naturally turned the attention of our students to that physical organ by means of which man contacts the world in which, for a time, he finds himself. In response to the interest thus aroused, I purpose giving a brief, untechnical sketch of the way in which this, the crowning structure of evolution, has grown from simple beginnings to its present stage of marvellous complexity and adaptability. Though the brain be not the mind, though it be not even the body of the mind, it is a fact that all the phenomena of consciousness on the physical plane are dependent for their action on the integrity of the ganglia of the brain cortex. In the brain-cells, as in innumerable storehouses, are garnered the memories of the myriad vibrations that play upon the peripheral fibres; all these memorial structures being erected in such fashion, that, linking one with the other, they form a co-ordinating house or vehicle through which the mind can function.

We cannot intelligently understand the workings of the brain, until we have read somewhat of its long history; and although to trace every link of the processes of organisation, from the simplest amœboid cell up to those "unstable combinations of potential energy," the vertebrate nerve cells, would be an impossible task, still to know how brains are builded it is necessary we realise that the most complex grows, by gradual increments of differentiation, out of the most simple. The human brain does not start as a finished product; it is even now in the process of making. In evolution, as in political economy, demand creates supply, and it is no figure of speech to say that unless we had wanted brains we should never have had them. Development, the highest as the lowest, is a direct answer to

the demands of sentient life. What the life needs it translates into its emotional nature, as a want; the want is closely followed by demand; iteration of the demand, of the desire, of the feeling, originates activity in the search for the means of gratification. Repetition of the activity tends to consolidation, from which it is possible for functions and organs to arise. As soon as anything analogous to desire, or thought, awakens in an organism, it becomes necessary for that body to isolate some portion of its structure and to endow this with psychic* properties, in order that the bodily machinery may come under such control as is needed for the particular methods of functioning that belong to its stage in evolution.

It is obvious that the first link in the chain of nervous systems will arise in the outer layer, or skin, of those primitive organisms whose bodies have not differentiated out into parts. The life-functions of a creature who has barely stepped over the boundary between vegetable and animal are too primitive for the exhibition of any activities allied to thought, as we conceive it; its sensations appear to be dim feelings of actual contacts with the outer world, coupled with the all-impelling hunger sensation that leads to locomotion in search of food; therefore, the earliest nerve-cells are found only in connection with the integument; they are modified skin-cells. As evolution proceeds these root-cells sink below the surface, throwing out simple fibres which remain connected with the skin, and finally the root-cells, or ganglia, are found to have retreated close up to an inner and central nervous system, and to have developed processes of most complex arrangement for transmission to and from the central system and the periphery. From microscopical anatomy we learn that living bodies of every grade—vegetable as well as animal—are wholly composed of structural units or cells, each being a direct ascendant from a unit cell, but, in speaking of the body as a congeries of cells, we must not suppose that they are always simple in structure and function. Absolute homogeneity exists nowhere in manifestation. From the first enfoldment of the life by the atom, differences in the relationship of one part with

* "Psychic," in the physiological sense, means that which is related to consciousness.

another are brought about by the play of multiplied and varied vibrations; therefore, whether we speak of the atom of Âkâsha or of Pṛithivî, it follows, as a result of the superimposition of unlike vibrations, that changes will be set up within, that tend more and more towards heterogeneity. The initial life-impulses in the unit are followed by changes that are wonderful in diversity, and most beautiful as means towards a desired end. Into these more abstruse processes we need not enter; it is sufficient for our purpose to represent the growing cell as a microscopical membrane or bag, containing two chief sections—an inner and denser part, called the nucleus, and surrounding this a more fluid portion, the cytoplasm, which may be termed the vehicle or body of the vital part of this life-unit. The power of any entity to specialise itself, to develop out in any direction—as in the formation of the heart, lungs, the five senses, each building up a particular organ with a special work to perform—depends upon the fact that the cells out of which they have grown have also been endowed with capacity for progressive alteration on any needed line. Going back to the starting-point of the man or the animal, we note that growth begins in the unit as the result of internal changes in its own economy, which manifest as cell-multiplication, cell-enlargement, cell-specialisation. It is solely from this trinitarian modification of the one cell that it is possible for man to possess an organised body, or to be anything more than a lump of protoplasmic jelly.

Quite early in the embryonic life, preparations begin for that division of labour by which alone the multifarious functions of the perfected body can be carried on in orderly fashion and with least expenditure of force. We cannot understand how brains, or lungs, or muscles grow, severally, out of the unit, unless we bear in mind the self-evident fact that each and all, one cell or many cells, are inheritors of powers which come to them from the unit. Nothing in the shape of faculty is added, nothing is subtracted, all is in the original cell. Very soon, however, in the developmental history of the individual, we have to bring in a familiar term—potentiality. As the oak is in the acorn, and the chick is in the egg, so is it possible for the complicated man to be in any one of the early growth-cells; not in actuality, but in

potentiality; any one growth-cell—and by "growth-cell" is meant an active cell that developes by way of the trinitarian processes of multiplication, enlargement and specialisation—may become a nervous system, a digestive system, a muscular system, or, by a combination of the three, a man. The capacity for development on any one of these lines is inherent in all the cells, and the special direction of development taken by any one cell is merely the emphasising, by its own energy, of a part of the potentiality that is common property. The cell takes some one function out of the general stock and specialises it to its own use: thus it stultifies itself, becoming a one-sided individual.

Passing over the earlier stages of multiplication and enlargement, we take up the work of specialisation or "adaptive alteration." Stimulated thereto by the working of the inner life-force, the cells begin to alter in character and shape, and, by way of preparation for that particular work of development which has been imprinted by heredity on the molecules of the unit, they array themselves in three distinct groups or layers. The component cells of each layer gradually show forth special characteristics to the exclusion of other qualities, adapting themselves to the performance of some one great function of life and letting everything else slide. As time goes on it is seen that these cells become more and more specialised, more and more "physiologically unbalanced," more and more unable to fulfil the offices of the perfect cell. These adaptive alterations of constitution enable each layer of cells to take a particular part in the upbuilding of the body. The outer layer takes upon itself the function of forming the skin, with the whole nervous system, sympathetic and cerebral; from the middle layer grow the muscles, cartilage, reproductive system, the heart and entire circulatory system; while from the inner we get the digestive tract and its numerous ramifications. Each layer, moreover, forms a sort of skeleton, or protective outer tissue, within which its functional cells can develop quite separated from the other two systems. Given a living cell, and it is possible by small increments of differentiation to generate any amount of modification. Evolution, it is said, moves along the line of least resistance, and this is quite true, for that line is the Path-

way of Desire, and it is on this pathway that functions are brought into activity, and forms are builded in every kingdom. What we are now is the specialisation of past desires ; the familiar grooves in which, to-day, we throw our thoughts, are being chiselled by those thoughts into the mould in which our next body will be cast—our physical, emotional and mental vehicles.

Those who have studied *Evolution of Life and Form* will understand the great difference between the work of evolution in the downward sweep of elemental matter, and in the upward working of the same after the mineral stage is reached. We remember that, on the downward arc, qualities are imparted to the essence by reason of its vibratory frequencies, and that on the upward arc forms are builded for the exercise of the life-functions of those qualities. "Always," as Mrs. Besant so aptly expresses it, "the organ comes after the function . . . always the life-impulse first, and then the moulding of the matter into a shape which enables that impulse to express itself more perfectly." Thus Nature builds up the form in response to a desire for it which manifests itself, in every stage of development, by growth in the *forward direction*. In the very lowest organism, as in the very highest, progressive changes are initiated from within and manifest themselves exteriorly, by growth, or movement outward.

A strikingly beautiful illustration of this universal law is presented by the Foraminifera. If we place a living Radiolaria on the microscope stage we shall see, issuing from hundreds of minute holes in the tiny shell, thread or glass-like processes, delicate, fragile, protoplasmic material that a breath, almost, would annihilate. Persistently this pushes outward. We see opposing particles come in the way and fancy the whole body of the shell will be brought up to render assistance. But, no! The resisting capacity is in this filamentous hyaline, and doggedly it forces its path through the space of its microscopical world by sheer tenacity in the forward direction. This is no chance movement; it is the universal psychic response to the working of the non-physical life imprisoned within a physical casement. In evolution there is no turning back; the entity, or organism, or even part of an organism, that is unable to advance is, by inexorable law, wiped

out of Nature's scheme. It is this law, working up through the endless chain, that links the hyaline processes of the Foraminifera with the nervous processes of the man. Whatever, in the make-up of any form, represents that form's highest, evolutional material, becomes the part of the whole which always pushes itself foremost into space; not only so, but it is the dominator of the rest of the form. In these minute microscopical creatures the protoplasmic hyaline constitutes the life-spring of their activities. And man dominates the world by reason of that portion of his brain, which, in relation to the rest of his body, he carries above and beyond in space, and by means of which he pushes out the vibratory frequencies of his thoughts into the surrounding world. So, although we speak of expansion and contraction, it is the former only that is the fundamental property of life. Expansion, in this scientific sense, is but another term for life-energy; contraction being the term used to express the expenditure of that energy. The life of anything down here—animal, vegetable, mineral—is just so much of the real centre, the life of Âtmâ, as can find expression in any particular form; therefore, it follows that the expression, radiating from the centre, will energise in outward directions.

We may define a nerve, of any grade, as a cell modified to make response to external impressions, and it is important for us to bear in mind that, at no time does the nerve itself institute those chemical changes that are the outcome of nervous activity. The nerve is an inert body until played upon by vibrations coming to it from outside. It matters not whether they are vibrations of abstract thinking or concrete feeling; the disturbances that translate themselves as a problem of Euclid, or the sensations of injury to a muscle, are sent for translation to the nerve from bodies exterior to itself.

MARY POPE.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

REVIEWS AND NOTICES

A Book for Beginners

An Outline of Theosophy. By C. W. Leadbeater. (London: Theosophical Publishing Society, 3, Langham Place, W. Price, cloth, 1s.)

Mr. Leadbeater has given us a little book for which we have long been waiting, a brief and yet comprehensive outline of theosophical teachings, fit to put into the hands of a busy man, and intelligible to the most ordinary reader. It is quite "A First Book on Theosophy," and it opens up the way to fuller study for those who wish to pursue the subject further, by adding at the end of each chapter references to works in which the matters outlined are more fully treated.

The first chapter states what Theosophy is, and how it is known, and the second gives, under the head of "General Principles," a plan of the book. Three great truths, as formulated in *The Idyll of the White Lotus*, are laid down as foundation, and from these truths certain corollaries are drawn. These points are taken in detail in the remaining eight chapters of the book.

After treating the first truth as to God, Mr. Leadbeater passes on to explain the constitution of man and his relation to the worlds around him; he then expounds re-incarnation clearly and forcibly, bringing out its consoling and invigorating aspects, and follows this with a chapter on "The wider outlook," in which occurs a singularly lucid explanation of one of the reasons for the internal struggles accompanying evolution. Chapter VII. deals with "Death," and the part which relates to the heaven-world brings out very clearly the reason for the little understood fact that "every man makes his own heaven." After very briefly outlining "Man's Past and Future," our writer explains the law of karma, or of "cause and effect," as it is termed. Finally, Chapter X. expounds "What Theosophy does for us," with all the vigour and ardour of one who feels what it has done for *him*. "The student of Theosophy," we are told, "should be distinguishable from the rest of the world by his perennial cheerfulness, his undaunted

courage under difficulties, and his ready sympathy and helpfulness." "Thus he will look ever for the good in everything, that he may endeavour to strengthen it; he will watch for the working of the great law of evolution, in order that he may range himself on its side, and contribute to its energy his tiny stream of force. In this way, by striving always to help and never to hinder, he will become, in his small sphere of influence, one of the beneficent powers of Nature; in however lowly a way, at however unthinkable a distance, he is yet a fellow-worker together with God—and that is the highest honour and the greatest privilege that can ever fall to the lot of man."

I heartily recommend this little book and hope it may command a very wide circulation. It is daintily got up in an oblong shape suitable for the pocket.

ANNIE BESANT.

MAGAZINES AND PAMPHLETS

Theosophist, July. In "Old Diary Leaves," the Colonel writes of the Parliament of Religions held at Chicago in 1893: "Theosophy was presented most thoroughly, both before the whole Parliament, an audience of 3,000 people, and at meetings of our own. . . . A profound impression was created by the discourses of Professor Chakravarti and Mrs. Besant, who is said to have risen to unusual heights of eloquence, so exhilarating were the influences of the gathering." And the representatives of Eastern religions used their opportunity to such effect that the editor of one of the Chicago newspapers said: "We have been for years spending millions of dollars in sending missionaries to convert these men, and have had very little success; they have sent over a few men, and have converted everybody." S. Stuart concludes his article on "Evolution and Consciousness"; Alexander Fullerton's "H. P. B. and the T.S." is inserted, and "The Ideal of God," by A. Marques, is continued. In an essay entitled "The Trend of International Evolution," W. A. Mayers informs us that he is shocked at Mrs. Besant's views on war, and lays down that "it is impossible that any war can be either just or righteous." In passing, we protest against the words "Mrs. B." being allowed to find their way into print. "Astrological Warnings," by Thomas Banon, and two poems by Josephine H. Olcott and E. B. van Deusen conclude the number.

Theosophist, August. "Old Diary Leaves" contains an account

of the machinations of "Dr. Sarak" who, according to American newspapers, is once more to the fore with ingenious schemes to deceive the credulous. Professor Max Müller's famous letter "denying the existence of any esoteric meaning in either the Buddhistic or Brâhmaṇic scriptures," received by our President-Founder in July, 1893, is quoted at some length. Apart from the Professor's refusal to believe in any esoteric side to these scriptures, there is a passage in his letter shewing that he fully realised the One Truth underlying all religions: "You can really do a good work if you can persuade the people in India, whether Buddhists or Brâhmaṇs, to study their own religion in a reverent spirit, to keep what is good and to discard openly what is effete, antiquated and objectionable. If all religions would do that, we should soon have but *one* religion, and we should no longer call each other unbelievers and Giaours. . . . " A. Fullerton begins an article on "Immortality," Anna M. Stoddart contributes the first portion of an essay on "Paracelsus," and Dr. Thirlwall discourses at considerable length on "Yoga," while A. Marques concludes "The Ideal of God." In "Eastern and Western Ideals," P. Narâyana Ayer states that "recent writers in the THEOSOPHICAL REVIEW have emphasised the difference of ideals between the East and the West," and denies that any such difference can exist. H. S. O., in "The Ordination of Allan Macgregor," draws an exceedingly entertaining picture of the ordination of Mr. Macgregor as a Buddhist priest on the last Wesak day. We regret that lack of space prevents us from quoting some of the features of the ceremony. The number concludes with the announcement of the formation of a "Religious Parliament Extension" to promote "friendly international and inter-religious relations," and with "Light on the Path," by G. B. Grewe. In the *Supplement*, the President-Founder announces the formation of the new German Section.

The Vâhan, August, contains the resolution, passed at the recent Convention, regarding the change of name of the "European Section." During Mr. Keightley's absence in India, it is notified that Mrs. Hooper is appointed Acting General Secretary, and Mr. G. Arundale, M.A., LL.B., has been appointed Joint Assistant Secretary of the Section. In the "Enquirer," A. P. S. replies to the question "How can we explain the first human birth, life and death?" and A. A. W. explains the "true meaning and value of confession and absolution."

Theosophia (Holland), continues its translations of H. P. B.'s "An Unsolved Mystery," and of Mrs. Besant's "Thought Power, its

Control and Culture." A. Fullerton's "Theosophy and Materialism," and Mrs. Besant's "Free-Thought in Theosophy," are translated from the THEOSOPHICAL REVIEW. Mr. Sinnett is represented by his London Lodge Transaction, entitled "Apollonius of Tyana," while the sole original contribution consists of a good article by M. Reepmaker on "Brotherhood."

Sophia, July, has the continuation of Mrs. Besant's "Esoteric Christianity," and of H. P. B.'s "From the Caves and Jungles of Hindustan," D. Luis Phathelet furnishing the original matter to the number.

Teosofia (Italy), contains translations from Herbert Spencer's "Facts and Comments," and from Max Müller's posthumous "Last Essays"; Mrs. Besant's "Problems of Religion" is continued, and translations of answers from the *Vâhan* conclude the number.

New Zealand Theosophical Magazine, July, has a good article by Catherine W. Christie on "The Basis of Theosophy," in which she replies to the constantly-recurring question: "If, as a Society, Theosophists insist on no beliefs, support no party, favour no church, ... how is anyone unacquainted with the teachings of Theosophy, and with only our meetings as a means of learning, to become acquainted with them? Or has Theosophy any decided teachings?" F. M. Parr writes on "Aspects of Religion," and "Philalethes" contributes an article on the "Building of the Cosmos."

Sophia, our Santiago contemporary, has translations from the writings of Mrs. Besant and Alexander Fullerton. The editor has had the happy inspiration of printing separately a translation of Mr. Leadbeater's "Astral and Devachanic Planes," by Don José Melian, and of enclosing an instalment in each number, so that his readers may be able to bind them apart from the magazine.

We have also to acknowledge *The Theosophic Gleaner; The Prashnottava; Teosofisk Tidskrift; Le Journal des Femmes*, June and August, the organ of the women's movement in France, and containing clever articles by various writers; *Lotus Lodge Journal; Light; The Psycho-Therapeutic Journal; The Pacific Vedântin; The Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society; Bulletin Théosophique; Free Thought Magazine; Modern Astrology; Light of Reason; Mind; The Animals' Friend; The Real Origin of Religions.*

G. S. A.

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ON THE WATCH-TOWER

THE meeting of the British Association this year at Belfast, under the presidency of Professor Dewar, has not been productive of ideas of much general interest, and has contrasted strangely with the preceding one twenty-eight years before, in the capital of Orange-ism, when Professor Tyndall so electrified the ecclesiastical world. The only connecting link between then and now lay in the suggestiveness as to the properties of matter in the presidential address. More and more these properties are vanishing, as the supposed "absolute zero" is approached, and matter bids fair to be left with only the quality of extension, denuded of all else as heat is reduced. However, Professor Dewar reasserts "the inscrutable mystery of matter," while showing an impatience of metaphysics which his greater predecessor did not share. His devotion to detail seems to have paralysed his power to grasp the wider problems which science will yet face and help to solve.

Scientists in Meeting

* * *

A VERY interesting article appears in the *Academy* of September

13th, by Mr. F. Legge, on a new hieroglyphic script. After alluding to the Babylonian and Egyptian scripts, and the fact that States as highly organised as the Roman Empire were flourishing on the Euphrates seven thousand years before the Christian Era, Mr. Legge go on to speak of the "Hittites," Kheta or Khatti, who held their own for a long time even against Babylonia. These people, it seemed, possessed a script of their own, found to be of "conventional character and debased execution," so that the users thereof had received it "from remote antiquity." The cuneiform characters were in use beyond 5,000 B.C. This new script is "on the face of it older than the cuneiform," and the language has "no affinity with either Babylonian or Egyptian." Mr. Legge concludes:

Before 4004 B.C.

> We have, therefore, to look for a civilisation older than that of Babylonia, sufficiently developed to have acquired a system of writing at least as good as that of Egypt, and which sent no emigrants into the West until the fourteenth century B.C. Where can this civilisation have developed? For my part, I cannot even hazard a guess.

As one civilisation after another looms up out of the mists of antiquity, each ancient State proving itself by its broken fragments to be the possessor of a high and complex civilisation, the teachings of *The Secret Doctrine* become ever more and more justified. Truly is H. P. Blavatsky's prophecy being constantly confirmed that the buried, but to be unburied, civilisations would prove the truth of her words.

* * *

A NEW excitement was enjoyed by London during September, no less than the claim by the pastor of a Clapton place of worship to be the Messiah, Christ returned to earth. This gentleman, the Rev. J. H. Smyth Pigott, is the successor of the Rev. H. J. Prince, who founded a sect called "Children of the Resurrection." He was to have been translated to heaven with his followers, but he died in 1899, and in the disappointment caused by his death Mr. Pigott stepped forward and kept the sect together. The curious may read in Mr. Hepworth Dixon's volume on strange religious sects the story of "Brother Prince" and his Agapemone. They

Children of the Resurrection

formed, in 1849, a family, living in the luxurious "Abode of Love" in Somersetshire, and were apparently all wealthy people, chiefly drawn from the Established Church. They objected to asceticism, and led a merry, easy life. There still appears to be a predominance of wealthy members in the sect, and the "Abode of Love" remains a well-appointed and luxurious country house. Mr. Pigott on September 7th, speaking in his Clapton chapel, "The Ark of the Covenant," quietly announced:

> I who speak to you to-night, I am that Lord Jesus Christ who died and rose again and ascended into heaven; I am that Lord Jesus come again in my own body to save those who come to me from death and judgment. Yes, I am He that liveth, and behold I am alive for evermore—the Lord from heaven and life-giving Spirit to those who know me and come to me. I am come again for the second time as the Bridegroom of the Church and the Judge of all men, for the Father has committed all judgment unto me because I am the Son of Man. And you, each of you, must be judged by me.

He is accepted in this character by a number of believers, who profess unbounded delight. The public is sceptical, and so mobbed Mr. Pigott when he appeared a few days later that the police had some difficulty in saving him from personal violence, and similar scenes have since been repeated, over a hundred policemen being required to maintain order. The whole thing is ridiculous or pathetic, according to one's point of view, but why should Mr. Pigott be mobbed? The Jews have been hated for many centuries because they were reputed to have mobbed the Jesus of the Christian Church, but the followers of that Jesus are animated by just the same spirit to-day, when they mob a man who makes a divine claim. Every such claimant in the West is a fraud or a fool to his own generation, and this attitude of mind is likely to stand in the way of any high manifestation of divine Manhood in our time. The treatment accorded to this harmless, however deluded, person would be equally accorded to a divine "Son of Man" should such a One appear among us, and yet people ask: "Why do not the Masters reveal Themselves?" A Messiah police-surrounded and with a defensive pugilist on the coach-box is a sorry spectacle enough; but the popular feeling which makes such protection necessary to save from ill-usage one who cannot defend by inner power his exalted claims is a spectacle far more pitiable. Surely all claims may

be left to the sure arbitrament of time, which covers the small with its dust and leaves the great erect amid its ruins.

* * *

Clapton does not stand alone in possessing a modern Messiah. Another has appeared in Russia, who also calls himself the new Messiah. He preaches in the streets, lives as does the poorest peasant, and seeks nothing from any man. His doctrine is purely one of love, and he entreats all to be gentle to each other. Let us hope that he may not be as obnoxious to the Russian Government as his co-claimant is to the English mob. Another Messiah appeared in Paris, and he was quietly put into a lunatic asylum—whether justly or unjustly does not appear. America also possesses a Messiah, more than one, I believe. And she had a man apparently of some power, whom she hunted to death—the Healer Slatter.

Also in Russia and elsewhere

* * *

The Rev. J. Tyssul Davis, in *The Christian Life*, writes an interesting article on Christianity and Theosophy. He puts very clearly the theosophical position with regard to the unity of all the world-faiths:

The Defence of Theosophy

> For one of the results of the science of comparative religion, one of the results of patient and laborious research into the sacred books of the world, into the religious philosophies of the nations, into the underlying belief of races, is the discovery of the fact that, amid manifold diversities, there is a common teaching concerning the soul of man, the nature of God, and His Fatherhood of mankind. Only, whereas the comparative mythologist asserts that this common religion is due to the fact that religious ideas have sprung from savage superstition, from fear of the powers of Nature, from reverence for dead ancestors, the Theosophist, on the contrary, asserts that it is due to the fact that all religions have had a common origin in the divine world, that the various teachers of religion all belong to one band of love, one great Brotherhood, from whom the great founders of religion have come among men to guide and uplift them.

Mr. Davis then states the doctrine of Re-birth, and, alluding to its acceptance among the Jews, remarks that the Council of Constantinople, A.D. 538, anathematised it because it was destructive of the doctrines of total depravity, of original sin. After

touching on karma, and on the compassion that grows out of these ideas, Mr. Davis says:

I can find no other than a feeling of profound admiration for a band of truth-seekers joined in comradeship in a holy cause whose aim is to convince the world that all men are brothers, that the purpose of life is to develop the spiritual nature of man, and the only use of this development to serve humanity the better. They bid the Christian put aside his bigotry and exclusiveness, and to live the life of Christ. They bid the social Reformer to be the thing he wants others to become, and influence his fellows to the godlike ideal by embodying the godlike life. It not only calls upon men to be true to their ideals, but gives reasons why they should be so, not generally known.

May many other ministers follow the generous example of Mr. Davis. His outspokenness is the more remarkable that he writes from that centre of intolerance and religious bigotry, the town of Cardiff. We earnestly hope he may not suffer for his boldness.

* * *

In the Far Skies

SOME time since it was stated by Mr. A. P. Sinnett, in one of the Transactions of the London Lodge—and the statement is repeated in *Man's Place in the Universe*—that there are two planets beyond Neptune, the outer one moving in an orbit over ten thousand million miles from the Sun. *The Times*, of September 15th, reports a paper by Dr. W. E. Wilson, in which the author referred to

The search for a planet situated beyond the orbit of Neptune undertaken at the instance of Professor Forbes, who had pointed out that as Jupiter and Neptune each had a distinct group of comets whose aphelia lay close to their orbits, so in the same way there were two cometary groups, which indicated that there were two planets beyond Neptune, one of which was about 100 times the earth's distance from the sun.

The planets have not yet been found, and the immense distance makes the discovery a matter of great difficulty; still their existence is recognised, and confirms the statements of the theosophical writers.

* * *

A SURPRISING novelty, Nonconformist friars, is announced. They are going to assume a famous name, "Brothers of the

Puritan Friars

Common Life," a name rendered illustrious by Thomas à Kempis and others. The rule of S. Francis of Assisi is to be taken as a model, and a black gown and cape are to form the habit. The vows are to be terminable, in this resembling the Buddhist Bhikshus. Canon Gore, now Bishop of Worcester, and Mr. Howard Frere founded a similar confraternity in connection with the Church of England some twelve years ago, but it breathed only to die. What will ordinary Nonconformists say to this revival of the much-abused friar? The reaction of Puritanism seems to be over, and the pendulum is swinging again towards Catholicism.

* * *

THE following passage from an article in the *Fortnightly Review*, by Maurice Maeterlinck, will repay study:

The Future

A singular infirmity, a curious limitation of our intellect causes us not to know what is going to happen to us, when we are fully aware of what has befallen us. From the absolute point of view to which our imagination succeeds in rising, although it cannot live there, there is no reason why we should not see that which does not yet exist, considering that that which does not yet exist in its relation to us must necessarily have its being already and manifest itself somewhere. If not, it would have to be said that, where Time is concerned, we form the centre of the world, that we are the only witnesses for whom events wait so that they may have the right to appear and to count in the eternal history of causes and effects. It would be as absurd to assert this for Time as it would be for Space, that other not quite so incomprehensible form of the two-fold infinite mystery in which our whole life floats.

Space is more familiar to us, because the accidents of our organism place us more directly in relation with it and make it more concrete. We can move in it pretty freely, in a certain number of directions, before and behind us. That is why no traveller would take it into his head to maintain that the towns which he has not yet visited will become real only at the moment when he sets his foot within their walls. Yet this is very nearly what we do when we persuade ourselves that an event which has not yet happened does not yet exist. . . . Realities are what will happen to us, having already happened in the history that overhangs our own, the motionless and superhuman history of the universe. Illusion is the opaque veil woven with the ephemeral threads called Yesterday, To-day and To-morrow, which we embroider on those realities. But it is not indispensable that our existence should continue the eternal dupe of that illusion.

* * *

MORE journeyings by land and sea, for the sake of the blessed work which Theosophy gives to its servants. The 25th of August

For Theosophy

saw me in the steamer on the way to Holland, bound for Amsterdam, the home of the devoted band of Dutch Theosophists, and on the morning of the 26th the hospitable house on Amsteldijk was reached. That night a lecture was delivered to the Amsterdam Lodge and its visitors, a goodly gathering. Next day brought the Lotus circle together, a promising set of boys and girls, who sang a very kind and pleasant welcome, the fresh young voices ringing sweetly out. This function was followed by a reception, and after some general chat we settled down to questions, a favourite pastime when eager Theosophists can encircle an older student. In the evening came another lecture, the opening ceremony in the new large room of the second Lodge in Amsterdam. Mr. van Manen translated admirably at all these meetings. The 28th saw us at the Hague, where there was a lecture to a meeting of members in the beautiful rooms opened by the President-Founder last year, and a second lecture to the general public in the evening. The next day had but one lecture, open to the public, and the 30th was given to interviews and a private meeting. Two more meetings on the 31st closed the Dutch work, and I took train in the afternoon to Brussels, leaving on the platform at Amsterdam many kind faces and loving hearts. Nowhere is there a band of workers more devoted and loyal than those who gather round Mme. Meulemann, Mrs. Windust and Mr. Fricke.

We began work in Brussels on the morning of September 1st, and managed three meetings, one a lecture, on that day; the morning of the next day went in interviews, and in a visit to the studio of one of our members, M. Delville, to see a fine picture he is painting for the Palais de Justice; Theosophy has given him some fine conceptions, and his colouring is very beautiful. Then came a brief interview with the Golden Chain children, and a question meeting for the elders, followed by a private meeting; and then a drive to the station to catch the night mail for London, where I arrived on September 3rd.

On the 5th, Mrs. Mead and I started on a northern tour, which began with a lecture to the Harrogate Lodge and many visitors, on the evening of that day. The Federation meeting

occupied the afternoon of the 6th; it adjourned for tea, and came back, as eager as ever, for the evening meeting. It grows steadily, and has a good record of work. Two meetings in the morning and public lectures in the afternoon and evening filled the Sunday, and on Monday morning was yet another gathering. The evening saw us at Leeds, where a public lecture was given, and public lectures followed at Bradford on the 9th and 10th. On the 11th we took train to Middlesbrough, where a public lecture was given in the evening, and Lodge and question meetings were held on the 12th. On again next day, to stop at Whitley Bay for a meeting of the Tyneside Lodge in the afternoon, and a public lecture at Newcastle in the evening. Sunday, the 14th, had three meetings, the third a public lecture, and Monday saw us on our way to Glasgow. Here there was a public lecture in the evening, and on the following day a Lodge meeting and a question meeting. Southwards again to York, and a public lecture on the 17th, and on the 18th across to Hull in time for an evening lecture. The work at Hull was completed on the 19th with Lodge and question meetings, and on the 20th we went on to Sheffield, where a public lecture was delivered that evening. On the 21st there was a public lecture in the morning and a question meeting in the afternoon, followed by a Lodge gathering, and that same evening we returned to London.

On the 23rd I went to Southampton, a town very backward in religious matters, and lectured in the evening. There was a crowded audience, and many were turned away. A question meeting was held in the afternoon of the 24th, and was also well attended. After this I returned to town to preside at the Blavatsky Lodge annual meeting.

While this is in the press, the month's work will be finished by a lecture to the London Lodges on the 25th, and lectures and meetings at Sale, Manchester, Didsbury, and Liverpool, on the 27th, 28th, 29th, and 30th. Work in London, Dublin, and Edinburgh will occupy my time in October, till I leave for Berlin on October 18th. After taking part in the formal inauguration of the German Section, I visit the French, Swiss, and Italian Lodges, reaching Brindisi on November 23rd, and setting sail for India.

THE BOOK OF EPIPHANY

(CONCLUDED FROM p. 19)

THE contents of the *Book of Epiphany* may be roughly divided into seven classes, but these seven classes are not as a rule separated into any hard and fast divisions recognised by the Egyptian compilers. These divisions may be characterised in the following manner :

1. Hymns.

2. Chapters dealing with or referring to the initiatory ceremonial.

3. Simple meditations to be used probably while in a state of partial trance, or perhaps I should more correctly describe it with the aid of an induced condition of clairvoyance.

4. More complex meditations to be used while in a physically active condition aided by certain ceremonial practices.

5. Clairvoyant meditations upon some particular symbol.

6. Apocalyptic expressions of the Soul's triumph.

7. The chapters of the knowledge of the names of Osiris and other Gods.

The hymns, of which there are about a dozen, are found in two groups, one at the beginning of the book as a sort of introduction—one or more of these was in all probability recited or sung as a fitting beginning for all and every religious exercise; the other group of hymns is that now known as chapter xv.

These two sets of hymns and the clairvoyant meditations upon particular symbols are apparently the only parts of the book recognised by the compilers as being actual separate parts; the latter of these two exceptions to the general rule received the title of the *Book of Transformations* and is referred to by that title in another part of the book.

The hymns present a difficulty entirely their own ; it is, how-

ever, simply the difficulty which the poetry of any language must always present to any other language; it arises from the fact that the ordinary rules of grammar are frequently stretched a little under the necessities of rhythm and the flow of syllables in metrical or semi-metrical cadence. These hymns are of great interest to us as giving us a more vivid conception of the thoughts of the Egyptians about God and the divine symbols than we can find elsewhere. We find in them some very beautiful expressions of the attributes of divinity.

For example, of Osiris Onnophris we are told: "He is crowned as Lord of the Pillars," *i.e.*, "as Lord of the Place of Revelation," and "as Ruler in the Shrine of the Unmanifest," or as we should put it nowadays: "He is able to reveal and to hold back from revelation." Again, we find: "He is the mover of the future and constrains the Upper and the Lower World by Truth." Of Ra, we read: "Thou beholdest the innumerable worlds; man cannot measure thy separation of them, but the measure is with thy heart."

Again, in another place, after the elements have given Him praise, we read: "The earth utters a voice, overflowed with silence (saying): O Unity, existing in Heaven before plains and mountains were formed. Protector! Lord of Unity! Maker of beings! whose speech hath moulded the substance of the Gods" —a sentence thoroughly akin to that mystic idea so widespread among the ancients of the calling into being of the substance of creation by the utterance of a word.

The chapters of simple meditation of the second group were probably used very much as in India to-day the various sects use the various names in meditation; that is, by asuming an attitude of repose, withdrawing the imagination from all thought of the body and of mundane affairs, and then hypnotising the mind by the continual repetition of the name of Râma or some other. In Egypt the special chapter chosen for meditation would be repeated over and over again until the ideas underlying the symbolism would appear to become as the very essence of the being of the meditator, when, losing all sense of time or place, he would be carried away in a vision in which the symbols would unfold themselves and explain their own mysteries.

Chapter iv. is a good example of these sentences to be repeated in trance. In the mystical language of Egypt it is called "Chapter of the Passage of the Upper Path of the Gate of Paths." Put in plain English this means, "passing from the Entrance Gate along the Higher Path." The Entrance Gate, or Gate of Paths, is this our present life which opens to our feet the paths of Good and Evil.

The words to be recited are these: "I am he that crosses the torrent, separating the contending forces. I have come, I have subdued the fields on account of Osiris."

The Initiate having realised that these words form a riddle of the "Way of the Midst" of the Gnostic writers, that is to say, the path between the pairs of opposites, he throws himself into a state of trance and mentally repeats these words until, by means of the suggestion produced by the repetition he subdues the fields, *i.e.*, the lower and animal nature, on account of Osiris. The word used for "fields" here is *AḤeTU;* it refers to the feeding grounds of the domestic animals, mystically symbolising the subdued lower or animal nature. It has, in fact, somewhat the same signification as the stable and manger in Christian symbolism.

A good example of the more ceremonial chapters is that called "Chapter of the Four Torches," now numbered 137A. The rubric informs us that it was to be recited over four torches made of some material, the nature of which is not known, but is probably some woven stuff rolled into the shape of a torch, and dipped in some oil of an equally unknown nature, called "oil of *Thehennu*." These torches were to be held in the hands of four men, upon whose shoulders were written the names of the four pillars of Horus; this ceremony seems also to have been performed in a room set apart and ceremonially prepared by recitations over images or tablets built into the walls, which stood foursquare to the cardinal points.

Without going into details, for the chapter is of considerable length, I will merely point out that this ceremony seems to have a modern parallel in a ceremony described by Éliphas Lévi in his *Dogma and Ritual of Magic*. He calls it, "the conjuration of the four," and the underlying idea seems to be to build up a sort of mental barrier against the attacks of evil influences among the

spirits of the four elements, the earth, air, fire and water, the names of which the old philosophers used as the symbols of those finer essences which have analogies in human temperament, when a person is said to be in character fiery, watery, airy or earthy.

The fifth division of the *Book of Epiphany* is perhaps the most interesting of any in many ways. It appears probable that it consists of twelve meditations on twelve symbolic transformations of Isis on her mystic progress in search of the hidden Osiris.

Here again, contemplating the symbol until he fell into a partial trance, the Initiate would recite the chapter until the adventures of Isis seemed to be his adventures and he himself the seeker for Osiris. In Christian symbol it is the Church's search after Christ.

I will give as an example one of these chapters which has been less comprehended than the others, I know not why, for it hangs together very well and presents very little real difficulty, if one keeps the symbol in one's mind while reading it.

It is now numbered lxxxvi., and its title is "Chapter of making Transformation as a Swallow." In reading this chapter it is necessary to keep before one's mental vision the idea that the words are intended to be read as the recitation of Isis in the form of a swallow, the principal characteristics of this bird being its migratory habits and its peculiar low flight as if searching for something. The words are:

"I am a Swallow, I am a Swallow. I am, O Scorpion, that daughter of Ra. Hail, Gods of Delight! Hail, Gods of Delight! perfume ye the Flame that manifests on the Horizon.

"Hail, Dweller in the City! I have brought the Warden of his Moat.

"Stretch out to me thy hand, for I have made my contemplation in the Pool of the two Flames.

"I went forth as a messenger and I have come with a message; open unto me that I may say what I have seen—even Horus as the master of the ship, having mounted the throne of his Father Osiris, and Suti, son of Nut, beneath the net which he had made for me.

"I have learned what is in the Place of Forgetfulness, I have stretched out my hands when Osiris desired me.

"I went forth to learn, I have returned to speak. Let me pass, that I may tell my message, for I am she that entereth in to learn and cometh forth to declare at the door of *NeBRcZeR*.

"I am purified upon that great Path, I have wiped away my impurities, I have done away my uncleanness; I have destroyed the impurities that pertained unto my flesh on earth.

"O ye great Doorkeepers, who make for me a Path, I am even as ye, I have come forth into the Day, I walk upright, I am the Ruler of my footsteps.

"O God of Light, I, even I, know the mysterious Gates of the Paths of the Fields of Elysium. Lo, I come, I have overthrown my opposers upon earth, and my body rests in its trance."

It will be noticed that the first half of this chapter is distinctly reminiscent of the migratory character of the swallow, the bird that comes and goes; but as the chapter unfolds itself, one finds a gradual elevation of the symbolism until the bird character is lost in the aspirations of a human soul, before which the gates of the Mysteries are flung open, that it may pass through in triumph, and ascend to the highest pinnacle of spiritual exaltation.

I have translated the word *QeReSTU* as "trance," for I believe that in Egypt trance was looked upon as temporary death, and that many of these meditations were prepared for by the Initiate first surrounding himself with the symbols of death and of ceremonial burial, in order that he might render the trance condition deeper by means of suggestion, as well also as to remind him that the *real* tomb of Osiris is the human body; for Osiris may be defined as some principle in man which is latent, or symbolically speaking, dead and embalmed while the man lives, but rises again from the dead at the man's death; a principle that is, which is slain at every man's birth, and buried in that man's body in order that that man may exist. This, I should say, is the case of the ordinary man, but there is another condition possible, an ideal condition attained to by but few, and in Egypt the symbol of this ideal condition is the God *TeMU*, the Sun in the West; this is the symbol of the manifest appearance of the Christ upon Earth, visible to all men—the man in whom, though still alive as to the flesh, Osiris lives, and in whom Osiris

in union with the human Soul is recognised and realised as the Very and Only Self, the primal Source and Reason of all things.

To attain to that ideal, the Initiate must be willing to pass through the mystic death while yet his body lives. This mystic death is the great Gate through which the Initiate could pass into "the shrine of the unmanifest," represented in geographical symbol by the city of Abydos, the greatest of the symbolic earthly burying-places of Osiris.

The Egyptian Initiate's greatest longing was to enter this, the inmost shrine of Being, and the triumph song of his attainment is found in the xviiith chapter, and portions of the lxivth chapter. In the opening of chapter xvii. he says: "I am *TeMU* in Being, I am made One.

"I have become in the primeval waters, I am Ra in his coronation."

In the lxivth chapter, he says: "I have come to see Ra in his coronation chamber, face to face, and eye to eye."

The Egyptian of old recognised no easy and royal road to this great consummation; the path of aspiration then, as now, was one long battle, though aided and encouraged by the mystic processes of Initiation which are indicated in the *Book of Epiphany*. In these days it is hard to realise the terrible earnestness that could produce such a prayer and such an answer as that in the lxivth chapter, where the Initiate cries out:

"Give unto me the Bolts of the twice mighty Doors, lest my weeping burst forth from me, for I cannot see, and I wander round about in the chamber of Separation from the Shrine of the Unmanifest."

And he is answered:

"Lo the Bolts which fasten the Four Gates, their Heads are as the possessions of thy Hand, yea! they are within thee! Let thy Face be as that of the Hound whose nostril sniffs the scent of his Home."

M. W. Blackden.

THE EVOLUTION OF CONSCIOUSNESS

(CONTINUED FROM p. 61)

Physical Consciousness

It is on the physical plane that Consciousness must first evolve into Self-Consciousness, must become aware of an external world that makes impacts upon it, and must learn to refer those impacts to an external world, and to realise as its own the changes which it undergoes in consequence of those impacts. By prolonged experiences it will learn to identify with itself the feeling of pleasure or pain that follows the impact, and to regard as not itself that which touches its external surface. It will thus make its first rough distinction of "I" and "Not-I." As experience increases, the "I" will retreat ever inwards, and one veil of matter after another will be relegated outwards as belonging to the "Not-I"; but while its connotations change, this fundamental distinction between subject and object will ever remain. "I" is the willing, thinking, acting Consciousness; while the "Not-I" is all as to which it wills, about which it thinks, and on which it acts. We shall have to consider later the way in which Consciousness becomes Self-Consciousness, but at present we are concerned only with its expression in forms, and the part played by the forms.

This Consciousness awakens on the physical plane, and its expression is the permanent atom. In this it lies sleeping: "It sleeps in the mineral," and therein some awakening into lighter slumber must take place, so that it may be roused out of this deep dreamless sleep, and become sufficiently active to pass on into the next stage: "It dreams in the vegetable."

Now the Logos, acting in the Group-Souls, energises the permanent physical atoms and by the mediation of the Shining Ones, as we have seen, plunges them into the various conditions offered

by the mineral kingdom, where each attaches to itself many mineral particles. At once here we see a large variety of possible impacts, leading to a variety of experiences, and so presently to lines of cleavage in a Group-Soul. Some will be whirled high in air, to fall in torrents of burning lava; some will be exposed to arctic cold, others to tropic heat; some will be crushed and sheathed in molten metal in the bowels of the earth; some will be in the sand tossed roughly by rushing billows. Infinite variety of external impacts will shake and strike and burn and freeze, and in vague answers of sympathetic vibrations will the deep-slumbering Consciousness respond. When any permanent atom has reached a certain responsiveness, or when a mineral form, *i.e.*, the particles to which a permanent atom has attached itself, is broken up, the Group-Soul draws that atom from its encasement. All the experiences acquired by that atom—and that means the vibrations it has been forced to execute—remain as powers of vibrating in particular ways, or as "vibratory powers." That is the outcome of its life in a form. The permanent atom, losing its embodiment and remaining for awhile naked, as it were, in its Group-Soul, and continuing to repeat these vibrations, to go over within itself its life-experiences, sets up pulses which run through the envelope of the Group-Soul and are thus conveyed to other permanent atoms; thus each affects and helps all the others while remaining itself. The permanent atoms which have had experiences similar in character will be more strongly affected by each other than will be those whose experiences have been very different, and thus there will be a certain segregation going on within the Group-Soul, and presently a filmy separating wall will grow inwards from the envelope, and divide these segregated groups from each other; and so there will be an ever-increasing number of Group-Souls with contents showing an ever-increasing distinction of Consciousness, while sharing fundamental characteristics.

Now the responses of Consciousness to external stimuli in the mineral kingdom are far greater than many quite realise, and some of them are of a nature which shows that there is a dawning of Consciousness also in the astral permanent atom. For chemical elements exhibit distinct mutual attractions, and chemical marital

relationships are continually disorganised by the intrusion of couples, one or other of which has a stronger affinity for one of the partners in the earlier marriage than the original mate. Thus a hitherto mutually faithful couple, forming a silver salt, will suddenly prove faithless to each other if another couple, hydrochloric acid, enters their peaceful household; and the silver will pounce upon the chlorine and take her to wife, preferring her to his former mate, and set up a new household as silver chloride, leaving the deserted hydrogen to mate with his own forsaken partner. Wherever these active interchanges go on there is a slight stir in the astral atom, in consequence of the violent physical vibrations set up by the violent wrenching apart, and formation, of intimate ties, and vague internal thrillings appear. The astral must be roused from the physical, and Consciousness on the physical plane will long take the lead in evolution. Still a little cloud of astral matter is drawn round the permanent astral atom by these slight thrillings, but it is very loosely held, and seems to be quite unorganised. There does not seem to be any vibration in the mental atom at this stage.

After ages of experience in the mineral kingdom, some of the permanent atoms will be ready to pass into the vegetable kingdom, and will be distributed by the agency of the Shining Ones over the vegetable world. It is not to be supposed that every blade of grass, every plant, has a permanent atom within it, evolving to humanity during the life of this system. Just as in the mineral kingdom, so here; the vegetable kingdom forms the field of evolution for these permanent atoms, and the Shining Ones guide them to habitat after habitat, so that they may experience the vibrations that affect the vegetable world, and again store up these as vibratory powers in the same fashion as before. The principles of interchange and of consequent segregation work out as before, and the Group-Souls in each stream of evolution become more numerous, and more different in their leading characteristics.

There is more activity perceptible in the astral permanent atom during the course of the accumulation of vegetable experiences by the physical, and it attracts round it astral matter which is arranged by the Shining Ones in a rather more definite way.

In the long life of a forest tree, this growing aggregation of astral matter developes itself in all directions as the astral form of the tree, the Consciousness experiencing in that astral form the vibrations causing massive pleasure and discomfort, these vibrations being the result of those set up in the physical tree by sunshine and storm, wind and rain, cold and heat. With the perishing of such a tree, the permanent astral atom retreats to its Group-Soul, now established on the astral plane, with a rich store of experiences, shared in the manner before described.

Further, as the Consciousness becomes more responsive in the astral, it sends little thrills downwards to the physical plane, and these give rise to feelings felt as though in the physical, but really derived from the astral. Where there has been a long separate life, as in a tree, the permanent mental unit will also begin to attract round itself a little cloud of mental matter, and on this the recurrence of seasons will slowly impress itself as a faint memory, which becomes inevitably a faint anticipation.*

At last some of the permanent physical atoms are ready to pass on into the animal kingdom, and once more the agency of the Shining Ones guides them into animal forms. During the later stages of their evolution in the vegetable world, it appears to be the rule that each triad—physical and astral atoms and mental unit—shall have a prolonged experience in a single form, so that some thrills of mental life may be experienced, and the triad may thus be prepared to profit by the wandering life of the animal. But it also appears that in some cases the passage into the animal kingdom is made at an earlier stage, and that the first thrill in the mental unit occurs in some of the stationary forms of animal life, and in very lowly animal organisms.

In the animal kingdom, the permanent atoms receive far more varied vibrations, and differentiate more quickly, the number of triads in the Group-Souls diminishing rapidly as this differentiation proceeds, and the multiplication of Group-Souls consequently goes on with increasing rapidity. As the period of individuality approaches, each triad becomes possessed of its own

*See *Thought Power, its Control and Culture*, pp. 59-61.

envelope, obtained from the Group-Soul, and takes on successive embodiments as a separate entity, though still within the enveloping case of protecting and nourishing monadic essence.

Unity of Physical Consciousness

Amid the immense varieties of the mineral, vegetable, animal and human kingdoms, the underlying unity of physical consciousness has been lost sight of, and broad lines of cleavage have been set up which do not, in reality, exist. Life has been wholly denied to the mineral, grudged to the vegetable, and H. P. Blavatsky was ridiculed when she declared that one Life, one Consciousness vivified and informed all.

"With every day, the identity between the animal and the physical man, between the plant and man, and even between the reptile and, its nest the rock and man, is more and more clearly shown, the physical and chemical constituents of all being found to be identical. Chemical Science may well say that there is no difference between the matter which composes the ox, and that which forms man. But the Occult doctrine is far more explicit. It says: Not only the chemical compounds are the same, but the same infinitesimal invisible Lives compose the atoms of the bodies of the mountain and the daisy, of man and the ant, of the elephant and of the tree which shelters it from the sun. Each particle—whether you call it organic or inorganic—is a Life."*

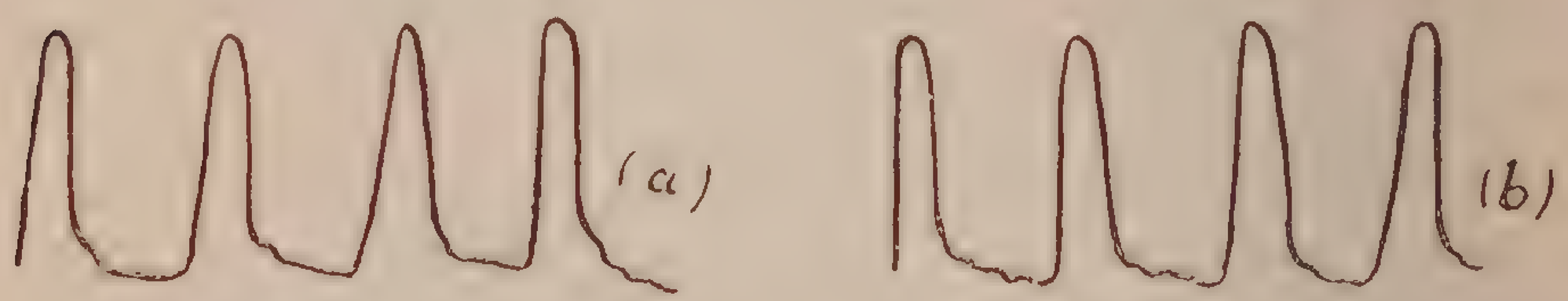
If this be true, it should be possible to obtain from such living minerals, vegetables, animals and men evidence of an identity of life, of sentiency, of response to stimuli; and while we may freely admit that we should expect to find gradations of sentiency, that as we ascend the ladder of life we should expect the manifestations to become fuller and more complex, yet some definite manifestations of sentiency should be found in all who share one life. The evidence for this was lacking when H. P. Blavatsky wrote; it is available now, and it is from an Eastern scientist, whose rare ability has ensured his welcome in the West, that the evidence comes.

Professor Jagadish Chandra Bose, M.A., D.Sc., of Calcutta, has definitely proved that so-called "inorganic matter" is responsive to stimulus, and that the response is identical from metals,

* *The Secret Doctrine*, i. 281.

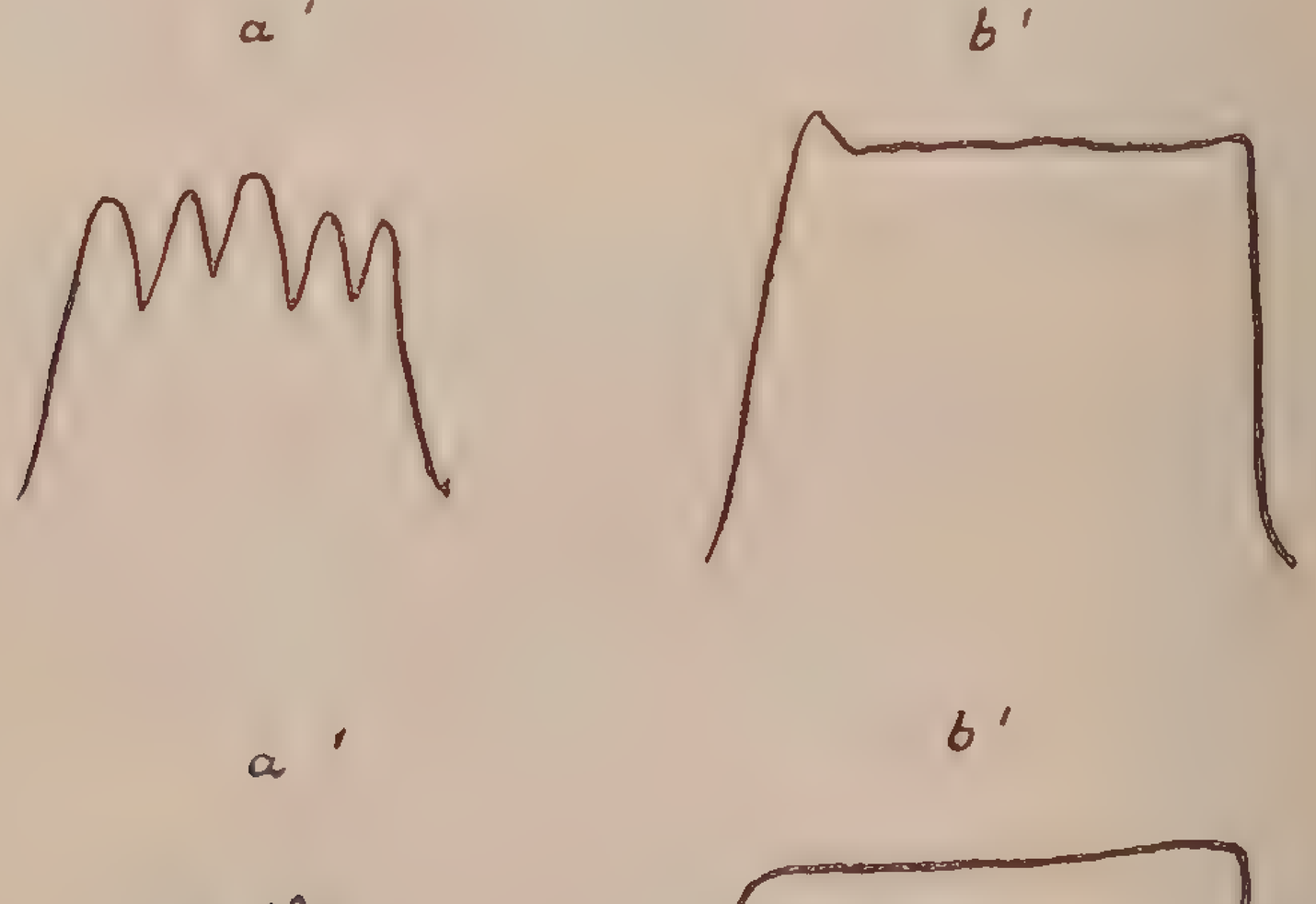
vegetables, animal, and—so far as experiment can be made—man.

He arranged apparatus to measure the stimulus applied, and to show in curves, traced on a revolving cylinder, the response from the body receiving the stimulus. He then compared the curves obtained from tin and other metals with those obtained from muscle, and found that the curves from tin were identical with those from muscle, and that other metals gave curves of like nature but varied in the period of recovery.



(*a*) SERIES OF ELECTRIC RESPONSES TO SUCCESSIVE MECHANICAL STIMULI AT INTERVALS OF HALF A MINUTE, IN TIN. (*b*) MECHANICAL RESPONSES IN MUSCLE.

Tetanus, both complete and incomplete, due to repeated shocks, was caused and similar results accrued in mineral as in muscle.



EFFECTS ANALOGOUS TO (*a*) INCOMPLETE AND (*b*) COMPLETE TETANUS, IN TIN. (*a'*) INCOMPLETE AND (*b'*) COMPLETE TETANUS IN MUSCLE

Fatigue was shown by metals, least of all by tin. Chemical re-agents, such as drugs, produced similar results with metals to those known to result with animals—exciting, depressing, and deadly. (By deadly is meant resulting in the destruction of the power of response.)

A poison will kill a metal, inducing a condition of immobility, so that no response is obtainable. If the poisoned metal be taken in time, an antidote may save its life.



(*a*) NORMAL RESPONSE; (*b*) EFFECT OF POISON; (*c*) REVIVAL BY ANTIDOTE.

A stimulant will increase response, and as large and small doses of a drug have been found to kill and stimulate respectively, so have they been found to act on metals. "Among such phenomena," asks Professor Bose, "how can we draw a line of demarcation and say, 'here the physical process ends, and there the physiological begins'? No such barriers exist."*

Professor Bose has carried on a similar series of experiments on plants, and has obtained similar results. A fresh piece of cabbage stalk, a fresh leaf or other vegetable body, can be stimulated and will show similar curves; it can be fatigued, excited, depressed, poisoned. There is something rather pathetic in seeing the way in which the tiny spot of light, which records the pulses in the plant, travels in ever weaker and weaker curves, when the plant is under the influence of poison, falls into a final despairing straight line and—stops. The plant is dead. One feels as though a murder had been committed—as indeed it has.†

These admirable series of experiments have established, on a definite basis of physical facts, the teaching of occult science on the universality of life.

* These details are taken from a paper given by Prof. Bose at the Royal Institution, May 10th, 1901, entitled "The Response of Inorganic Matter to Stimulus."

† So far as I know, the Professor has not yet published this lecture, but I had the good fortune to hear it, and later to see the experiments repeated at his own house, where one could watch them closely.

Mr. Marcus Reed has made microscopical observations which show the presence of Consciousness in the vegetable kingdom. He has observed symptoms as of fright when tissue is injured and further he has seen that male and female cells, floating in the sap, become aware of each other's presence without contact; the circulation quickens, and they put out processes towards each other.*

We may thus allege that Consciousness, working in physical matter, responds to various kinds of stimulation, and that the response is the same, whether it be obtained from mineral, vegetable or animal. The Consciousness shews the same characteristic workings, *is* the same. The differences which, as already said, we observe as we ascend, lie in the improvement of the physical apparatus, an apparatus which enables astral and mental—not physical—activities of Consciousness to manifest themselves on the physical plane. Men and animals feel and think better than minerals and vegetables, because their more highly evolved Consciousness has shaped for itself on the physical plane this much improved apparatus; but even so, our bodies answer as the lower bodies answer to the same stimuli, and this purely physical Consciousness is the same in all.

Physical Consciousness is Consciousness working in the cells and tissues of the body, receiving and responding to physical impacts, unaffected by any transmission of impulses onward to the higher planes, or by any impulses sent to the physical body from those planes. The response of this Consciousness in the tin and in the animal will be the same, the pulse indicated by the curves; the animal will *feel* it while the tin will not—that is the additional working of the Consciousness through astral matter. This working of Consciousness on the physical plane has sunk below the "threshold of Consciousness" in the higher animals and man; it is shewn in "the memory of the cell," in secretion, assimilation, and other vital functions. As Consciousness functions actively on the higher planes, its lower workings no longer attract its attention, and these slip below the threshold and become what we call automatic.

Now in the mineral, the astral matter connected with the

* "Consciousness in Vegetable Matter," *Pall Mall Magazine*, May, 1902.

permanent astral atom is so little active, and Consciousness is sleeping so deeply therein, that there is no perceptible working from the astral to the physical. In the higher plants there seems to be a sort of forthshadowing of a nervous system, but it is too little developed and organised to serve anything but the simplest purposes. The added activity on the astral plane improves the astral sheath in connection with the plant, and the vibrations of the astral sheath affect the etheric portion of the plant, and thus its denser matter. Hence the forthshadowing of a nervous system above alluded to.

When we come to the animal stage, the much greater activity of the Consciousness on the astral plane causes more powerful vibrations, which pass to the etheric double of the animal, and by the etheric vibrations thus caused, the nervous system is builded. The shaping of it is due to the Logos through the Group-Soul, and to the active assistance of the Shining Ones of the Third Elemental Kingdom, directing the work of the ethereal Nature-Spirits. But the impulse comes from the Consciousness on the astral plane working in the permanent atom and the sheath of astral matter attracted by it, roused to activity by the Group-Soul. As the first very simple apparatus is formed, more delicate impacts from without can be perceived, and these impacts also help in the evolution. Action and reaction succeed each other, and the mechanism continually improves in receptive and transmitting ability.

Consciousness does not do much building on the astral plane at this stage, and works there in an unorganised sheath; the organising is done on the physical plane by the efforts of Consciousness to express itself—dim and vaguely groping as these efforts are—aided and directed by the Group-Soul and the Shining Ones. This work has to be completed to a great extent before the Third Life-Wave pours down, for animal man has evolved, with his brain and nervous systems, before that great outpouring comes which gives the Jîvâtmâ a working body and makes possible the higher evolution of man.

ANNIE BESANT.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

THE PREACHER

Two men sat in a carpetless room, the windows of which looked on a quiet, unfashionable London square. There were only a few rush-bottomed chairs in the room, a writing-desk, a coverless deal table, a shelf of books, and a large wooden cross nailed to the whitewashed wall.

The elder of the two men sat at the desk; he had been writing, and his fingers played still with the pen. The younger sat opposite; his eyes were fixed eagerly on his companion's face, for the power of the elder man compelled his soul, and showed him a great light shining in the world's darkness; whereupon he vowed his life, his youth, his powers of body and mind, his great wealth and influence, for he was rich and of high rank, to the service whereunto his elder was pledged; the elder man was hailed by many as one of much spiritual power, a teacher of high and heavenly matters, and a great saint to boot. He was speaking slowly and impressively, as he played with the pen.

"To you, who sat in darkness, has come light," he said. "It is no wonder if your eyes are dazzled. But I would rather have eyes undazzled by light, unbewildered by darkness. Will you ask yourself this question: If you should cease to delight in the work which you undertake, what would you do?"

"Work on. I should work for the love of God, and for love of you; that would give me joy."

"But if it ceased to give you joy?"

"It must give me joy to work for any whom I love."

"You have a great capacity for love. It is a tremendous force. But if you ceased to feel you loved God—or me, what then?"

"I! Cease to love God! Cease to love you to whom I owe my love to Him!"

The other smiled.

"I did not say that. I said: If you ceased to *feel* you loved God or me, what then?"

"One cannot love, if one does not feel love."

"Are you quite sure of that?"

The younger man looked at the speaker aghast. The elder gazed smilingly upon him; and the youth noted for the first time that the peaceful face had tired lines about the smiling eyes.

"How do you account for one who has proved practically that he can love greatly suddenly losing that capacity so far as he knows it?"

"Can such a thing be?"

"It can. I know it. To love and to feel love are two different matters. It is not possible, perhaps, to feel love without loving; but it is possible to love without feeling what has been called 'sensible love.' When you can bear to feel as though your love were dead, your enthusiasm vanished, and feel it without lamenting, without crying for help with tongue, or mind, or heart, without wavering in your work, without suffering any to know that which has come to pass within your soul, then ——. But wait till the hour comes. Perhaps it may never come. I do not think it comes to all."

His listener went away in silence; he supposed such an hour must have come to the teacher he loved and reverenced; it must have come and passed, he thought; for this man was as a torch, the flame of which touched soul after soul and set it ablaze with holy fire.

Some months later the younger man came to the elder in much distress; he had been thinking of his past sins, and the remembrance of them was grievous to him; moreover, it seemed to him that new sins, weaknesses which he half pitied, half blamed in others, were touching him with their power. The other listened:

"If I tell you that you may one day find your errors a blessing in disguise," he said, "I suppose you will think me not only a sinner, but an impenitent one."

The young man looked surprised.

"A dead sin is a great weapon," said his elder. "A greater weapon yet is a surmounted virtue."

"A *surmounted* virtue!"

"There is a time," said the other, "during which you live more or less contentedly in your sins; there is yet another time wherein you slay your sins, and begin to live in your virtues; but at last comes that final hour when you begin to live in neither, and to remember both. My dear friend, I watched you in your youth, and strength, and fierce zeal, treating with some indulgent contempt one grown grey in dull toil, whose temper was frayed and strained with the turmoil of life; whose health and nerves were failing. But last week, when your health also had failed a little by reason of much work and certain pious austerities, and when sainthood seemed less near than in your earlier days, I think you could no longer feel that high and placid contempt for your more aged comrade who was unduly fretted by the little things of life, could you?"

The other coloured; he did not speak.

"Thereafter you regained the calm you lost for awhile, and I have noted you were more patient with your fretful comrade; and more humble, and more heedful lest you should jar upon him, and so cause him to offend. I perceive that since your own temper failed somewhat—nay! you showed it very little, perhaps none noticed it save you and I—but since it failed, you grew more heedful in your bearing towards others. Is not this a gain?"

The young man hesitated.

"I do not say it is not a trial. It gives a sense of humiliation and failure; but to know one has failed is to be on the road to victory."

This was the last time the twain met for some years. The young man became known as a very brilliant speaker; he travelled through many lands, filling the souls of his hearers with zeal for service. Throughout all his labours he was full of loving loyalty to that saintly man whose life and words had drawn him from the world. They met again after five years and worked side by side for twelve months. For the young preacher those were six months of loving, eager toil, inspired by the presence of the elder soul; and six months of cold desolation, at the end of which he came forth from the city to sit alone upon the hills and

review his position. The hour had dawned of which his elder spoke; he felt no love for his work, no love for his leader and fellow-labourer, no love to man, no love to God. It did not give him pain; only a quiet, cold surprise, an icy mental recognition of the state of affairs. He could reason the matter out; he was not deluded; he knew he loved both the work and the man, only—he could not feel it. He had known no ray of love, of enthusiasm, of desire for knowledge or for service, during six months; and—apparently—he had never worked more effectively.

Often in the past six years he had been tired of the work; often his early zeal flagged, and the earth grew grey and the skies dull, but he had always, till now, felt love for this one man spurring him on. Now that sensation was gone, and it seemed as though it had gone for ever. This sudden failure of feeling towards a human object of gratitude and affection startled him as the failure of religious devotion had not succeeded in doing. He worked on without it, exteriorly zealous and even joyful and smiling; no one knew what was in his soul.

That which forced him forth was an encounter with a youth who loved the man to whom the preacher owed so much; this youth spoke of his gratitude; spoke with passionate love and devotion, nothing doubting that his listener felt as he did. A year before the twain had met; the fire of the preacher's love for the man who brought light to his soul then burned brightly; it burned more fiercely than that of the youth, and his words were more powerful, because he had the power of speech. Hence the youth came naturally to him to express the sentiment he believed both of them to feel. The preacher listened, and assented, and sympathised, while his heart lay dead in his bosom. This experience it was that sent him forth upon the hills to think.

Musing he walked over the moors to the sea. He came to a very strange place, a little grassy space at the summit of a cliff; on this space was a white-washed hut; at the back of the hut, on the cliff verge, was a high platform, with a ladder leading to it, and on the platform, screened carefully from wind and rain, was a brazier containing wood ashes.

He knocked at the hut door; he was tired and hungry after a twelve hours' fast; an old woman with a brown withered face

and bright eyes answered the door. He asked her for food; she led him within, and fetched him bread and goat's milk, it was all she had. The hut was very cold, on the hearth were burnt-out wood ashes.

"Why do you not light your fire?" he asked her, smiling; for he saw her shiver and rub her cold withered hands.

"Why!" she answered cheerily, "It will be a month before the carrier brings me another load of wood, sir; there's no wood hereabouts; I cannot have a hearth fire and a fire yonder, too."

"Why not light your fire here, then?" he asks.

"Because of the boats, sir," she answered. "My husband and my only son were drowned at sea. The coast is very dangerous. I light the brazier every night at sundown, and three times in the night I get up from my bed to feed it."

"So you sacrifice your hearth fire to the brazier?"

"Yes, sir. It's cold, mornings and evenings. At night I lie and think of the fire-light, though I can't see it, shining over the water; the thought of it warms me. Folk say, why do I live out here lonely like; but I couldn't leave the brazier, and I'm not so lonely either, for it's as though a piece of my heart went out to the ships with the fire-light. My boy was a sailor you see, sir."

"Ah!" he said slowly, "I see. You cannot light your hearth fire and the brazier too. I suppose you are right to bear the cold."

"When I've more fuel, sir," she said cheerily, "perhaps I shall have both again."

He nodded; then he rose, stood at the door, and watched the driving clouds and the barren hills. Familiar words were in his ears: "The things which are seen are temporal; but the things which are not seen are eternal." He paraphrased them: "The things which are felt are temporal," and he wondered whether the things felt were but the shadows of those unfelt but eternal.

"A shadow is dependent on the light," he mused, "but that which casts it is equally there when the light goes. Is that true, I wonder, of love? Is it love's shadow, not its substance, that we feel?"

He said good-bye to the old woman and walked towards the

town; he sat on a little hill, and watched the sun set. He was conscious of a sense of freedom and calm he never felt before; it was as though he had passed through some gateway of the soul, and stepped on to a plain, with wide distances, and far horizon lines; it was rather a chill dreary freedom, an arid calm, as of one who has lived by some miracle through a volcano's fury, and sits alone in the burnt-up desert that remains. But it brought a curious feeling of strength and clarity of mind.

He heard a footstep on the road, and turned to see who was coming. It was a man; the twain looked at each other; the preacher rose. Four years before they had met; the wayfarer visited the preacher and laid before him the chilly barrenness of his soul, for it was as an unwatered desert, swept by a wind from plains of ice. The man was alone: in a sense he was willing to be so; he knew all his difficulties lay in his own soul, but they were not therefore the easier to deal with, and he did not know how to remedy them. The preacher was then in the full flood and glory of his fervour of love to God and man; but he failed to help his visitor. They parted, both recognising the fact; the would-be helper a little chilled and discouraged, the other in a state of unastonished acquiescence.

They greeted each other now, and sat down on the hill to see the sun vanish. The hush of sunset was upon the land, the wind was lulled, the faint call of a curlew floated across the barren country. They talked a little of trifling matters, and they sat for some time silent. At last they parted.

"You live out here?" said the preacher.

"In the wilderness. With seven devils, you think? You're wrong. I'm alone."

"So am I," said the preacher, after a pause.

"I thought you lived in cities still. I see your name often. Don't you live among people?"

"Yes."

"When I saw you last," said the wayfarer, "you talked a great deal of love. Love to God—love to your brethren—love to Humanity with a big H—love to those who taught and guided your soul. You felt this great love; you glowed with it; you were on fire with it, were you not?"

"Yes," said the preacher, smiling.

"You feel all that still, I suppose; but you have said nothing about it."

"I can speak of it, if you like. What I said was true, I know that. But I did not help you before, did I?"

"No. But you have helped me now."

"Have I?" said the preacher, surprised, "How?"

"I do not know. Perhaps you know. I told you I did not understand what you meant when you talked of love, and worship, and devotion to God and man."

"Well?"

"Well! But I have known it since I sat on this hill with you. I have felt it as a living thing within me. You never made me feel it before; but you have done it now."

"I do not think," said the preacher, after a bewildered pause, "that it can be I who have made you feel it. Yet—perhaps you are right! Perhaps it is I who have made you feel—yourself. But if so, it is not an 'I' we know much about."

The other half laughed, half sighed.

"No," he answered. "We do not know much about it. Perhaps it is Matthew Arnold's 'Buried Life,' or the 'large unconscious background' of consciousness of some of our more free-thinking psychologists; the 'subliminal self,' eh? But it is certainly something to feel it is there."

"It is something to feel it is there," assented the preacher. "But—the fact that it is there whether we feel it or not seems to me to be of more importance."

"Yes," answered his companion. "No doubt you are right. Good-bye. May I write to you in a day or two?"

"Do."

"Thank you. Good-bye."

They shook hands and parted. The preacher walked slowly over the dark hills; once he turned and looked back whence he came: there was a little spot of light on the horizon, flaring seawards, but it was not bright enough to show him the fireless cottage where the old widow sat, tending the beacon light that guided the homing boats.

MICHAEL WOOD.

THE TALMUD IN HISTORY

"From Justinian, who, as early as 553 A.D., honoured it by a special interdictory Novella, down to Clement VIII., and later—a space of over a thousand years—both the secular and the spiritual powers, kings and emperors, popes and anti-popes, vied with each other in hurling anathemas and bulls and edicts of wholesale confiscation and conflagration against this luckless book."

So writes Immanuel Deutsch, and truly, in his graphic and romantic panegyric, which for the first time gave the English-reading public a reasonable account of the Talmud and its history.*

Although it has been lately disputed† whether it is the Talmud expressly to which Justinian referred in his edict "Concerning the Jews," of February 13, 553, it seems highly probable that Deutsch is correct. By this outrageous Novella the wretched Hebrews were only permitted to use a Greek or Latin translation of the Torah in their synagogues. They were strictly forbidden to read the Law in Hebrew, and, above all things, they were prohibited from using what is called the "second edition" (*secunda editio*), which was evidently also written in Hebrew or Aramaic. This "second edition" can hardly mean anything else than the Mishna and its completions, for the Greek equivalent of *mishna* was δευτέρωσις, generally taken by those imperfectly acquainted with Hebrew to signify some "second rank" or form of the Law, instead of "learning" in the secondary sense of "repetition."

Such impolitic tyranny in those darkest days of narrowest ecclesiasticism, which had succeeded in closing every school of philosophy and learning in the Christian world, could not but

* Deutsch (I.), art. "What is the Talmud?"—in *The Quarterly Review* (London), Oct., 1867, pp. 417-464.

† Popper (W.), *The Censorship of Hebrew Books* (New York; 1899), p. 3. This is the best monograph which has so far appeared on the subject of Talmud persecutions and censorship. An excellent bibliography of the literature is given on pp. iv. and v.

make the Talmud all the more dear to the Jews. The more they were persecuted for their faith's sake, the more desperately they clung to the immediate cause of their martyrdom—that tradition in which no Christian had part or lot. The Talmud thus gradually became more precious to the Jew than even the Torah itself, which, by translation, had become the common property of the Gentiles, few of whom at this time in the West could read a word of the ancient Hebrew original.

Thus ignorance bred fear and fostered hate, and already, by the eleventh century, we find the passions of an ignorant fanaticism let loose against the luckless Hebrews, when the Crusaders, in their wild rush towards Constantinople, left behind them a path of desolation for the Dispersion of Israel in every land they traversed, marked out by blood and fire, by the bodies of murdered little ones and smouldering piles of Hebrew rolls. It is said that, after this avalanche of ruthless destruction, in many towns scarce a single prayer-book remained for the use of a whole synagogue. There is another side to the romance of the Crusades, of which our school-books breathe no word; not infrequently they degenerated into pure Jew-hunts, where hecatombs of Hebrews paid ever anew the ancient debt of one slain Christ, whose ever-living heart, we may well believe, felt keener torture at the savagery of His self-styled followers than did even the bodies of the victims of their hate.

But it was not till the thirteenth century, which witnessed the founding of the Mendicant Orders, and the establishment of that instrument of terror known as the Holy Inquisition, that we meet with what may be called the organised official destruction of Hebrew books, and the saddest part of the sad story is that in almost every instance it was a Jew who brought matters to a crisis, and procured the deliverance of the books of his race to the flames.

The first official burning of Hebrew books took place in 1233, at Montpelier, where a Jew, a fanatical Antimaimonist, persuaded the Dominicans and Franciscans of the Inquisition, who knew nothing of this purely internal struggle between conservatism and liberalism in Jewry, to commit to the flames all the works of the great Maimonides.

In the same year, at Paris, no less than 12,000 volumes of the Talmud were burned. Converts gave information to those who could not read a single line of the great literature which they so madly longed to extirpate, and eagerly pointed out the hiding places where the precious rolls of their former co-religionists were stored away.

In 1236, Donin, a convert baptised under the name of Nicolas, laid thirty-five formal charges against the Talmud before Pope Gregory IX.; the chief of which was that in many passages it used blasphemous language in speaking of Jesus and Mary. A few years later (May or June, 1239), Gregory issued a stringent decree to all rulers, temporal and spiritual, in France, England, Castile, Aragon and Portugal, commanding them to seize every copy of the Talmud upon which they could lay hands. Whereupon in France a formal trial was held before a commission consisting of two Bishops and a Dominican, not one of whom knew a single word of Hebrew, and the Talmud was incontinently condemned to the flames. The Jews, however, appealed against this cruel decree with such energy that the carrying out of the sentence was postponed, and a new trial ordered, at which Nicolas himself was the accuser, while four French Rabbis undertook the defence.

"After seeking to invalidate most of the charges, the Rabbis turned to the most important point, and acknowledged that the Talmud contained slighting references to a certain Jesus. But, by taking into account the dates mentioned in the Talmud, and other evidence furnished by the early Church Fathers themselves, they attempted to show that another Jesus, who had lived at some time earlier than Jesus of Nazareth, was the subject of these notices."*

It is hardly necessary to add, however, that the unfortunate Rabbis failed to convince the commission. The Talmud was again formally condemned. No less than twenty waggon-loads of MSS. were collected in Paris, and on June 17, 1244, a huge *auto-da-fé* of some 17,000 or 18,000 volumes lit up a conflagration, the insatiable flames of which spread rapidly to every Jewish home throughout the Holy Roman Empire and devoured that

* Popper, *op. cit.*, p. 10.

treasure of tradition which the Rabbis held dearer than their lives.

With the condemnation of the Talmud all the rest of Hebrew literature was practically involved. Thus in 1263 we find another convert, baptised under the name of Paul Christian, inducing the Pope to issue an order that all Hebrew MSS. of every kind in Aragon should be collected for examination, and if they were found to contain any passages obnoxious to Christians, they should be destroyed or strictly expurgated; while in 1266, also at Barcelona, we meet with a commission assembled for the same purpose.

In England, however, apparently the Talmud was not burnt, for a simpler means of suppressing it was found in the wholesale expulsion of the Jews, a method resorted to in other countries as well. Nevertheless, we find Honorius IV., in 1286, writing to the Archbishop of Canterbury, warning him against that "damnable book," and strictly admonishing him that he should allow no one to read it (meaning doubtless that no Jew should be permitted to read it, for the Christians, in consequence of their ignorance of Hebrew, could not)—for in the Pope's opinion "all evils flow from it," a phrase which suggests that the influence of the Talmud teachings and traditions was not confined to Jewry.

In the midst of all this hurly-burly of anathema one Pope alone, Clement V., showed some signs of common-sense. Before condemning the Talmud on sight, Clement desired to know something about it, and in 1307 proposed that chairs should be founded for the study of Hebrew, Chaldee and Arabic in the Universities of Paris, Salamanca, Bologna and Oxford. But this liberal proposal came to nothing, and though we are told that somewhat of a lull succeeded to this most acute stage of Talmud persecution from 1232 to 1322, it was owing probably to the great secrecy to which the Jews were compelled to resort in multiplying and transmitting the remnants of their literature from generation to generation, rather than to any greater toleration on the part of the authorities; for we find that even the simplest Hebrew prayers could not escape the subtle refinements of accusation brought against them by inquisitorial informers. Thus we learn that in Germany a certain Pessach, who on

conversion took the name of Peter, declared that the Jewish prayer-books* secretly contained attacks on Christianity. The following is a curious instance of this rage of accusation.

In one of the most famous and apparently the most innocent prayers of the nation, which extols the omnipotence of God on earth, there is a passage which runs: "He hath not made our portion like theirs nor our lot like that of all their multitudes. For they worship and bow down before idols *and vanities*." The words "and vanities" stand in unpointed Hebrew W R K; by one of the well-known methods of kabalistic computation the sum of these number-letters = 316, precisely the same as the sum of the letters J Sh U or Jeschu, the Talmudic form of Jesus!

Pessach would thus have it that even the most innocent-looking prayers of Jewry contained attacks on Christianity, and it is in truth marvellous that in the face of such bitter and relentless persecution a scrap of Jewish writing remained. Indeed had it not been for the inexhaustible sources of replenishment in the East, and the wonderful memory of the Rabbis, the triumph of the Destroyer would have been complete and the Talmud wiped from off the face of the earth by the Inquisition.

With the age of the Renaissance, however, and the enormous impetus given to liberal studies by the invention of printing,† respite was given in Italy at any rate to the long-suffering Talmud, but by no means as yet was liberty assured; for though the unfortunate Jews had no longer to fear the wholesale destruction of their books, they were still subjected to the galling tyranny of the official censor.

Indeed even in this age of comparative enlightenment the bitterest foes of the Talmud still lived in hopes of reviving the old campaign of extermination with all its terrors, and it is sad to record that the history of nearly all the troubles of the second stage of persecution is still almost entirely "a history of apostates."‡

Not to speak of the bitter enmity of Victor von Karhen, a

* Dalman gives the original text of sixteen subsequently expurgated prayers from the Liturgy of the Synagogue.

† The first Hebrew book printed was probably a commentary of Rashi on the Torah (February 17th, 1475).

‡ Popper, *op. cit.*, p. 22.

German Jew who became a Dominican in the early part of the sixteenth century, the most notorious name is that of Joseph (baptised as Johann) Pfefferkorn of Moravia, a name despised above all others by the Jews even in the present day. Pfefferkorn also joined the Dominicans and in 1507 published his first attack in a fierce tract, *Der Judenspiegel*, an onslaught which was intended to culminate in one fatal blow to Judaism, namely the confiscation of all Talmudic writings. And indeed Pfefferkorn at first succeeded beyond all expectation, for the immediate result of his agitation was to induce the Emperor Maximilian to revive the time-honoured decree of confiscation, which was eagerly carried out under Pfefferkorn's supervision, who knew only too well where he could lay hands on the precious books of his former co-religionists. But this time, as Deutsch says, "a conflagration of a very different kind ensued."

Reuchlin, the distinguished Humanist, the most famous Hebraist and Hellenist of the time, was appointed to sit on the commission. His enlightened mind refused to condemn the Talmud without a most searching enquiry. He accordingly set himself to work in his painstaking fashion to make himself master of its voluminous contents. The Talmud had at last found an impartial mind among its judges; nay, it had found a courageous defender, for in October, 1510, Reuchlin issued his famous answer to Pfefferkorn's onslaught, and boldly declared himself in favour of the book.

Hereupon ensued a fierce battle, in which the massed hosts of official theology and obscurantism were marshalled against the courageous champion of enlightened toleration and elementary justice. Europe was flooded with pamphlets, and faculty vied with faculty in angry condemnation of Reuchlin. Without exception, every university was against him. Indeed the faculty of Mainz, among other egregious notions, put forward the ludicrous proposition, that as the Hebrew Bible did not agree with the Vulgate (Jerome's Latin translation), the Hebrew must manifestly have been falsified in many places by the malevolence of the Jews, and in particular, the wording of the "original references" to Jesus in the Old Testament had been deliberately altered.

Had Reuchlin stood absolutely alone he would have been overwhelmed by the first onrush of his countless foes; but to their lasting credit there rallied to his banner a chosen band of enlightened and courageous friends, the Humanists, who, though they were dubbed "*Talmutphili*," declared themselves to be the "Knights of the Holy Ghost," and the "Hosts of Pallas Athene," fighting for the credit of Christianity and not for the Talmud as Talmud.

At first the Pope, Leo X., favoured Reuchlin, but the outcry was so fierce that he finally weakened, and in 1516 sought a way out of the hurly-burly by promulgating a bull that in future no book should issue from the press without previous submission to the official censor. The germ of the "Index Expurgatorius"—"Index Librorum Prohibitorum"—had been conceived.*

But before this instrument of emasculation and prohibition could be brought into play, the first complete edition of the Talmud had escaped the censor, and had already been printed at Venice in 1520, at the very time when the knell of much in the old order of things was being sounded in Germany, and Luther was burning the Pope's bull at Wittenberg.

This much, at least, was won by the courage of Reuchlin and those who rallied round him—the Talmud had escaped the fire. Not only so, but many began to study the treasures of Jewish literature for themselves, and in Italy there ensued the greatest industry in printing Hebrew books; indeed, some writers have called this the "Golden Age" of the Talmud. It was a time when the greatest minds among the Humanists were drinking deeply of "Jewish philosophy," the age of revived Kabalism and mystic culture.

But it was not to be expected that the fierce spirit of persecution would quietly yield to the gentler influences at work, and be content with censorship alone; nay, these humanising tendencies exasperated it to such a pitch, that in 1550 Cardinal Caraffa, the Inquisitor-General, and—in this connection, one need hardly add—a Dominican, almost succeeded in lighting up the Talmud fires again throughout the land. He procured a bull from the Pope repealing all previous permission to study the Talmud, and

* From that day onwards the Talmud has always been on the Index, and is still on the Index of Leo XIII.

bursting forth with fury at the head of his minions seized every copy he could find in Rome and committed it to the flames.

But, fortunately, this was the expiring flicker of the life of the Destroyer in that form, and in the future we hear of no more burnings. The Talmud was hereafter committed to the tender mercies of an ignorant censorship, and therewith of a deliberate self-censorship, whereby every sentence which might by any means be thought to refer to Christianity was omitted by the Jews themselves, so that their books might escape the sad disfigurement of slap-dash obliteration. There was much expurgation by ignorant heads and careless hands, till gradually lists of passages were drawn up, doubtless by converts, to guide the unlearned officials, and finally, in 1578, the "licensed" Basle edition of the Talmud was issued—in conformity with the censorship and the decisions of the egregious Council of Trent—on which nearly every subsequent edition of the book has been based. Not only so, but we find the Rabbis themselves forming their own censorship committees* to prevent any book being printed by their co-religionists which might bring down the wrath of the authorities upon their long-suffering communities. The seventeenth and eighteenth centuries thus witnessed the circulation of an emasculated and defaced Hebrew literature, from which not only was the root of offence to Christian susceptibilities cut out, but much that was entirely innocent of any offence whatever.† The nature of this ridiculous and hysterical susceptibility to find offence in the simplest words and phrases may be seen from Deutsch's humorous word-picture.

"In the Basle edition of 1578—. . . which has remained the standard edition almost ever since—that amazing creature, the Censor, stepped in. In his anxiety to protect the 'Faith' from all and every danger—for the Talmud was supposed to hide bitter things against Christianity under the most innocent words and phrases—this official did very wonderful things. When he, for example, found some ancient Roman in the book swearing by the Capitol or by Jupiter 'of Rome,' his mind

* In 1631 the Jews held a synod at Petrikau, in Poland, and decided to leave out all such passages for fear of the Christians. Nevertheless, we find that the Amsterdam edition of the Talmud (1644-1648) was not bowdlerised.

† See Popper, *op. cit.*, chh. viii.-xii.

instantly misgave him. Surely this Roman must be a Christian, the Capitol the Vatican, Jupiter the Pope. And forthwith he struck out Rome and substituted any other place he could think of. A favourite spot seems to have been Persia, sometimes it was Aram and Babel. So that this worthy Roman may be found unto this day swearing by the Capitol of Persia or by the Jupiter of Aram and Babel. But wherever the word 'Gentile' occurred, the Censor was seized with the most frantic terrors. A 'Gentile' could not possibly be aught but Christian; whether he lived in India or in Athens, in Rome or in Canaan; whether he was a good Gentile—and there are many such in the Talmud—or a wicked one. Instantly he christened him, and christened him as fancy moved him, an 'Egyptian,' an 'Aramæan,' an 'Amalekite,' an 'Arab,' a 'Negro'; sometimes a whole 'people.' We are speaking strictly to the letter. All this is extant in our best editions."

Deutsch himself was a Jew converted to Christianity when he wrote his famous article in 1867, yet how marvellously does he differ from his predecessors of the Middle Ages, who led the onslaught on the Talmud, and expressly singled out the subsequently expurgated passages for the main strength of their attack! Deutsch passes them by with scarcely a notice, and seems never to have realised that they were the main cause of all the trouble, and we have the new and pleasant spectacle of a converted Jew penning the most brilliant defence of the Talmud which has ever been written outside the circles of orthodox Jewry.

But to the student of history and the watcher of the fates of nations, the proceedings of the ignorant censor are of profound interest. It would almost seem as though, by a curious turning of the kârmic wheel, the very methods used deliberately by the Jews themselves in the far-off days of Talmud genesis, had come back to vex the Jewish soul against its will. How often in those days of bitter religio-political strife had they not substituted Babylon or Edom for Rome, and hidden their real thought and feeling under glyph and imagery! And now what they had done willingly, and so vexed the soul of history, was now being done to them unwilling by the hands of the dull censor. Who knows what a thorough study of the Talmud from this point of view may not

yet reveal of hidden history? For, as Deutsch says, and in its wider sense it remains true until the present day:

"We have sought far and near for some special book on the subject, which we might make the theme of our observations—a book that should not merely be a garbled translation of a certain twelfth century 'Introduction,' interspersed with vituperations and supplemented with blunders, but which from the platform of modern culture should pronounce impartially upon a production which, if for no other reason, claims respect through age—a book that would lead us through the stupendous labyrinths of fact, and thought, and fancy, of which the Talmud consists, that would rejoice even in *hieroglyphical* fairy-lore, in abstruse propositions and syllogisms, that could forgive wild bursts of passion, and not judge harshly and hastily of things, the real meaning of which may have had to be *hidden under the fool's cap and bells*."

We have italicised the words which point to a most important element in the Talmud, especially in connection with our present enquiry, an element of concealment, the secrets of which even a text in which all the expurgated passages have been replaced, and the whole critically restored to its original purity, would in no wise reveal to the pure objectivist. This element will doubtless for many a day to come make the Talmud in many passages as puzzling a study as those strange books of alchemy to which Reuchlin so aptly compared it. But in spite of its great difficulty, it cannot but be that with a deeper study of this element, and the help of those methods of a scientific subjectivism to which we referred in our first article, some clear light may at no distant date be thrown, even on some of those passages which the hate and fear of centuries have singled out as referring to Jesus in the Talmud.

G. R. S. MEAD.

THE Lodge-force working in a pure, devoted heart sets free the Self and lets it speak. The eternal verities resound for ever upon the spiritual planes, and when the mind is pure and will hearken, the Soul echoes them.

What of the darkness? What of the light? They are one to those who see. How plain these matters are in higher moments, how drearily obscure at other times!—*From an unpublished MS.*

THE SEARCH FOR THE CHILD-GUIDE*

LED by the Dove, Arthur is brought back to the coast of Albion in a Norwegian bark. He saw the white cliffs with joy, yet he wondered, because the last of his labours was unaccomplished; he had still to reach the Gates where he would find the "Child-Guide." But the Dove, the Angel-Pilot, kept its way homewards and rested at length at the entrance to an inland stream, near to a thick forest. The King then slung the Shield round his neck, and girt on the enchanted Sword. He said farewell to the North-men, who were anxious to go with him and fight for him, and leapt to land, going, as before, alone to seek his labour. With difficulty he followed the Dove through the dark trees for many hours, and as night came on, he found himself on a hillside amidst some old Druid ruins. He recognised them as of very ancient time, and, musing, laid him down by some fallen pillars. Darkness came on and all was silence and sadness.

> Now, o'er his lids life's gentlest influence stole,
> Life's gentlest influence yet the likest death!
> Prove not our dreams how little needs the soul
> Light from the sense, or being from the breath?
> Let but the world an instant fade from view,
> And of itself the soul creates a new.

He closed his eyes, but quickly awoke with a start and in a strange terror, and as he looked he saw the Dove no more. He felt desolate indeed. He could not speak, his blood ran cold, and the terror that had seized him gained in power as he felt the loss of the Dove.

> Senses and soul confused, and jarred, and blent,
> Lay crushed beneath the intolerable Power;
> Then over all, one flash, in lightning, rent
> The veil between the Immortal and the Hour;

* See July and September issues of the THEOSOPHICAL REVIEW.

Life heard the voice of unembodied breath,
And Sleep stood trembling face to face with Death."

We must leave the King here, and learn the fate of the third of his knights—Caradoc, the Bard. The Sage Merlin had chosen three knights to be the helpers of Arthur in his trials. They were Lancelot, Gawaine, and Caradoc. All were devoted to their King, and the first two had already done their work; now the time had come when Caradoc was to serve. The fierce tribes of the Saxons had invaded the Cymrian lands, and were besieging the city of Carduel. There was famine and great distress; discord and despondence prevailed among the people, who had lost heart. Then it was that Merlin came and spoke to Caradoc, and sent him forth to give his life for the saving of his country. With his soul of song he was to revive the drooping hearts of the warriors, and his lyre was to prove more glorious than the sword. He was to go into the fight unarmed, and with his ivory harp to sing the battle hymn, and with his parting breath, "teach to the hosts the Bard's disdain of death!" Caradoc heard, and his soul thrilled at that voice. He knew "his glory and his doom," and his answer was, "So be it, O voice from Heaven"; he asked whether his song would remain—whether a poet could live in vain?

Tenderly did the Sage lay his hands upon him and bless him, saying that his spirit would ever be able to find the rays it had shed on earth—the seeds that it had sown.

Never true Poet lived and sung in vain:
Lost if his name, and withered if his wealth,
The thoughts he woke must evermore remain
Fused in our light, and blended with our breath;
All life more noble, and all earth more fair
Because that soul refined man's common air!

Then the Bard kissed the hand that doomed him and willingly went forth to give his life for his country. He leapt from the wall where they stood, and soon reached a place where were herded the cowering populace and listless warriors. At once his Song began, and the sound of the Cymrian battle-hymn flashed like fire among the hosts, and revived hearts that had been well-nigh hopeless. Men felt for their swords, rallied round the

Dragon Standard, and went out to meet the Saxons; and with them, ever in the van, is seen the swordless Bard in his white robes with his harp of ivory, giving the choral Song.

The fight went hard with the Cymrian host, and the Dragon Crown would have been trampled upon had it not been for him who was, under heaven, its preserver—the Bard. At last "the hour was come to prove the end for which the lyre was given." Caradoc paused, and advancing to the central Standard, spoke to the Dragon Chiefs and told them of an ancient prophecy which foretold freedom to the Cymri, if, seeing one Child of Peace fall they could on this night save a spot of ground not wider than a grave. Where that Child fell his body was to lie, covered with the Dragon Standard and watched by the living until a grave was there made for it. Then he cried: "Advance the Dragon, for the grave is mine," and ceased speaking.

The battle was a terrible one and at last the Pale Horse* fled before the Dragon, but not before the Bard had fallen. And over the form of Caradoc the Dragon spread its wings. His smile is calm, his land is saved. Here we leave Time, and follow him as he rises heavenward.

> Up from the clay and tow'rds the Seraphim,
> The Immortal, men called Caradoc, arose.

And as he rose, there opened on his sight joy after joy, and he in that happiness shook off the memory of earth's sorrow. Then knowledge broke in upon his soul; all that had kept him from the light of heaven passed away. All memories left him except that of Love, and looking back to earth he with pity saw the form he loved—the form of his King—lying amidst the ruins on the moonlit hill. He felt himself summoned and, obeying the call, descended. A Shadow came to the sleeping King; its glory left it as it neared the earth, and it wore the appearance of its body, ghastly and covered with wounds. Then it was that the slumbering King heard the voice of the unembodied, and Sleep trembled as it stood side by side with Death.

> "Come," said the Voice, "before the Iron Gate
> Which hath no egress, waiting thee, behold—

* The Saxon Standard

Beside that Power which is to Matter, Fate,
But not to Soul—the Guide with locks of gold."

Then the King arose and followed the Shadow, and in the place to which they went Time and Space had vanished. The sense of Time fled from the mind.

Space to eye and soul was presenceless.
" What," asked the Dreamer, " is this Nothingness,
Empty as air—yet air without a breath ? "
Answered the Ghost—" Tho' it be measureless,
'Tis but that line 'twixt life and life called ' Death,'
Which souls transported to a second birth
Pass in an instant when they soar from earth.

An interesting footnote is given on the above stanza. It says: " The sublime idea of the nonentity of death, of the instantaneous transit of the soul from one phase and cycle of being to another, is earnestly insisted upon by the early Cymrian bards, in terms which seem borrowed from some spiritual belief anterior to that which does in truth teach that the life of man, once begun, has not only no end, but no pause—and, in the triumphal cry of the Christian, ' O grave where is thy victory,' annihilates death."

There follow some stanzas showing that Nature can never fill the yearnings of man, and that his inborn instinct to look upward attests his glorious future. He is " earth's sole creature that conceives a heaven."

Now by the Iron Gate was a giant cloud, concealing the " form of Nature throned as Fate," and as the ghost spoke, suddenly there stood forth amidst the cloud an Image shining with heavenly radiance. In its right hand it bore a star-pointed glittering wand, and in the left a bright mirror.

It was the form of Arthur's " second soul "—the Phantom who had called him from a life of pleasure to one of toil. The radiant Splendour spoke and said how it had led him to each noble goal. " Dost thou not know me ? Me, thy second soul ? " it said, and showed him how it had " mirrored " his heart, and " starward " led his choice.

Showed all the woes which wait inebriate Power,
And woke the Man from Youth's voluptuous dream;
Glassed on the crystal—let each stainless hour

Obey the wand I lift into the beam;
And at the last when yonder gates expand,
Pass with thy Guardian Angel hand in hand.

The Splendour passed away, and then Arthur turned his eyes to the pale Shade of him whom he had loved, and addressing it said that, whether he was dreaming or waking, all fear had gone, and that his soul, which had trembled at the Shade, was now yearning for the far light the Shade revealed,

And sees how human is the dismal error
That hideth God, when veiling Death in terror.

He implored the Shade, Heaven's Messenger, to speak, but, his mission ended, nothing more could be given, and the Ghost vanished.

We leave the story of the third Search, as related in the Poem, unfinished. But the *mystic* story is ended—the Dreamer awakes.

E. WILKINSON.

BRAHMAN

HE is the Unseen Spirit which informs
All subtle essences! He flames in fire,
He shines in Sun and Moon, Planets and Stars!
He bloweth with the winds, rolls with the waves,
He is Prajâpati, that fills the worlds!
He is the man and woman, youth and maid,
The babe new-born, the withered ancient, propped
Upon his staff! He is whatever is—
The black bee, and the tiger, and the fish,
The green bird with red eyes, the tree, the grass,
The cloud that hath the lightning in its womb,
The seasons and the seas! By Him they are,
In Him begin and end.

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD. *The Secret of Death.* P. 25.

LIFE IN CRYSTALS

THE following article is the translation of an article which appeared in January in the *Nuova Parola*, with parts added from another article by the same author on the same subject, in the *Teosofia;* the latter has been corrected and enlarged by Prof. von Schrön, who gave it to me to add to this translation. He has himself been through this translation and added points that seemed necessary; the original author, Signor Giovanni Colazza, is one of those who appreciate the great work which is being accomplished by the Professor. It has been my privilege to follow many of these experiments in the laboratory of Professor von Schrön at Naples; it seemed to me as if *The Secret Doctrine* were being expounded, so many and so startling were the illustrations of life in matter thrown upon the screen before me. Like all pioneers, he is still doubted by the many scientists who remain in the ruts of a well-worn road; they stand aloof and criticise, whilst he vainly asks them to come to Naples, to verify his experiments, to follow his methods, and then to judge his deductions. This invitation he gives to all who are interested, and I can best aid his work by here making known his wish to all who desire to see for themselves how far his work is true. And may we not say of him as H. P. Blavatsky wrote of Sir William Crookes in 1884: "For now the chasm between the Occult 'superstitious and unscientific' teachings and those of 'exact' Science is completely bridged, and one, at least, of the few eminent chemists of the day is in the realm of the infinite possibilities of Occultism. Every new step he will take will bring him nearer and nearer to that mysterious Centre, from which radiate the innumerable paths that lead down Spirit into Matter, and which transform the Gods and the living Monads into Man and sentient Nature."—*The Secret Doctrine*, i. 604.

ISABEL COOPER-OAKLEY.

LIFE IN CRYSTALS

A VIVID conception of Nature, such as is here attempted, which tries to find in natural objects the expression of living action, and not merely the effects of dead forces, does not lead, as some think, to baseless air-castles, for it does not set itself to study the life of nature in any other way than in its revelation through phenomena; and just as little does it exclude rigid investigation of the laws governing all natural phenomena; for it is exactly by the investigation of the laws within which, and the forces through which, life acts, that it hopes to arrive at a perception of what is given to life, according to the difference of its stages. The justification of the effort to comprehend all the phenomena of nature, not only in their external reactions, but also in their inner connection, as the data for a universal history of living nature, lies in the very nature of the human soul, in its connection, not merely external but inward and essential, with living nature. As the study of nature originally arose from the feeling of the intimate relationship between external nature and human nature, it is also its aim to grasp and bring to perception the furthest depths of this connection.—*Rejuvenescence in Nature* (Preface), Prof. A. BRAUN.

FOR the last eighteen years Professor Otto von Schrön has been following out with the quiet patience of conviction his experimental researches on the "Life in Crystals," and he has arrived at such marvellous results that a new field of investigation appears to be opening for science.

It is necessary to state at once that he did not begin his studies on this subject *ex professo*, but was indirectly attracted to them by observing the habits of crystals, and their way of behaving in the products of bacterial secretions.

But before entering, in detail, into his deductions, let us follow the method by which he attained his results. By employing powerful micro-photographic instruments—which allowed him to throw upon a screen the image of a preparation 400,000 times enlarged—he began to determine some new mode of generation in bacteria.

For example, there is a case in which the spore, after it has issued from the bacillus which generated it, begins by an internal germinal process to refill itself with a quantity of isodiametric bacilli; it then becomes a capsule and—at a certain moment—the pressure arising from the endogenous accumulation makes this capsule burst like a shell, and throw off new individuals, launching them forth to a certain distance. (*Fig.* 1.)



FIG. 1.

In another case it is a whole individual bacillus which detaches itself from a chain of bacteria, and assumes the form of a small bladder, a utricle—the cholera bacillus is a phase of the utricle, as Professor von Schrön has shown—and when it has reached a certain stage of development its evolution continues in the same way as the spore, *i.e.*, by becoming a capsule; but it differs from the one which was derived from the spore by the fact that in some cases it disseminates its bacilli *radially* instead of bursting like a shell as is the case with some kinds.

During the periods of active life special products of secretion are elaborated by them; and of these Professor von Schrön has distinguished four successive products:

(1) A limpid serum product.

(2) A gaseous product which issues in the form of bubbles.

(3) A finely granulated albuminous substance which does not polarise nor crystallise.

(4) A substance chiefly albuminous, which in an amor-

phous state first polarises, and then crystallises, assuming characteristic forms according to the bacteria from which it is derived. Now these crystals show vital phenomena, movement being one of the most elementary manifestations of life; but they show not only (1) individual motion, but also (2) a structural evolution in the matter of which they are constituted, and furthermore (3) an internal characteristic movement in the shape of vibrating waves. (*Fig.* 2.)

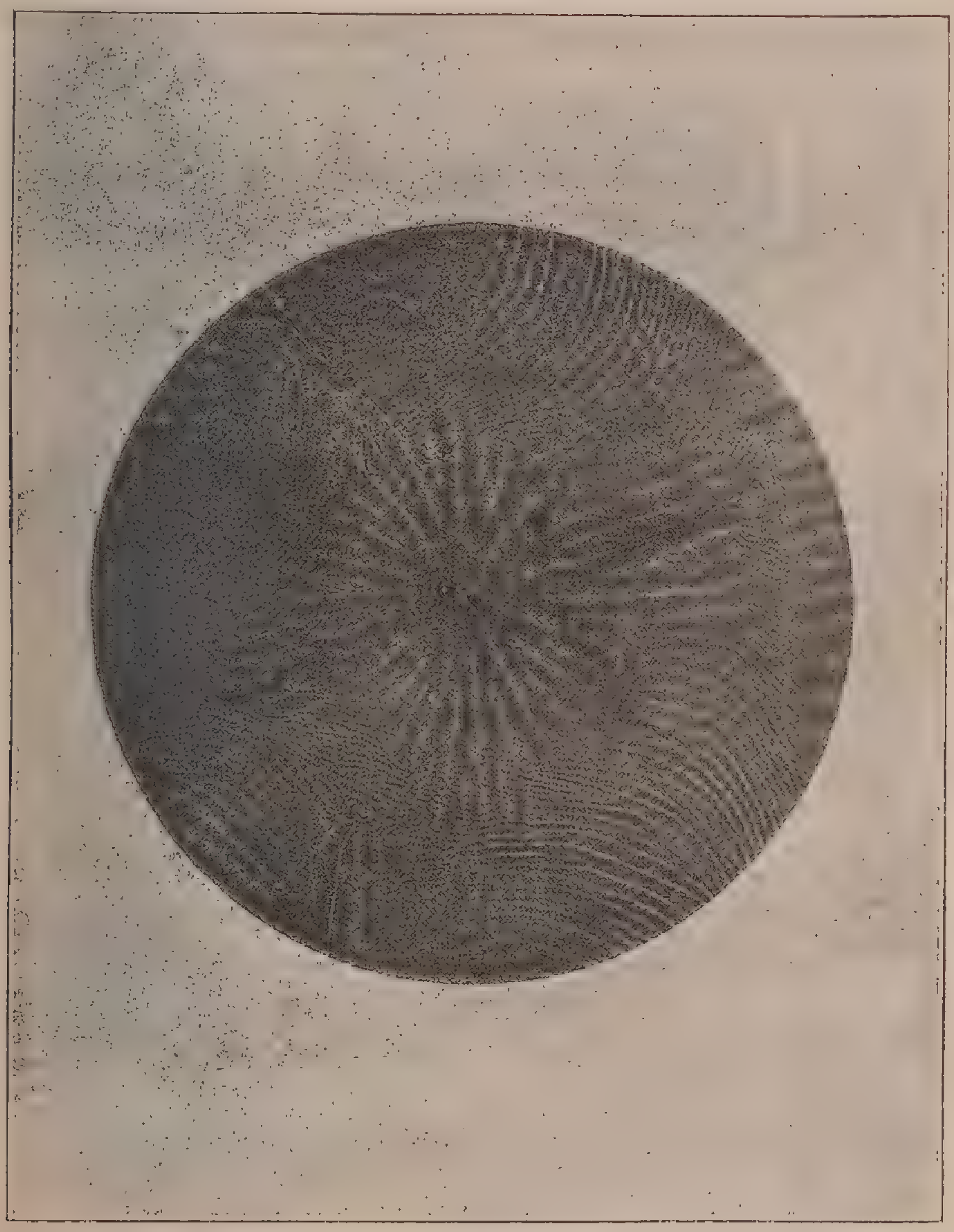


FIG. 2.

After this begins their first differentiation by the appearance of rounded elements (petroblasts), with two aspects, light and

dark, which are distinguished by the names protolitho-plasm, and deuterolitho-plasm.

In the crystals—as we have said—the internal movement is in the form of vibrating waves,* at first internal, then all round, and on the surface (waves that are endo-crystalline, epi-crystalline, and peri-crystalline), and they are so active that they produce a development of heat which softens the gelatine with which they come into contact, and in the depths of the surrounding gelatinous matter (*coltura*) these waves may be clearly seen round about the crystals.

After a series of internal changes, the crystal becomes "grown up" and blunts its angles; it loses every characteristic of internal structure, because its elements dissolve themselves into a uniform hyaline mass; it gives no further sign of life; and remains in a fossilised state.

These crystals possess not only movement, but also the power of reproduction; for example, one may see the petroblasts at a certain phase change their position, and from being parallel to the median line (*Linea Mediana*) take up a position rectangular (*Linea Normale*) to it; and it is upon this line that a crystal doubles itself, and the two new individuals separate, and revolve round the *Linea Mediana*, or axial plane; this is generation by division. In another case the petroblasts become independent, develop themselves and, turning to the outside—raising the waves around the crystal—separate from it†; this is generation by budding.

Again, in another case, in the differentiation of the petroblasts, a new crystal will form itself and come to the surface of the mother-crystal; it will come out and withdraw itself by a double movement, propulsive and rotatory. This is generation by endogenesis, with emigration.‡ (*Fig.* 3.) Crystals have also a pathology of their own; for instance, the "generation by division"

* The "waves" when seen on the screen, form a distinct graduated aura, very beautiful in form.—I. C.-O.

† *The Secret Doctrine*, ii. 123, 159, 167.

‡ The reproduction of the crystal by the method of endogenesis is identical with that of fungi, algæ, ferns, and other plants in which spores are formed within sporangia. The zoospores of algæ are well-known to possess the double motion, the propulsive and the rotary (which is, again, a representation, in the infinitely little, of the cosmic spiral motion in evolution): when this motion has ceased, they settle down and grow into a new individual alga.

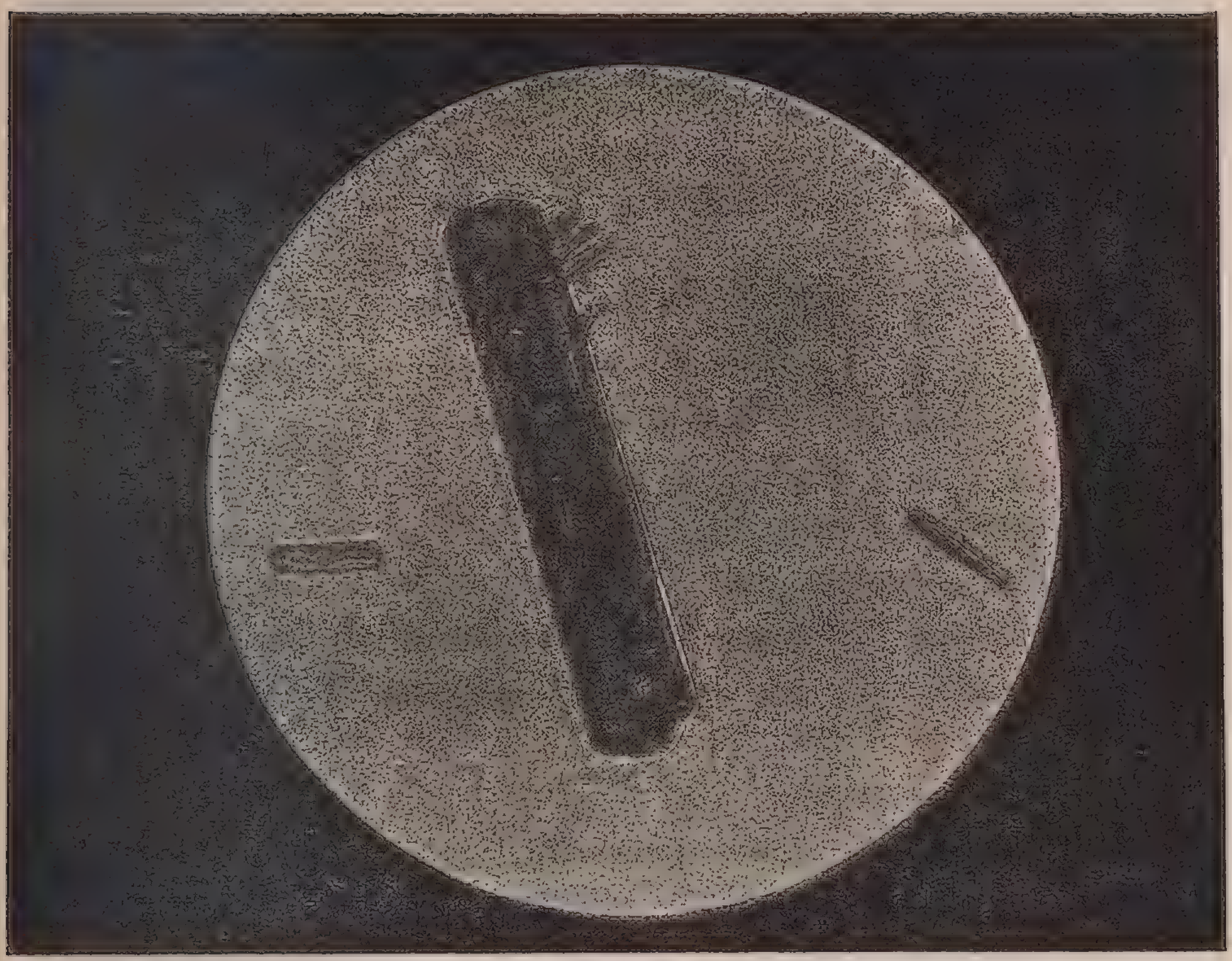


FIG. 3.

of a crystal may be suspended by a stoppage in development, and the crystal may become mature while remaining bifurcated; there are also to be found instances of torsion, erosion, softening, folding up; etc., and even cases of bleaching (albinism); the cholera bacteria (bacterium Coli) assume a dark coloration from a special endogenous pigment (chromatic autocthonus metamorphosis) if this is lacking the crystals remain white.

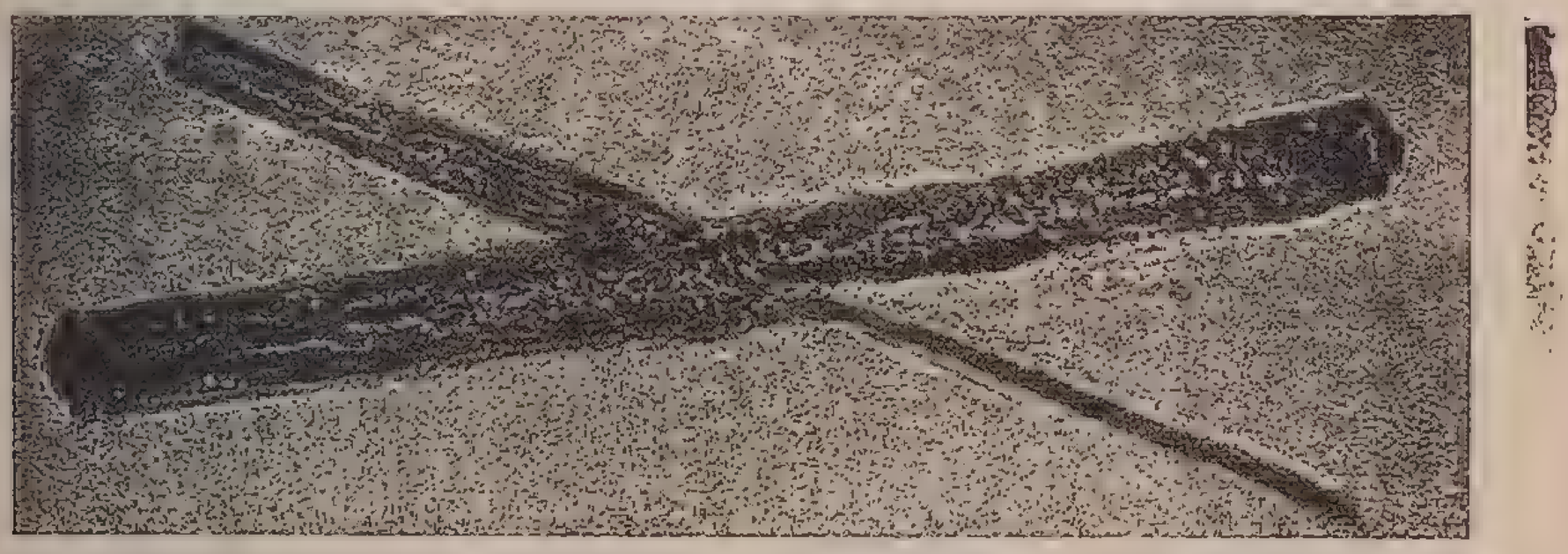


FIG. 4

But the vital phenomena do not end here; there are also phenomena which may be called social: for example, the struggle

for life may be seen; two crystals during their growth will meet at the same point, and one of them will end by absorbing the other, which is slowly destroyed; in this process the vibrating waves reappear in the one being absorbed for a certain time, but it ends by being dissolved. (*Fig.* 4.)

But the crystals of groups belonging to the same spore do not injure their respective individualities when they meet each other. There are people who, on hearing of these manifestations of life in crystals, take it as implying that these expressions denote that a real organic life is affirmed. But this would be an exaggeration of the supposition, for biologically the mineral life must be placed in an inferior grade to the lowest form of cell-life, and its activity might be called vital directly it is not explicable by simple physical and chemical facts; therefore it only remained for Prof. von Schrön to extend his researches to other organic and inorganic crystals, which he has done, and has arrived by purely experimental methods at results which he could not have foreseen, nor have even hoped for.

The first substance he studied was uric acid, and in the rhomboid which is formed in the uric nebula (uric-cloud), is found a first differentiation of proto-lithoplasm and deutero-lithoplasm, and next follows the formation of the petroblasts, and then the closing round of the rhomboid by means of a petro-

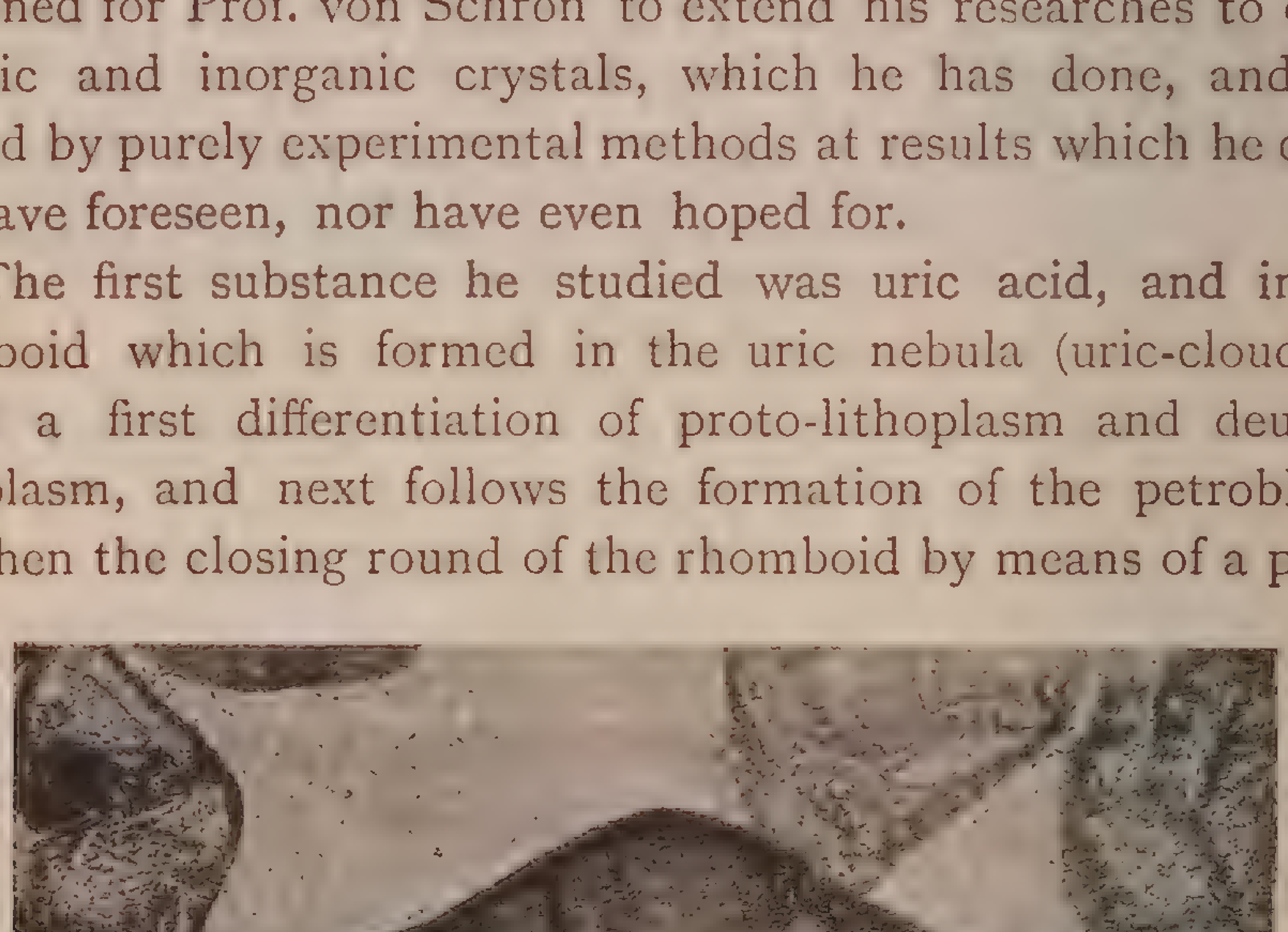


FIG. 5.

blastic membrane; at the next stage the limitation of the crystalline *zone* is constituted by petroblastic filaments, that are derived from the membrane, which transform each *zone* into a crystalline space (rhomboid): thus from the genuine primitive rhomboid and upon it spring up many small secondary rhomboids, not set in any definite position, which together form a relatively enormous crystalline mass. (*Fig.* 5.) This latter may undergo a superficial disaggregation, and even burst from the interior pressure due to the germinal crystalline hyper-tension, and the crystals that form this mass are launched forth to a distance. Not less fruitful in result has been the study of the genesis of the crystallisation of salts; for the first fact here ascertained is, that while many chemists maintained that there did not exist real solutions, but only suspensions of salts, Prof. von Schrön has demonstrated (by means of his great magnifications) that there is perfect homogeneity in a saturated solution of salts as seen in a closed hanging drop; but—at a certain moment—a differentiating force shows itself which gives rise to the plasm with the primitive granular appearance.

And at this point it is necessary to add a few general observations.

Spontaneous generation has been doubted by science, the experimental means by which it was thought possible to demonstrate it having been shown in part insufficient, and in part erroneous. But the ancient doctrine of Redi, "*Omne vivum ex ovo*," and the recent dogma enunciated by Virchow, "*Omnis cellula e cellula*," lose in value and scope before the fact that from the homogeneous solution of a salt there develops a thread-like plasm, and from this is produced—freely—the petro-cell; and by yet another fact, that the crystal has all the main qualities of an individuality before its birth from the mother (crystal) egg.

Hence we can suggest that, just as the barriers that separated the animal kingdom from the vegetable kingdom have long been swept away, so it may be that those barriers—which seemed impassable to experimental science—between the organic and the inorganic kingdoms may also be transcended. For there is no form in the universe which does not arise by an organic process, a living process; and it is this plasm that forms the

biological bases of the three kingdoms of Nature; for wherever something is generated, a plasm is in activity, and after the first primitive granular appearance, which has been briefly mentioned in the crystalline solution, the first differentiation that appears is a plasmic network, followed by some petroblasts with the double aspects* of proto-lithoplasm, and deutero-lithoplasm. Here, according to Professor von Schrön, life is definitely manifested, since we have an "antagonism between two primitive substances

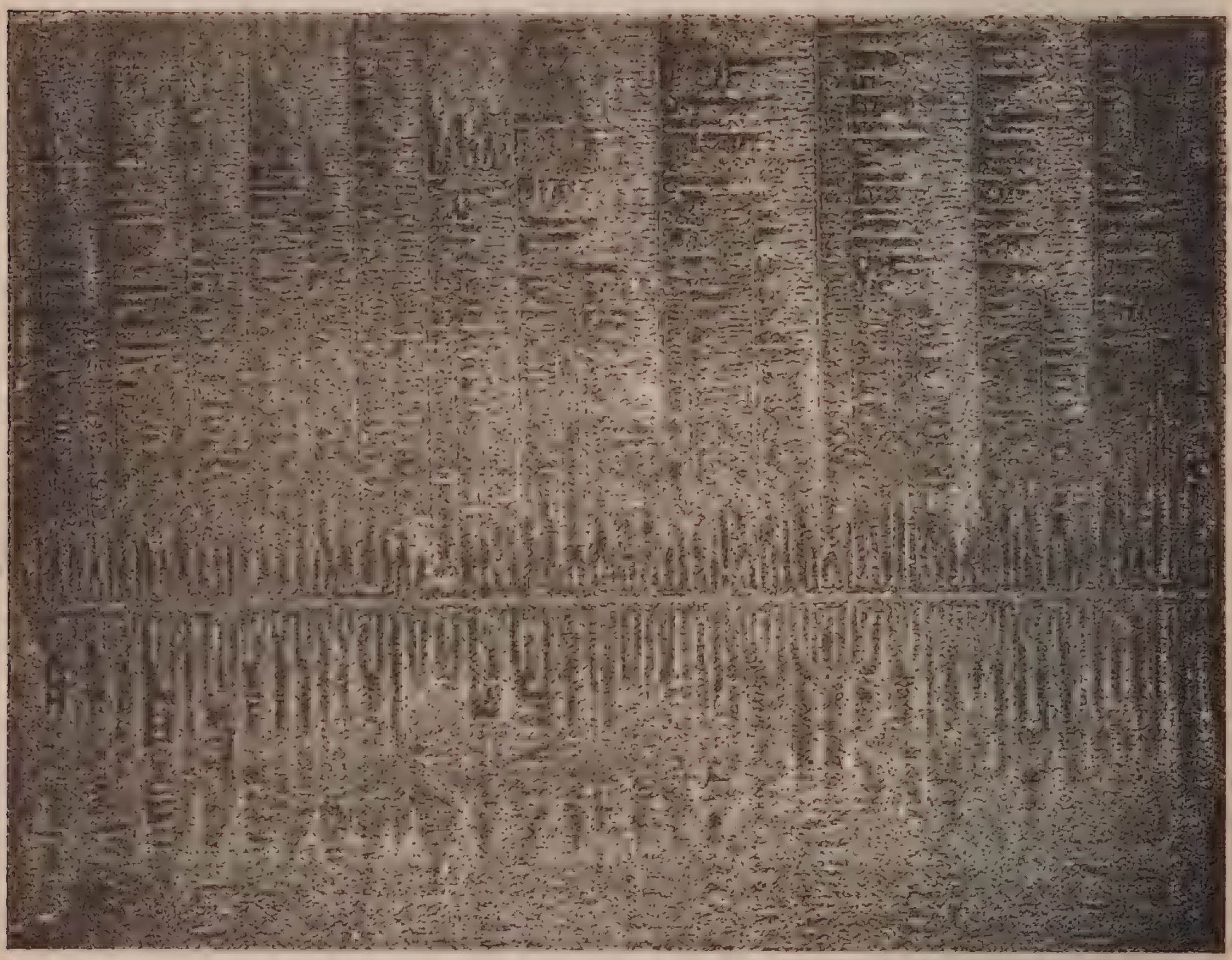


FIG. 6.

* These appear to be two conditions, or aspects, of one substance, which function differently; for the deutero-lithoplasm is the more passive of the two. The two aspects, "proto- and deutero-lithoplasm," into which the early plasmic structure of the crystal becomes differentiated, and which the author describes as consisting of an "antagonism between these two substances" in the elementary stages of crystal-life, this eventually giving rise to a harmony when the structure has reached perfection, remind us of the fundamental law of Duality, of the pairs of opposites existing on all planes of Nature; this antagonism, which is the essence of life, this perpetual vibration from between two opposite poles, combined with onward motion, affords us the spiral path of evolution laid down by the Logos as the means of perfection for our universe. (See *The Secret Doctrine*, i. 124.)

With regard to the discovery that the crystal in its early stages increases in size by intussusception and later on by apposition, it is interesting to note that in plants the protoplasm of the cells possesses an interstitial growth, while the cell-wall surrounding and excreted by it as a secondary product is laid down and increases in area by the method of apposition.

with the object of forming an individual." In a later phase of development the embryo-crystals appear in a set order, and it is in this phase that "centres of force" become apparent which determine the regular aggregation of the crystals, and form—as we shall see—the starting-point in every crystalline formation. This force attracts the matter around an axis, which is not merely an ideal conception—as science has hitherto taught—but is a reality, and appears in a definite form in the photograph of the preparations, and—moreover—its development can be followed out in all its subsequent progressive evolution. (*Fig.* 6.)

This axis becomes the central line which, while determining the order according to which the crystals aggregate—is itself seen as a vacuum, or, at least, relatively so; this is a most important fact, demonstrating that the force which dominates matter is not itself inherent in matter, but is something outside of matter, and does not fall within the scope of our senses.



FIG. 7.

Later on the axis fills with an amorphous matter which—as seen by this great process of magnification—is finely granulated; it becomes more visible and falls into parallel waves; these waves in breaking up give rise to the petroblasts, which arrange themselves according to a vertical series and form, with respect to the crystal, a figure that might be compared to the spinal cord of the embryo. In the last phase rhomboids are developed from the petroblasts, which fall into a tile-like formation along the chief axis, presenting thus an analogy to the spinal column. These phases may be best observed in alum, and in the acid of tungstate of soda. The petroplasm in various salts assumes different forms and varied modes of generation; for example, the petroplasm may condense itself into globular shapes, in which by successive endogenous processes small secondary globules are differentiated, which leave the original globule, the latter becoming at last completely crystallised. (*Fig.* 7.) In other salts we have real cells that generate the petroblasts and which are—in their turn—originated by spontaneous generation from the homogeneous petroplasm; and it is most necessary to keep in mind that every manifestation of life is linked with plasm, and that we may have germinal processes without the intervention of the cell, which is only a form—the most developed organic form—assumed by the plasm.*

The structure of the petro-cell is most varied, and corresponds morphologically to the animal tissue. For example, those

* Spontaneous generation of cells: this is one of the most startling and important results of the work of von Schrön; in plants, which must be regarded as exceedingly highly organised beings as compared with minerals, nothing of the sort is known or even conceivable; there, new cells are formed by indirect division of the nucleus of an already existing cell (a long and very complicated process). An important point to notice is this: that true cells having been discovered in a mineral, and their origin there, from a homogeneous matrix, accounted for, the transition in evolution from a mineral (hitherto conceived as totally different in structure and constitution from any plant with cellular structure) to a vegetable becomes infinitely more comprehensible, for both are now shown, at least at certain stages of growth, to possess a cellular structure. All this applies equally well to the remarkable discovery of a plasmic network preceding cell-formation in the salt. In fact, what von Schrön has apparently done is to supply that which for ages has been missing, one of the most important and tangible links connecting the mineral and vegetable kingdoms. Theosophy and the ancient Scriptures have told us, and are telling us, that there is no break between these two kingdoms; Science alone could demonstrate the truth of this in a manner suited to the mental capacities and tastes of the age; this now seems to have been in considerable measure accomplished by von Schrön, and forms another chapter in the enduring and far-reaching work in which Prof. J. C. Bose, of Calcutta, has recently so ably and admirably participated (see THEOSOPHICAL REVIEW, July, 1901).

of salicylic acid in their outlines and dispositions resemble the epithelium (the cells of the marrow in young bones, and the nervous cells of the cortex of the brain). In the petro-cell we have division and budding, and a special method of endogenous generation which is afforded by the expulsion of the nucleus now transformed into a crystal; after which a new nucleus is generated from these contents. From all this it may be deduced that from a homogeneous saline solution deprived of definite and visible germs, or, in other words, from a morphologically undifferentiated liquid, proceeds a living plasm with permanent and hereditary qualities. Generalising on these researches, Professor von Schrön asked himself whether also in igneous rocks crystals had not a vital process which might imply that this living plasm has an inherent property of resistance to high temperature, and he has traced this petroplastic formation in lava, in bricks, and also in pottery, but not in glass, where every appearance of plasm is destroyed by complete fusion. Hence he concludes that this differentiated condition of plasm, *i.e.*, the petroplasm, is to be found in all processes of mineral formation, and is not affected by very high temperatures.

In fact, the entire cosmogenesis is (it seems) dependent on this plasm, or, to put it more precisely, on a primitive plasm, called by Prof. von Schrön, proto-bioplasm, which would still be found in the nebulæ. The further differentiations are the petroplasm, of which we have spoken, the basis of mineral life; phytoplasm, or vegetable plasm; zooplasm, or animal plasm; and finally, anthropoplasm, of which we can see the importance. The higher the plasm the more differentiated it is, and the more it tends to present the karyokinetic formation of the cell. Every further development, on higher planes, is due to the consecutive differentiation of this plasm; this law of differentiation implies that of progressive perfection, since each development is usually more perfect of its kind. The evolution of this plasm in the various kingdoms of nature takes place on parallel lines and in its varied modes of organisation certain typical forms are always recurring. Everything, we repeat again, exists as an organism; or has so existed. Even the so-called purely chemical processes, *i.e.*, the combination of an acid with a base

to form a salt, develop at a certain phase vital phenomena in this sense: that at the moment the salt is produced there appears and disappears rapidly a *filiformplasm*,* and this moment is also characterised by an elevation of temperature. It is necessary to remember that as life varies much in intensity and extension from man to man, so also there is a most stupendously differentiated and extended scale from crystal to man.†

We have emphasised the all-important theory of which Prof. von Schrön is proving the truth, that there exists a force which dominates, organises and harmonises matter: which produces "centres of force" around which matter aggregates; alum affords a typical case, showing most clearly the formation of axes; in other cases similar "centres of force" arrange their matter into the form of spirals, crosses and stars with five rays clearly delineated. The axes of the crystal demonstrate its individuality in an indisputable manner. For during the process of differentiation in the uric nebula we see first an isolated angle, named by Prof. von Schrön the primitive or dominant angle; later, in front of this appears another, called a diagonal angle; these are not, at first, united, but are at a distance from each other, yet there is, between them, an invisible link; for if the primitive angle is displaced there is a corresponding simultaneous deviation in the diagonal angle. There is a disruption of continuity, but an absolute correspondence. And there exists, at this period, the axis which later appears as a vacuum in the crystalline mass. This is not all, for after the uric-rhomboid form has completely outlined itself, there arise upon it some filiform masses of petroplasm, which then begin to differentiate in themselves, successively, the dominant angle, and the diagonal

* Hitherto theosophical students have been content to see in the mere phenomena of chemical affinity evidence of life of an isolated kind in the lower world; but now, the appearance of this plasmic network at once raises this conception of life in the mineral world to a far higher level; no longer does there yawn such a gulf as previously between the vital phenomena of chemical combination and those of vegetable functions. In the acid and base we have the antagonistic elements, the pair of opposites, whose union produces the true mineral individual, *viz.*, the salt, which must be regarded as the only complete product in nature; acids and bases, as representing incomplete substances, halves, rarely exist permanently in a state of isolation and separateness; sooner or later they combine together to form the individual, the salt; and it is precisely during this important process (comparable to the fusion of male and female nuclei in plants and animals in order to form a new individual) that the plasmic network appears.

† *The Secret Doctrine*, i. 124, "Nature correlates her geometrical forms," etc.

angle of a second rhomboid, which utilises—so to say—the same axis as the first rhomboid, developing itself upon it in the same position; and now comes a strange phenomenon: before the angles form themselves the axis presents a resistance to the advance of the petroplasmic threads, which, arising from the periphery of the genuine rhomboid, bend themselves towards the principal axis of that rhomboid, but on reaching it, as if repelled by an invisible obstacle, curve back again (as it were in a handle) toward the periphery from which they started, returning thus to the original periphery. As soon as the primitive angle of the second rhomboid is formed, at the junction of such a petroplasmic line, these petroplasmic threads may extend beyond the original axis, and they may surpass it.

This very important fact is, according to Prof. von Schrön, a confirmation of this individualising power on matter not yet organised: we must pass over other instances which illustrate this force which governs matter, but even one instance serves to show its peculiar character; the slight outline here given is but an infinitesimal part of what the Professor has explained in his conferences, and has demonstrated by means of many hundreds of micro-photographs of negatives, and dia-positives projected by electric light. But he is not only a workman of science but a genius, for he has derived from his researches a conception of a religious system in the universe. He sees no contradiction between religion and science, but asserts that his "religious feeling has developed itself in direct proportion to his penetration into the so-called secrets of Nature." Of this deeper aspect of his studies he does not speak to the public, but reserves these views and deductions for his friends and pupils.

"Matter," he says, "has nothing base, or low, in it, it is essentially noble, it is divine"; matter lives, and ever tends to differentiation, and in the process of this differentiation it becomes perfected. From perfection is born liberty—and thence comes vice; the more elevated a condition of matter the more easily does it corrupt itself.

Such are a few of the interesting hypotheses into which these studies have led the Professor.

With regard to this force which dominates matter, he says it

is "perhaps a kind of ether"; but in using the term "perhaps," the Professor makes the following reservation; he is himself convinced of it, but as he cannot yet experimentally prove it, he uses this word, and in saying a "kind of ether" he means that this ether is constitutionally very different from, and subtler than, the ether that gives us the electric and luminous undulations.

Another point of interest is that he assigns to man a special quality of plasm very different from that of the ordinary animal kingdom. We know that he does not admit the Darwinian theory, and he attributes to man—while submitting him to the law of heredity—an especial evolution in the scale of beings. He regards, moreover, the present condition of man as but a passing phase towards a stage of superior development infinitely greater with regard to his relation to other beings, and a step to a far greater perfection with regard to himself.

As to what Prof. von Schrön feels about his researches, this may be given in a very brief sentence: he only asks that those who doubt should go to him, follow his methods, and judge for themselves.

GIOVAN NI COLAZZA.

THE more a man loves the more he suffers. The sum of possible grief for each soul is in proportion to its degree of perfection. . . .

The beautiful souls of the world have an art of saintly alchemy, by which bitterness is converted into kindness, the gall of human experience into gentleness, ingratitude into benefits, insults into pardon. And the transformation ought to become so easy and habitual that the lookers-on may think it spontaneous, and nobody give us credit for it.—AMIEL'S *Journal*, pp. 146, 147.

A DREAM

THE following is an account of a dream which a friend recently had, and conforming, as it does, so faithfully with the conditions which, in a general way, we have learned may be expected in a case such as the one appearing to the dreamer, I have thought the incident sufficiently interesting to have my friend write out the dream for the readers of THE THEOSOPHICAL REVIEW, and I give it in her own words:

"I was apparently a man about fifty years old, standing at the foot of a bier upon which I saw my own body stretched. I felt very sorry for the body, not as it lay resting now but for all it had had to endure from itself. The door opened and my little child, a girl about five, ran into the room. She had some flowers to lay upon the corpse, but in doing so she ran right through me. I did not feel a hurt or even an inconvenience from this act, but I felt the indignity and an impulse to correct the child for rudeness, when I realised with a pang that the child did not perceive me. The child went out and my wife entered: she was a very resolute-looking woman with bitter lines about the mouth. She arranged the hair of the corpse about the temples and I saw a hole and remembered that I had committed suicide. I then began to wonder why I had done it. I could remember some vague, harassing troubles, lack of success in business, lack of sympathy at home, a prolonged mood of sordid melancholy and depression, a loss of any sense of worthiness in life, and a complete sense of frustration, of powerlessness in making these circumstances plastic to the will. Yet none of these matters seemed sufficient to account for the deed. I remembered the room in which I had done it, the excitement, emotion and misery, a nervous twitch of the finger with the trigger, a time of confused consciousness, a pause, and I stood outside myself, very much relieved, watching people break in the door. As I stood at the foot of the bier I

realised that, in the flesh, I had somehow lost all sense of proportionate values, that everything had presented itself to my mind in a distorted shape. I could not discriminate real trouble from imaginary. My wife called in my son, a boy about fifteen; they talked together across the body; the boy seemed sullen; she told him he must not judge, and said something about 'whatever he suffered in life, in death let him find loyalty.' She made him give his hand to her over the body as a pledge. I found myself saying, 'but she never was a soft woman.' After this the dream was full of detail but my memory of it is blurred. I went to my funeral, felt an interest in all the people there, even looking to see if the friends I expected were there. I passed through all the carriages on the way to the grave, and noticed that while my wife and her brother spoke in a kind way, she especially insisting upon good points in me, and that no judgment must be passed, the pall-bearers were only surprised that my worldly affairs were right enough and that there was no assignable cause of suicide. In the further carriage people were pitying my wife and children and were blaming me. I felt rather resentful at this. When I saw the earth go down on to the coffin I felt rather relieved, and as if I were saying, 'I'm well rid of that.' Then I hastened to get into a carriage, fearing to be left behind.

"Then followed what must have been a week or ten days of extreme boredom. I wandered about my house and watched my wife and son. Their lives seemed to me appallingly futile and sordid, and I saw a thousand things I might have done to lighten the burden and each time there was a poignant sorrow that I was apparently no longer in a world of cause and effect. I much desired to give my wife advice about money matters, but found I could not make any suggestions to her. At night especially I was overwhelmed by the dullness of existence. I went out sometimes to watch the stars and I was afraid of them. I finally came upon the idea of going back to France to see an old friend. I realised that I could move, by impulse, over large spaces, but I disliked using any other mode of motion than the one I was accustomed to in the body, so I decided to go to New York by train, as usual, and take the ship to France. It almost annoyed me to remember that I need not buy a ticket for the train. In

getting upon the ship I actually stopped to reflect that I need no longer be afraid of shipwreck or seasickness. I was very lonely on board, because no one spoke to me. I saw people all the time and could sometimes grow quite interested in what they said and did, but it was irksome that they offered me not even a smile or a greeting. One day I lay on the canvas of a life-boat looking at the stars. I came upon the thought that in my life I had failed by refusing to be at the centre of being, using everything that came to hand and neglecting vital interests, and I realised that I was erring again along the same lines, that I ought to accept the new mode of being and move in a natural way. Then almost immediately I was in the room of the lady I had gone to see, in a chateau in Tours, France. The lady was holding a pistol ; I knew her thoughts to be just what mine had been when I killed myself. I knew that once it was done she would regret it as I did, and would feel her chances somehow diminished thereby in her next state. I felt I must somehow interfere with her ; I spoke, I put my hand on the pistol, I tried every means and nothing resulted. She never raised her eyes. Then I thought, if I could only be less vaporous, she would surely see me. I crouched low and squeezed myself. It was great agony, like the very throes of death. There was a scream : the lady threw away the pistol and called someone, saying there was a mud turtle crawling across the floor. I gave another wrench, the pain again was very great ; I was bigger than before, and I moved very lightly on a moon-beam out of the room and over the tops of the trees. It was a wonderful night and I thought I would go straight upward. But first I wanted to see what had happened to the lady. I floated past her window and found her kneeling by it, looking out and up. I think that was the end."

It may be stated that my friend is not sufficiently conversant with theosophical teachings to have evolved a pretty story therefrom. Indeed, I am not sure that, had she been perfectly familiar with the literature, she could at all have found therein suggestions for many incidents of the story. The fact is that what she saw seemed new and strange, and she has no theory upon which to base an explanation of an experience so vivid and unique.

A curious feature of the dream is the impression brought back by the dreamer that in some way she herself was the hero of the drama. This, I believe, is not an uncommon experience among those who are so fortunate as to be awake to the life of the plane above us; and in support of this I might cite an instance mentioned in one of a series of intensely interesting papers which, for some unfortunate reason, have disappeared from the pages of the REVIEW—greatly to the regret, as I feel, of the whole body of theosophical readers. The instance is as follows:

"'It is curious what tricks one's etheric brain often plays one in these matters,' remarked the Scholar. 'I often find myself in the morning recalling the events of the night as though I had myself been the hero of the tragedy in which I was simply a helper. For instance, the other night, up in the hills among the fighting, I was doing my best to avert a serious accident, and in the course of the work had to help one of our Tommies, who was bringing up a gun, driving at a headlong pace down a break-neck sort of path, and it seemed to my waking memory that I had been driving the horses myself. And I remember one night when I had tried to drag a fellow away who was working in a building where there was going to be a big explosion, and had failed to make him move, that when the explosion came I went up with him, and explained to him as he shot out of his body that it was all right, and that there was nothing to be alarmed about. The next morning the impression on my mind was that *I* had been exploded, and thought it was all right after all, and I could taste the choking gas and the mud and slush quite plainly.'

"'Yes, you have an odd way of identifying yourself with the people you help,' commented the Shepherd. 'It seems a kind of sympathy, making you experience for the time just what they experience, and on waking the brain mixes up the identities, and appropriates the whole!'" ("In the Twilight," THE THEOSOPHICAL REVIEW, vol. xxii., p. 277.)

A probable explanation is that the story discloses facts occurring in the life of some person whom my friend must have met on the astral plane, while absent from her sleeping body; and that listening sympathetically to his story, as I am sure would

be the case, she brought back the memory to her brain as a personal experience.

As to the story itself, it is noticeable how curious was the effect produced by the effort made at materialisation, and at first one is apt to see in the mud turtle a rather ludicrous and unnatural touch, robbing the whole incident of its probable reality; but on further thought our turtle would seem to provide a result not so illogical after all. It will be seen that in trying to make himself visible the man was plainly performing an act of the rationale of which he knew nothing. Had he known, he most probably would have drawn into his astral body the materials needed to cause it to reflect light on the plane below, and he could thus have made himself seen in his own proper form. But he appears to have proceeded in quite another, and as it would seem less natural way, by endeavouring to compress the astral body itself into something visible. It perhaps is not impossible that the result of this would have been to make some small shapeless mass; and as it is not likely that a woman under the stress of contemplated suicide would be in a mental state conducive to accuracy in observing any strange object she might see, the turtle idea might well have been a mistake of the observer.

A. P. WARRINGTON.

ONE mode of the divine teaching is the incarnation of the spirit in a form—in forms like my own. I live in society; with persons who answer to thoughts in my own mind, or express a certain obedience to the great instincts to which I live. I see its presence to them. I am certified of a common nature; and these other souls, these separated selves, draw me as nothing else can. They stir in me the new emotions we call passion; of love, hatred, fear, admiration, pity; thence come conversation, competition, persuasion, cities and war. . . Persons themselves acquaint us with the impersonal. In all conversation between two persons tacit reference is made, as to a third party, to a common nature. That third party, or common nature, is not social; it is impersonal; is God.

EMERSON, *Essays*. "The Oversoul."

THE PHYSICAL BASIS OF MIND

(CONCLUDED FROM p. 92)

THE human brain is the topmost branch of a growth whose seedling was rooted far back, not in geological but in planetary time; although far removed from its seedling stage, it has by no means reached its maturity; it is still climbing up along the road from better to best. So far, we have managed to evolve five senses, though it is obvious these are not the limit; for, as we are well aware, some few of our race have brought a sixth sense into active working order. Some of the lower animals possess sense-organs, fully equipped with nerves, that cannot be relegated to any of the five senses we cognise, and yet their structure shows them to be as much sense-organs as our own nerve structures for seeing or hearing. Even within the boundaries of the five senses there are endless possibilities of which we still remain in ignorance. Animals see what we cannot see, hear what we cannot hear, smell what we cannot smell, distinguish colours—such as the ultra-violet—that are quite invisible to us; and it is certain that the familiar world with which our range of nervous vibrations surrounds us will present quite a different aspect to many, if not to all, the members of the animal kingdom.

As already stated, nerves are modified cells. When living cells cease to multiply by division, then begins their growth period and those variations in chemical constitution which fit them for the exercise of diverse functions. They are now functional cells, and the next stage will see the localisation or formation of organs by means of which the functioning can be expressed. "Always the organ comes after the function."

Grouped into an organ they form a unit, in this case the central nervous system, composed of the brain and spinal cord, which we may describe as a mass of nerve elements embedded in

a matrix of supporting and nourishing tissue. Co-extensive with the central system is the sympathetic. Some little idea of the vast amount of work performed by the evolving life will be gathered from the fact that at the end of the third month of embryonic life, when cell division ceases, it is computed that the average number of nerve cells is some 3,000 millions.*

The number of nerve elements prior to birth is, we perceive, a fixed quantity; but it does not follow that all the cells attain to their possible maximum of development at this, or any subsequent stage. While it is computed that a number become fully functional before birth, the great majority, as would be inferred, take on those chemical modifications, which are characteristic of structural nerve development, at later periods, and there appears to be no fixed time at which the functional activities of the already-formed cells cease. Accepting the histological evidence that the number of nerve-units packed into the fœtal brain is the same as that of the adult, we are prepared for the further statement that differences in size of brain are accounted for by increase in the volume of the cells. The observations of His on this interesting point have led to the conclusion that the cells at maturity are, in volume, some 377 times larger than in the earlier period. The increase is not an all-round one. Some cells grow beyond, while others keep below the average, and, as regards the development by increase of a large proportion of this tissue in later life, much depends upon the character of the stimuli applied to them directly, by the will of the Thinker who stands behind the physical instrument.

Taking the brain as a whole, we may think of it as a re-acting organism which, in the long course of evolutionary cycles, has provided itself with certain appliances for the reception of vibratory stimulations and for the transformation of these either into muscular or mental activities; each nerve in the vast number that makes up the whole being an easily excitable battery of vital energy, so unstable in constitution that the slightest disturbances necessitate readjustments in its molecular groupings, this instability being a requisite condition for swift changes of static into dynamic energy.

* Meynert, His, and others.

Not many years ago *nerve-cells* and *nerve-fibres* were regarded as distinct one from the other, in structure and in function; later research, however, has conclusively proved that the ganglion-cell and the fibres are one, the latter being outgrowths from the cell-substance which shoot into the matrix of the brain in every direction. In like manner the peripheral nerves, whose ganglia are ranged down each side of the spine, start in the cell and ramify therefrom through the muscular structures, finally reaching some special organ, or continuing their course until they end in the pacinian and other skin terminals.

And here, once more, the notable fact, "as above so below," comes fully into recognition, for no matter how remotely-related various parts of a body may appear, it is ever clearer, as we pursue our study, that the Point in the Centre is the governing and controlling factor of the life mechanism. As the intricate nervous system develops, in answer to the needs of the life, always struggling to express itself more and more completely, those mental pictures which are permanent records of every volition and feeling that connect the life within with the life without are photographed on the nuclei of the many grey cells, each cell retaining its own memories, for "no one cell can translate or perform the duties of another." While separate thought images are localised and cells are spatially removed one from the other, each process of memory can be coupled with other processes by means of the association outgrowths. For ingathering and for outgoing purposes the living nerve-cell establishes a web-like connection of fine white conducting fibres to which the term "nerve" is frequently applied, but these form the conducting media only, they are the telegraph wires along which motion travels and by means of which the constituent cells can connect one with the other to form a harmonious whole. Each fibre is a prolongation or growth out of the cytoplasm of its own cell. Some of the most important and interesting features in the constructive development of the nerve elements are to be found in connection with the medullation, or sheathing, of these fibrillar outgrowths; future possibilities of nerve and brain function being largely dependent on the proper sheathing of the fibres at the proper time. During the early stages of embryonic life, nerve

substance is represented by grey matter only; this, so-called, "grey" being in reality an indeterminate mixture of cells and fibres with no arborisation or outshoots. It is not until the fibres elongate and become sheathed with a non-conducting, isolating, densifying tissue that the particular senses or organs to which they are attached become able to function. At, or about, the fifth month the fœtal nerves commence the process of surrounding the prolongations with their medullary sheaths. This is carried on rapidly up to birth, and then, more gradually, through early childhood, youth, and according to Donaldson, up to and beyond the forty-fifth year, "medullation being greater in brains of individuals between thirty-eight and forty-five years than in that of a youth of eighteen." Probably the final cessation of medullation will occur when senile changes in the cell itself set in, but, on this point there is, I believe, no evidence that could be taken as proof. The nerves to medullate first are those which will be called upon to function first, as the reflex tracts which regulate circulation, breathing, digestion; then the motor and sensory nerves which carry sensations to and from the central system. The nerves that first come into full functional activity are, we perceive, those upon which the life and well-being of the body itself depend, and, in the normal subject, these elements remain through life larger in size than any of the others.

It is to be noted that at birth the connections with the higher brain centres are wanting; intelligence, the power of thought, have no part to fulfil at this early period, when the Ego has not taken possession of his vehicles; therefore "the fibres in the encephalon become only slowly medullated, so that from birth to maturity there is an increase of the portion medullated."*

A detailed description of the various elements which make up the nerve would necessarily be so complicated, that I will adopt Schäfer's simple definition, and speak of it with its prolongations, connections and terminal brushes, as a "neuron," literally "nerve-cell." Each neuron of the myriads in the system is a separate anatomical and physiological unit, a brain in and by itself. Allchin describes the whole as "a concatenation of neurons." Jakob tells us that "the complex nerve-cell with its

* Donaldson's *Growth of the Brain.*

accompanying nervous prolongations in its entirety is a neuron, that is, a nerve unit." By reference to the diagram we see how every nervous path comprises a series of neurons communicating with, but in no case having actual structural connection with, other neurons. We note that the arborisations of one neuron dovetail with those of the contiguous one, somewhat as the cogs of a wheel may do; though it is extremely doubtful whether there is—as some assert—actual contact between nerve and nerve.

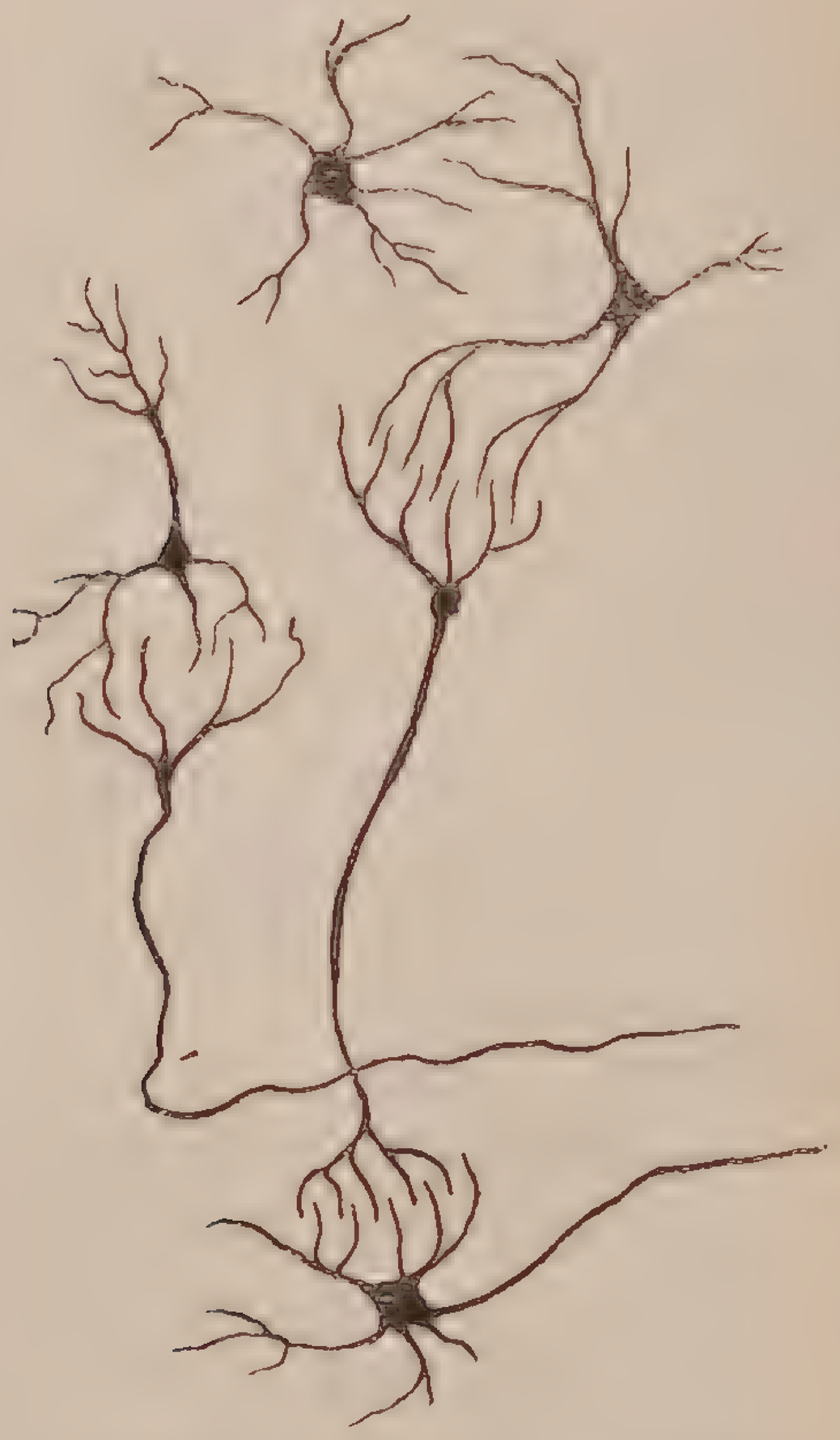


DIAGRAM ILLUSTRATING CONSTRUCTION OF NERVE TRACTS.

If not, then we have to inquire how the waves of change, which constitute a nervous message, bridge the gaps, for, though to the lay mind nothing would seem more simple than for the translatory movement to leap across so microscopical a space, yet to the expert so many difficulties presented themselves that active search was made to discover what the scientific mind felt to be a real missing-link. Years before, had our neurologists but

known it, they might have read of this "missing-link" in the pages of *The Secret Doctrine*, and have turned their hypotheses then into solid fact. Scattered here and there in the writings of H. P. B., we find allusions to "life currents which thrill through the organisms of every living thing on earth." "It is called nervous excitation, but no one, except the occultist, knows the reason of such nervous perturbation, or explains the primary causes of it."* "Prana pervades the whole living body of man . . . It is the action of Fohat upon a compound or even upon a simple body that produces life."† She also gives this quotation from Éliphas Lévi: "It is through this force (Prana) that all the nervous centres communicate with each other."‡ Again H. P. B. speaks of the Upâdhis or carriers of this universal life-force, and it is clear she spoke of a force which acted independently of the physical nerve-tissue, of that which, being the ultimate force, set the bodily forces in motion. To-day we have Prof. A. J. Thomson speaking of the necessity for some common medium which shall link up all the parts of the body, and pointing to "protoplasmic continuity as one of the various possible ways by which influences might pass." Jakob, after pointing out that modifications of nerve-impulse will occur at the intercellular gaps—these gaps affording a means of isolation of one conductor from the next—proceeds to say: "In all probability there exists a neuron anastomosis between protoplasmic prolongations. Transference of excitation takes place through the occurrence of motion in these terminations." Bearing in mind the fact that the life-force requires a vehicle for its propagation, the Theosophist will be prepared to find that, in some way, it courses through the system by means of channelled passages. Now Schäfer, when writing of these protoplasmic threads which have long been known to connect not only animal but also plant tissues—those fine threads which ray out from cell to cell—goes on to speak of still finer ones which pass from neuron to neuron in the forward direction of the impulses. These are "protoplasmic fibrils, distinct from the reticulum, running through the protoplasm from and into the several nerve processes. Apāthy has been able to show that these

* *The Secret Doctrine*, i. 588.

† *Ibid.*, i. 573. ‡ *Ibid.*, i. 279.

fibrillæ are not only continuous throughout the whole of any one nerve-cell and its processes, but exhibit continuity from cell to cell, and form a network in the intercellular substance, or grey matter, of the nerve centres. There is some reason to believe that the nerve fibrils are tubular . . . They are prone after death. . . . When photographed with a very high magnifying power (they) have a distinctly tubular appearance. . . . The existence of the fibrils being pre-supposed, then, these are the parts of the elements along which the conduction of nerve impulses actually takes place. If this is so we can conceive that nervous impulses might pass along such minute tubes in the form of a chemical change from molecule to molecule."

Truly Wisdom—the Ancient Wisdom—is justified of her child!

From the foregoing we shall have gathered that the physical brain is composed of small structural elements embedded in a considerably larger mass of nourishing tissue. These cells are unstable in shape and in size, being but a small fraction of a millimetre in diameter; and their ability to functionate as nerves depends on the development of certain offshoots. Simple branchings co-exist with elementary functions and states of feeling; while the character of the intelligent movements in the brain cortex is shown by the complexity of the lateral branches from the main prolongation—the *dendron* as it is called.

Experiment has fully proved that the outgrowths are, practically, infatigable; no change in chemical constitution takes place and no heat is given off by reason of excitation. Very different results are obtained from the centre of the neuron. All the grey cells throw down acid and give off an appreciable quantity of heat after exercise, either muscular or strictly mental; in fact, nerve cells are much more readily exhausted than are the muscles. When, for example, the body tires from prolonged muscular exertion, the "fatigue curves" demonstrate that the nerves, which supply the motive power for action, have lost more than the muscles. So great is the normal waste of nerve tissue that the larger mass of the brain may well be compared with an irrigation field, with machinery constantly employed to pump in (if it can get it) fresh nutritive fluids for the depleted cells.

We come into incarnation equipped with so many brain cells, and that their number is fixed shows us that each has a fixed sum of available capital; this capital being that amount of our past possessions which is handed over, by the Lords of Karma, for us to trade with as we please. The quantity varies with the individual; he who, as the result of past achievement, brings over a big capital, will be able to invest it to secure larger returns than will the man whose cell potentialities are less; for it is not possible to get beyond a fixed maximum interest for the capital in hand; though it is safe to say a few people so invest as to obtain their maximum, while, by reason of errors in early educational efforts, many draw too largely on the capital itself and are on their way to the Court of Nervous Bankruptcy at a time when they should be reaping their most bountiful harvest of interest on the original capital.

The large size of the frontal human brain, as compared with that of the lower animals, as also the difference in size, not of the whole brain but of the frontal lobes, in the man of high intellectual attainments in comparison with men of fewer capacities, is so marked that it is frequently spoken of, especially by phrenologists, as the seat of the intellectual faculties. Undoubtedly it is here, in the area of the anterior cortex, that the links are made between lower Manas and the physical cells, but: What is an intellectual faculty? Is it possible so to sort out intelligent acquisitions that we could place our finger on any one particular craniological spot, or bump, and say:—Here resides this or that independent intelligence? Hardly! Certain centres there are which are definitely located; for whenever a function separates itself from the mass as a something with a particular work to do, then, requiring a vehicle for the manifestation of its peculiar impulses, it differentiates out certain cells to respond to certain vibrations only, centralising these in a convenient locality. Thus there are localities where groups of neurons respond to vibrations of light only, or of sound: centres accurately mapped out of motor and sensory areas.

It does not seem to me possible—I may be wrong—to localise intelligence in "mind-stuff," as Clifford called it, for here we trench on the domain of the Thinker himself, on the borderland

which separates mind from matter. The more carefully the brain is studied the plainer it becomes that the wide area of grey cells and neuron tracts, included in the anterior divisions, is a store-house, or a collection of storehouses, for intelligent memories. Having once learnt to vibrate to the rate of some special thought impulse, the memory of that vibration is impressed on the cyto-plasm of the cell, so that upon future repetition of similar stimuli, changes are set up in the unstable cytoplasm which, rhythmically, impel response to the accustomed vibration; for memory is but the repetition of past actions. There is no such thing as mental action apart from movement, and the Self, in its mânasic vehicle, is the factor who sends down the character of the move-ment to be expressed, thrown outwards, on the physical plane.

At this juncture, when a new phrenology is being reared on the ashes of the old, it may not be uninteresting to quote Professor Ferrier's conclusions on this matter. "We have," he writes, "many grounds for believing that the frontal lobes, the cortical centres for the head and ocular movements, with their associated sensory centres, form the substrata of those psychical processes which lie at the foundation of the higher intellectual operations. It would, however, be absurd to speak of a special seat of intelligence or intellect in the brain. Intelligence and Will have no local habitation distinct from the sensory and motor substrata of the cortex generally. There are centres for special forms of sensation and ideation, and centres for special motor activities and acquisitions in response to, and in association with, the activity of sensory centres, and these, in their respective cohesions, actions and interactions, form the substrata of mental actions."

Going back to the time of birth, we note again that though the number of nerve cells has reached its full complement, the large majority are not yet functionally or structurally per-fect. Many are not medullated and, perhaps, the majority of the cortex cells are minus the branching processes. Remembering that insulation precedes the ability to functionate we now see the significance of this process. As already stated, the first cells to ray out fibres, which are then sheathed, are those which regulate the vital processes, and these are actively functioning prior to birth. A

cursory examination of the infant head shows, quite plainly, that development is pronounced at the back portions of the cranium and almost nil at the frontal areas. Nerve growth always means, not the numerical increase of cells, but the expansion of existing cells from within to without. Where the life needs the increase it makes it. Theosophically we hold that the Ego does not, normally, take full grip of his vehicles before the seventh year, and this is quite in accord with present-day scientific knowledge of this important subject. In the newly-born child no medullated fibres of the frontal lobes are to be found; and certain it is that, for some five to seven years, the child should grow, as plants and animals grow, without brain effort, thus building up strong centres for the vital needs of the body. To the lower brain and spinal cord are relegated the duties of carrying on the life processes, for all that is requisite, before the Ego lays hold of his new vehicle, is the functionating of organs to express animal needs. When the Ego comes into his house the anterior brain begins to move of its own accord, and slowly, very slowly, does the unforced frontal part develop. From infancy to maturity, and even beyond, neurons grow and the insulating process is carried on. This, if healthy, proceeds under two conditions:— 1, that good use is made by the Thinker of this plastic material which ramifies into the matrix of the brain in response to his concentrated thought; 2, that no forcing measures are adopted.

Brain education should be, and indeed is, whether we will or not, a continuing process. We fix periods for formal educational acquirements; so many months, or years, when certain amounts of learning are to be impressed on the neurons. But this is only a part, a very small part. The most important educational work for each and all is in the daily life, when, almost without effort, we follow, minute by minute, our natural bent and build up character for future lives. It is along grooves of thought of constant repetition that abiding tracks are made. Much of the education of the schools, as alas! we all can testify, is easily wiped off the recording surfaces; but habits, daily habits, cling and are strenuous in their objection to be obliterated.

At birth the frontal lobes are blank pages, waiting to be engraved with the lines of life's experiences. The cells—the

potentialities—are all there, but the conditions for organising, for acquiring knowledge remain unfulfilled.

The plant grows into stem and leaves and perfect flower by reason of appropriate nourishment selected by, and conveyed to, every distant part, from the tender rootlet which, hidden in the earth, creeps hither and thither in search of the wherewithal to live and grow. So, too, Ramon y Cajal, greatest of living histologists, compares the lengthening of the neuron from its tip to the action of a growing rootlet. As the powers of the mind are condensed upon the brain cell, the long neuron process, modifying portions of the cytoplasm as food for its growth, begins to shoot from the cell as does the root from a germinating seed; out into the cortex it makes its way, ploughing to the right and to the left, making connections and cross connections, pathways here and pathways there, until the Thinker's brain is furrowed into multitudinous tracks. Every fibre of the neuron is a pathway for a thought, or sensation; every cell is a granary where the harvests are gathered. Not one thought has ever agitated the sensitive molecules of the neuron-pathways that has not left its impress on the granules of the cytoplasm.

To educate aright there is a balance to be preserved between the educational and the growth processes. We may force a brain as we force a plant, in each case the result is the same—precocity minus stability. It should not be a reproach to the child that it learns to-day and forgets to-morrow. A brain where the frontal co-ordinating centres are still undeveloped cannot hold impressions until they have been many times repeated, and in the young there are not, as in the adult brain, wide areas closely knit together by association fibres, thus rendering it incomparably more easy to fix a new image by coupling it with related ones already memorised.

Look at the savage, the hooligan, at any low-type man now existing amongst us. Do we not find them all marked by precocity of development? Their children early in life attain to the average physical and mental ability of the parents. It is an undeviating rule that the higher the grade of intelligence of the parents—animal or human—the longer is the period of infancy demanded by Nature. The reason a race is backward is because brain growth is rapid and quickly

comes to a standstill, so that it is impossible for the mind to expand; the impossibility is a physical one, resulting from early cessation of growth in the neuron fibrils. And the brain that is matured in early life, or the brain that is forced to do much consecutive thinking before the various areas are knit together, is bound to consolidate too soon; precisely as muscles which are overstrained in youth refuse to grow further, and we get the stunted frame of the over-worked child. Still the one law of brain development for child, or adult, is *use*. Nothing, no portion of the body, can properly grow apart from well-directed educational effort. Education in this sense means the carrying out of those processes that will expand and perfect the individual piece of machinery. This cannot be done under high pressure. True development follows the law of the forward direction, while education by pressure is a process of withdrawal. Certain facts, certain amounts of external knowledge, are forcibly tucked-in, impressed upon the brain and left there, and, provided we tuck them in with an adequate amount of repetition, we can generally bring them out again—exactly as we put them in. On the contrary real education is *expansive*, and time is needed for various processes of turning over the ingathered material. The energising faculty of the Thinker has to be brought to bear on the crude material, and this process leads to the development of power to modify and to express the modifications by self-directed effort.

At present most of us are reproductive. We can take in and give out a little of what we have gathered. But how few of us are productive! how few climb up to that stage where we could give out new thoughts to the world, in return for those thoughts of other minds which we imbibe as sponges suck up water! Doubtless, provided our selection is a good one, the imbibing process is also good for our evolution. When, though, we educate our brains to do what they are all capable of doing, when, instead of paralysing our sense-perceptions by the baneful processes of cramming, we learn to put our own thoughts into every process of memory, then, instead of being mere sponges, we shall be creators, and the world will be the richer for that which our balanced imaginations can give it.

MARY POPE.

RELIGIOUS IDEAS AND CONCEPTIONS OF THE ANCIENT NORTHMEN

ALTHOUGH the ancient Sagas concerning Oden and the Asar are not considered upon the whole as authentic history, yet it is pretty generally acknowledged that they are not altogether improbable, so that it seems only natural to believe that beneath the greater portion of them there must necessarily lie a substratum of truth, upon which the wondrously grand and curious fabric of Northern Mythology was founded. The parchments from which these Sagas-sayings have been translated were, for the most part, discovered in Iceland, and are written in Icelandic, and it is from these that we are chiefly enabled to gather some idea of the life, religion, and customs of the ancestors of our English-speaking nations of to-day.

Amongst these old records are the three poems called *Võluspa*, *Vafthrudnismal* and *Grimnismal*, which were supposed to be inspired, and it is from these that we have the earliest accounts of the Cosmogony and Mythology of the North; they deal with the creation of the present world, and of the time prior to it, but much of it is so obscure, and the mythical and the real are so mixed up, that it is almost a hopeless task to try to disentangle the one from the other. Most especially is this the case with regard to the first, or earliest mentioned, remarkable personage who appears in the annals of Northern Mythology, *viz.*, Oden. This name *Oden* actually signifies *The Divine*, and many great chiefs were so called, although in the beginning it was really only applied to the Highest Being; but I am told that it is generally supposed by the Northern folk that Oden, the God, and Odin, the chief and warrior, are one and the same. Many wonderful things are related of him: that he could change himself into any shape, that with a word he could still the sea and quench the

fire, and that his ship Skidbladner could sail both with and against the wind, and could be folded up like a cloth. The Sagas clearly express how highly Oden's powers, wisdom, and eloquence were prized and respected, and also that he and some others of the Asar were deified and worshipped in all the countries of the North.

In order to give some idea of the ancient religious teaching of the Goths of the North concerning the creation of the world, I cannot do better than relate the account, which I have partly translated from Strinholm's *History of Sweden*, and which I have amplified with further details taken from the Saga-story, which deals with the origin of the Hrim-Thursar, giants, and the birth of Ymïr, and of Oden, Vili and Ve, quoted by M. du Chaillu in his *Viking Age*. "From the beginning of time all was chaos and darkness in the so-called Ginungagap—gaping void. At last the darkness was awakened by the conflict between the opposing worlds of cold and heat—Muspelheim and Nifleheim—which were on either side, and wild forces or giants were born. When the rime-frost and the breath of the heat met, so that the rime melted into drops, a human form came from these flowing drops, with the power of the one who had sent the heat; he was called Ymïr, and the kin of the Hrim-Thursar have sprung from him. It is told that when asleep he sweated, and there grew a man and a woman from under his left arm; thence sprang the kin of the Hrim-Thursar—rime giants. It happened next when the hoar-frost fell in drops that the cow Audhumla grew out of it; four rivers of milk ran from her teats, and she fed Ymïr. This cow is said to have licked the rime-stones covered with salt and rime; and the first day when she licked them a man's hair came out of them in the evening; the second day, a man's head; the third day a whole man was there—he was called Buri, and was the father of Bõr, whose three sons, Oden, Vili—will, energy—and Ve—sanctuary, holy place—were the rulers of heaven and earth." "These three sons of Bõr slew the Jõtun Ymïr, and then proceeded to shape the world from the pieces of his body; in the deluge of his blood all the giants were drowned except one, who escaped with his household. Him the Jõtnar called Bergelmir; he and his wife went on board his ark and thus saved

themselves; from them is descended a new race of Hrim-Thursar."

In the poem *Grimnismal* we have the following description of the creation of the earth and heavens :

From Ymïr's flesh
The earth was shaped;
And from his blood the sea;
The mountains from his bones;
From his hair the trees;
And the heaven from his skull.

But from his brows
The mild Gods made
Midgârd for the sons of men,
And from his brain
Were all the gloomy
Clouds created.

Another account in *Gylfagiming* runs thus :

"They took Ymïr's skull and made thereof the sky, and raised it over the earth with four sides. Under each corner they set four Dvergar (gnomes, earth spirits), which were called Austri, East ; Vestri, West ; Nordri, North ; Sudri, South. Then they took glowing sparks that were loose and had been cast out from Muspelheim, and placed them in the midst of the boundless heaven, both above and below, to light up heaven and earth; they gave resting-places to all fires, and set some in heaven, some were made free to go under heaven, but they gave them a place, and shaped their course. In old songs it is said, from that time days and years were reckoned."

The creation of the world was followed by that of man and woman : "Two creatures called Ask and Embla; helpless and fateless, they had no breath, they had no mind, neither blood nor motion." Oden appears to have given them breath, and the other Gods endowed them with beauty and understanding.

"From them all mankind is descended, and their dwelling-place was called Mannheim (the home, or abode of men). The Asar, Gods, then built a wall around their country to protect themselves from their enemies, the Jōtnar and Thursar, and this enclosure they called Midgârd ; in the centre of this Oden placed Asgârd, Asa-heim, or abode of the Gods. Then a golden age of peace and happiness reigned for a time on the newly peopled earth—but gradually the Asar began to unite themselves with the daughters of the Thursar giants, in spite of a warning voice which told them that evil would ensue, and soon vengeance came from the Unseen, discord arose between the races of Gods and giants, and persisted as long as the Asa-power lasted."

It may be as well here to notice briefly the similarity of a few

of these conceptions with some of those mentioned by H. P. Blavatsky in *The Secret Doctrine*, but they very naturally differ in mode of expression—the idea of the sweat-born, for instance, and the four Dvergar at the four corners of the earth. These last may well correspond to the four Mahârâjâs, or Deva-râjâs, who direct or superintend the working out of causes, and the decrees of the Lipika. Strangely enough the number seven does not occur in the Sagas, but nine is mentioned as the sacred or mystical number. The number three is at times conspicuous; thus, the three Sons of Bõr: Oden, the divine, Vili, will, and Ve, holy place, may be construed in various ways—possibly as the three aspects of the Logos working at the evolution of forms, in fact shaping His own physical body out of the spirit-matter already evolved. The story of Bergelmir and his household escaping in his ark during the deluge of Ymïr's blood—a poetical name for the sea—reminds us of the Bible story of Noah and his ark; the account of the peopling of the world through the two beings, Ask and Embla, is similar in thought to the story of Adam and Eve.

Among other conceptions in this bewildering maze or accumulation of fantastic ideas, that of the ash-tree Yggdrasil is notably one of the most curious and suggestive, and here again we have the three roots spreading in three different directions. "One root with the Asar-Gods, another with the Hrim-Thursar, where of yore the Ginungagap was, the third over Nifleheim. Under the second root is Mimir's well, in which wisdom and intellect are hidden. Oden came and asked for a drink of the well, and did not get it until he pawned his eye." I should remark here that the mythical Oden is always represented as a one-eyed man. But to return to Yggdrasil, which appears to be a singularly curious representation of the "Tree of Life," which in the garden of Eden is watered by the four rivers of Paradise; here, its roots, which are under all creation, and its branches, "which spread all over the world and reach up over heaven," are all nourished by the water of wisdom which flows from the fount of intelligence and experience.

The guardians of this remarkable tree and the holy well are represented as the three Nornir or genii; their names were: Urd, the past; Verdandi, the present; and Skuld, the future; they

are supposed to have kept the roots of the tree watered with the wisdom and experience of the past. In the *Võluspa* poem they are mentioned as "three maidens knowing many things," and the ancient Northmen believed that these Nornir ordered and influenced everything that happened from the hour of their birth, when they are said to have "spun the threads of fate"—a conception which corresponds intimately with that in the Greek mythology of the three Fates who held the threads of destiny in their hands.

These Nornir are thought to have disturbed the peace of the golden age, when the Asar were happy and lacked nothing, by establishing past, present and future—change, fluctuation, development and growth; in time their number seems to have increased, as evil and good Nornir are mentioned. "Gangleri said: 'If the Nornir rule the fates of men, they deal them out very unevenly, for some have a happy and rich life, while others have little property or praise—some a long life, some a short one.' Hãr replied: 'Good Nornir and of good kindred forecast a happy life; but when men have evil fates, the evil Nornir cause it'" (*Gylfaginning*, c. 15).

Here again we have the symbols of the forces or powers which act as the recorders and transmitters of kârmic law—the Lords of Karma working out, whether for good or for evil, the causes which have been set going in the past. They are those who "hold the threads of destiny which each man has woven, and who guide the reincarnating man to the environment determined by his past, unconsciously self-chosen through his past life."*

Only in one instance can I find any idea approaching reincarnation, but from this solitary example it seems evident that such belief must have existed in earlier times. In one of the poems dealing with religious ideas and customs these words occur: "It was the belief in olden times that men and women were sometimes thought to be re-born, but now it is called an old woman's story." I find also that "friends often wished to be buried near each other, for they believed that their spirits could communicate with one another or look over their households when important events occurred."

* *Ancient Wisdom*, p. 268.

The nine worlds, *viz.*: 1. Muspel; 2. Asgârd; 3. Vanaheim; 4. Midgârd; 5. Alfheim; 6. Mannheim; 7. Jõtunheim; 8. Hel; 9. Nifleheim, may be regarded as different planes of being which were under the roots of the ash-tree Yggdrasil, and the dead were supposed to go to the world of Hel. M. du Chaillu, in his *Viking Age*, says: "The wicked seem to have died twice; first they die and get into Hel, then they die again and get into Niflhel=*Foggy Hel*," which seems suggestive of the denser subdivisions of the kâmalokic region.

I must now turn from these earlier conceptions, and briefly relate the story of Odin as warrior and chief, and give a slight account of the religion which he is said to have founded.

"Odin is reported to have come to the North from the borders of the Black Sea, about one hundred years before the birth of Christ, bringing with him a new race of Goths who were called Asar. A powerful chief of the Northern Goths named Gylfe went out to meet him, and he was so struck by the wisdom of the Asar, and probably also by their superior strength, that he invited them to Svithjod (Sweden). Odin accordingly came, and took up his abode in Forn Sigluna—old town—on the Lake Mãlaren, and there he proclaimed a new law, and became the founder of the religion of the North. As Odin was a wise and prudent warrior, and his followers were less savage and barbarous than most of the Northern races of Jõtnar and Thursar, they were well received in the lands through which they passed, and the chiefs and rulers in the countries of Saxony, Denmark, Norway and Sweden trace their descent from Odin and his Asar." In the *Hervarar Saga* it is related: "At this time the Asia-men and Tyrkjar came from the East and settled in Northern lands; their leader was called Odin, he had many sons, and they all became great and strong men. One son was Sigrlami, to him Odin gave the realm now called Gardariki, Russia; he became a great chief over that land, and was married to Heid, the daughter of King Gylfi."

In the earlier Sagas of Odin and the Asar we get no account of any religious rites or ceremonies, but in the *Younger Edda*, to quote again from M. du Chaillu: "We learn that the hero Odin of the North sacrificed after the manner of the Asar, and that the sacrifices made by him, as well as by Njord, Frey and Freyja,

were to a power worshipped by them, but we are not told who the God or power was. It probably was in some instances the sun, represented perhaps by the eye of the earlier and mythical Oden of the *Võluspa*—who, as we have seen, pledged his eye for a drink from the well of Urd; we know that the worship of the sun was widely spread at one period in the history of the world." From the worship of this unknown and mysterious power, the Northern people seemed to have changed, and turned to that of Odin and other Gods, and it is even stated that as late as the eleventh century some of our forefathers were actually still practising many of the rites and ceremonies instituted by these ancient Vikings, and certain it is that Odin and the Asar were deified and worshipped in all the Northern lands. The attributes of Odin, and the number of figurative names given to him, are too many to enumerate. After his death the people believed that he had gone to the old Asgård, and would live there for ever, but it is also said that he appeared to them in dreams on the eve of great battles.

Three times in the year sacrifices of animals—oxen, horses and sheep—were offered; the first took place in October, the second at Yule, mid-winter, and the third in the spring, before the Vikings went forth upon their expeditions. If these sacrifices were neglected the people believed that the year would be a bad one, and that no success would follow their undertakings. They had also a method of divination by casting lots with chips soaked in the blood of the sacrifices, through which they thought they could discover what was to happen in the future. At marriages the bride and bridegroom were marked with the sign of the Svastika, which was considered a holy token. Temples were built for worship, and there are traces to this day that one of the most famous of these pagan edifices stood where the existing old church of Upsala now stands. Human sacrifices were sometimes offered, especially when any calamity such as war, famine, or sickness prevailed in the land, or to avert impending evil, and it was customary to offer the child of some great chief as the highest possible atonement. There are also traditions that men were worshipped after death, and fire was considered to be holy. Thor, the God of thunder, and Ægir, God of the

sea and wind, were amongst the earlier deities of the Vikings, and the following curious idea is found: "Gangleri asked: 'Whence comes the wind? He is so strong that he moves large oceans, and stirs up the fire, but however strong he is he cannot be seen, so he must be strangely shaped.' Hãr answered: 'I can tell thee easily: on the North end of heaven (meaning space) there sits a Jõtun called Hroesvelg in an eagle's shape; when he flaps his wings the winds rise from under them'" (*Gylfaginning*, c. 18).

There were also prophetic sibyls called Võlvas, who could see into the future; they used incantations and magic ceremonies, and cats were specially patronised by these witches. Among the spirits or genii who were worshipped, and to whom sacrifices were sometimes offered by women, were those called Disir, special guardians of men and families. "This worship was thought to be of great antiquity and was part of the Asar religion. These Disir are often spoken of as Fylgja (following, or guardian spirit) and Hamingja (good luck, or family spirit), but the former, which at the hour of death left the dying person and passed to a dear son, was the more personal, and it was believed that it could be transmitted from one man to another. The expressions Kyn-fylgja (kin-guardians), Altar-fylgja (family guardians), which occur in the Sagas, seem to indicate a belief that the eminent qualities of a family were protected by these spirits. Sometimes the guardian spirit of one man would follow another; for instance, Thorstein went to find the Dverg Sindri and gave him good gifts, so they separated with the greatest friendship. The Dverg said: 'Now must we separate for some time, and fare thee well; I tell thee that my Disir will constantly follow thee'" (*Viking Age*).

The early form of writing known as Runes is a subject of intense interest, but I can merely observe here that the knowledge of this writing is supposed to have been brought to the North by Odin, and in the celebrated *Runatal* (Odin's *Rune Song*) we can gather that some sort of mysterious initiation was necessary, and that Odin had to pass through terrible trials or ordeals, in order to learn the occult significance of the Runes.

M. Haig.

WHITE HEATHER

When the children of Eirê find the white heather that grows on their hills the tradition runs that now, as in old days, they are under gaesa* to give it to the one who has done the most for them, who has wrought the highest service of any comrade in the world.

Once on a time a spray of such was brought me, together with a story concerning it, and since then I have the white heather of a later day, made gift of by one who "passed," as the saying has it. From the enchanted world where he dwells it may well be he comes to me yet, with the Druid light in his eyes, and the faerie touch of the hand that puts life about the withered flower. For at whiles I write of that I see, who once tried to make music of that which was heard. And it's then the strange winds blow from the far hills, and I think Cuchulain will be meeting the hosts of Maeve in the valley yonder. For I hear Laeg, the chariot driver, shout from afar, and the clan Cailtin brood in the Shadow over the bog.

She who brought the first white heather was of the mountains, and it must have been in early days that she wandered from their heart, wandering into the roar of the cities, the buzzing crowds of men, to face the strange tangled ways, and felt beating on her the strange bewildering currents of an alien life. And white heather bloomed over the mountains, and the voice of the mountains called her each year louder, always louder. For it was time to come home. Myself I dream that the hills' Warden had need of her, and the stirring at the girl's heart, and the birthing of many wonders for her, was but the voice from the faerie heights. Somewhere in Eirê there is a path trodden in old time of those who come to her now, in the white spring of youth, with the glad tears in the eyes and the strange sweet pain

* Duty, or pledge.

at the heart of them. Back they come in multitude this day, and they seek to know concerning Cuchulain and his hero deeds, Maeve and her spells, for they will be after remembering their comrade as he fought at the ford, and the warrior queen Scathach who taught them skill of arms.

And it is Eirê herself that will be waking out of her dark sleep. In the days of the trouble what was the trouble but the keening for the death day of the Hound? What were the strife and storm that rocked our land but the tumult of the big war as it rang down through time?

* * * *

So was it through the night, and wind, and rain, that Doreen of the hills came back to her own. And then for her rose the dawn. But this was what I saw when I watched her climbing.

The White Heather stirred, for it knew her step. The Presences enfolded her, and the Great Wings beat the air. Wind do you call it? it is not wind only that you will be hearing on the hills of Eirê.

She plucked the Heather and held it to her brows and lips as one dazed, as one waking from a dream. Then the life of the Guardian caught her in close embrace for the Welcome. The great Breath from the hollows flowed through the Heather, and set her veins tingling, her pulses leaping. He was surely a Lord of the Sidhe that met her there. She drew the Breath into her, she rushed forward in the toils of the life which gripped her and made all things new. There was wine in the blood, there was immortal youth at the life-springs. There was the thrilling of yon elemental fire which knows not death nor change. These belong to mortals, and are in the gift of the earth Lord, thorns to bind the brows of sad-eyed men. And the step of her grew light as she passed higher on the slope.

Then a fear came to her, for the Breath was lifting her from the brown earth, and she flung her face downward, gripping the heather stocks and crying aloud. And yon Lord of the Sidhe passed on with a laugh and released her for the time. But those who come back to Mountain Heart and break their fast in his halls are never the same again. They may go back to the cities

and the keening. They may even forget that they plucked White Heather and stood in faerie ring and drank at Cuchulain's ford. They may drop the hazel wand, and be content a while in the tangled ways that men call good and evil. But let them once go near the blue hills or the magic forests, and it may be they will return no more.

So sang White Heather to the girl as the dew of it brushed her face, and the earth Mother crooned the old lullaby, the cradle song of mortaldom, which a man may hear but thrice, and that will be at the Birthing, at the Remembering, and the Death Day. Then White Heather, still singing, went townwards with the Beloved of the Hills.

* * * *

"Give it to the one who has done the most for you in the world," said the friend who, like her, knew somewhat of the Hidden Way. The girl started and promised herself she would do this thing, but the earth Mother's crooning was in her ears, and the Burden at her heart. And she forgot.

"White Heather, White Heather," called the Sidhe hosts from afar. "She of the hills has lost her way to us, for the gaesa is unfulfilled."

* * * *

"What is it you will be telling me?" said the wanderer to another who bore the hill bloom on her bosom. "The dust is heavy on you, the robes are rent with thorn branches. There is many a wound on the white body of you. Ochone! it is because you have broken the bond, and somewhere the one who loves you best of all waits for the white flower. And it will not be well for us, fellow-climber of the hills. Ochone! are you happy this day, you that love Eirê and come to her healing streams? For I see White Heather put her enchantment between us and the hills; I see us driven back by the Host as we climb, I see the faring forth to Mountain Heart, and the ending of the journey ere the sun is high; I see the strong hands reached out against us; Morrigu* puts her magic about the human-eyed."

* An entity mentioned by Lady Gregory in *Cuchulain of Muirthemne*, an equivalent possibly for Morgan in the Arthurian cycle.

But on the world-ways it chanced that the second awakening came.

In the city heart dwelt one who was a teacher of men, and whose hair seemed always in my sight to be crowned with may blossom, symbol to my dreaming eyes of some eternal Youth. And at whiles I would see him in the human multitudes, or it might be in the silent chamber among his manuscripts. But there where he sat at toil White Heather lay on the table. Was it that which tuned the voice of his pen into music and put the look on him that men have who belong to the Tuatha De Danaan* evermore? And I saw Doreen of the hills coming to him as one who walks in dreams. I could not measure the nearness or the distance of her. But I saw the White Heather abloom though time had rolled by since it was plucked on Crum Cailas. And whether she will stay with the Leader of us and serve in the earth toils I know not. Or it may be that the Leader will open for her the Gate which leads back to the Blue Hills. But this I know, that White Heather is healing balm for Cuchulain's wounds, which have been open since the great battle in older time.

But another truth is for the telling, and it is that the Lord of the Sidhe, and the Mother of earth, and the Leader of men have to clasp hands and make the ancient bond.

It is for that they seek one another and shorten their ways by city and mountain, by dune and sea. You that look on Mananaun and hear the harping of MacManar, you that stand herowise before Aengus, and write in Ogham on the Walls of the World, it is for you the honey breath is born, it is for you White Heather weaves her spell.

EVELINE LAUDER.

* The Fairy Race inhabiting Ireland in ancient times.

MORE WORLDS TO CONQUER

When you have subdued the lower self, there are three worlds to conquer, and when these are vanquished, you will find yourself unsatisfied.

The three worlds are these: the Social, the Religious, and the Intellectual.

Do not, however, despair and think your time has been wasted; the vanquishing of all three is absolutely necessary for your soul's development. It is far better, for instance, that you should suffer on behalf of wisdom, than remain a stupid saint.

There is, however, no lasting happiness to be won from any of the three; for happiness is not to be secured in the noblest object *outside* yourself. If you want it perfected, it consists alone in this—the finding and meeting of the Master in your own heart—the securing of that blessed "private audience" to which the most powerful earthly Potentates cannot give you any card of admission. This won, you will become like the glow-worm, a very insignificant brown fly in the worldly glare of day but a flashing Star in the night of sorrow. Like it, you will carry your lamp about in your own person, and need trouble no man to lend you oil; and the glow of peace within will be shining for you none the less brightly when the world is too blind to see it.

Above all, you can be, if you will, a guide to other souls astray in the gloom of darkness.

You will never regret that you have not allowed the powers of your intellect to rust. You will never regret that you have plumbed the depths of doubt, and cast off the fetters of dogma. At the same time you will recognise that you can only gain one attribute which is eternal, because of It the Supreme Being consists, and you will have proved that the finest and most subtle intellect unwarmed by Love will at last sit abashed at the feet of the lowliest disciple, who has kindled it like a beacon in his heart towards God and towards his neighbour.

Hope Huntley.

REVIEWS AND NOTICES

Towards a Scientific Analysis of Religious Experience

The Varieties of Religious Experience: A Study in Human Nature: Being the Gifford Lectures on Natural Religion delivered at Edinburgh in 1901-1902. By William James, LL.D., etc., Professor of Philosophy at Harvard University. (London: Longmans, Green & Co.; 1902. Price 12*s.* nett.)

Many valuable contributions towards a better understanding of religion, "natural" or otherwise, have been made by the lecturers of the Gifford Trust, but none are of greater importance than the twenty instructive essays of Dr. James's recent volume. Professor James is well-known by his contributions towards a saner view of psychology than that of the purely physiological school; he has the courage to face the facts even if they prove disastrous to fashionable theories, and we are therefore not surprised to find him setting on one side the claims of the momentarily much belauded "anthropological" folk-lorists and of the dogmatisers of medical materialism, if they are held to cover more than a very small portion of the ground.

Nor will Dr. James have anything to do with "systems" of religion, which he rightly holds to be secondary developments. He deals exclusively with the religious experiences of individuals, and rightly claims that such experiences alone can form the basis of any scientific research into the nature of religion. We heartily agree; such alone is firsthand evidence, such alone constitutes the "gnostic" element in religion, all else is "I believe," "I have heard." The range of such "gnosticism" is naturally of vast extent, the rungs of its ladder are countless, the lowest are sunk in the mud of the earth, the highest reach to highest heaven.

The ground covered by our Gifford lecturer is by no means new to our readers; it is indeed exceedingly familiar ground to all students of theosophical religion, and consists of the piled-up evidence of individual religious experience from its lower to its higher forms.

Conversion, saintliness, mysticism, are all adequately documented from human documents, and Dr. James brings together a huge mass of evidence of the most varied kind which cannot fail to strike even the most irreconcilable materialist with its importance and utility. But in reality these serried ranks of witnesses are but a sample of the material accessible; a hundred, nay a thousand, volumes would not exhaust it.

But it is not so much for his selection of material that we have to praise Dr. James as for the sympathetic and understanding way in which he has treated it. The Professor of Philosophy at Harvard—and we should remember in this connection that Dr. James is the first American philosopher who has delivered an official lecture in Britain—is not a don; he lives in his generation and studies it; he does not neglect movements and huge streams of thought and aspiration which have not yet received full citizenship in the text-books of our colleges. He does not fail to recognise the same forces at work because their modern forms differ from their ancient appearances. He is in search of real values, and is not bound down by donnish conventions, the curse of all schoolmen throughout the ages.

He must have somewhat startled his audience on several occasions by quotations from writers well known to us, but taboo for *The Times* and *Athenæum*. And yet these strongholds of dondom most highly praise him; they recognise that he is in the right way. And the reason for this is a simple one; Dr. James lets the mystics and the saints and the converts speak for themselves, ofttimes in a hurly-burly of high emotion, while he plays the simple part of a good-tempered and courteous chairman of the Conference, and when he rises to close the meeting he himself speaks with such moderation and good feeling that he allows not even the wildest speaker to go away with the sense that he has been babbling nonsense, or is merely physically diseased, while his audience feel instinctively that the chairman's summing up is just and reasonable.

The main gist of our lecturer's general preliminary conclusion to his volume of 534 pages, for he hopes, and we hope, that at some later day he may be enabled to express his further philosophical conclusions in more explicit form, is as follows:

"Disregarding the over-beliefs, and confining ourselves to what is common and generic, we have in *the fact that the conscious person* is *continuous with a wider self through which saving experiences come*, a positive content of religious experience which, it seems to me, is *literally and*

objectively true as *far as it goes*. If I now proceed to state my own hypothesis of this extension of our personality, I shall be offering my own over-belief—though I know it will appear a sorry under-belief to some of you—for which I can only bespeak the same indulgence which in a converse case I should accord to yours.

"The further limits of our being plunge, it seems to me, into an altogether other dimension of existence from the sensible and merely 'understandable' world. Name it the mystical region, or the supernatural region, whichever you choose. So far as our ideal impulses originate in this region (and most of them do originate in it, for we find them possessing us in a way for which we cannot articulately account), we belong to it in a more intimate sense than that in which we belong to the visible world, for we belong in the most intimate sense wherever our ideals belong. Yet the unseen region in question is not merely ideal, for it produces effects in this world. When we commune with it, work is actually done upon our finite personality, for we are turned into new men, and consequences in the way of conduct follow in the natural world upon our regenerative change. But that which produces effects within another reality must be termed a reality itself, so I feel as if we had no philosophic excuse for calling the unseen or mystical world unreal."

A sound argument that does not handicap its general acceptance by all sorts and conditions of minds by complicating it with a mass of "over-beliefs" which may be most dear to the individual religionist, but which are secondary considerations for the philosopher.

To conclude, there are few books which have struck us so much with their *utility* as these last Gifford Lectures. Dr. James's volume is just such a book as we lovers of Theosophy can find use for. It is an "introduction" to Theosophy in the best sense of the word, for it is conceived in the broadest and most catholic spirit and bases itself on human experience. There are some who think that an "introduction" to Theosophy should consist of some rigid system of cosmology and psychology, a sort of "credo" or programme, but we are not of that way of thinking. Systems of this kind are useful in their own way, but they are necessarily ephemeral, for a system is naturally even at best only a passing mode of expression of some individual's experience and observation, or the summary of the experience and observation of others by some individual. But an "introduction" should be the means of leading others up to the study of a subject, of making it appear reasonable and useful to them, and as a rule the cut

and dried exposition of the skeleton of an apparently dogmatic system has the very opposite result on the modern mind and he refuses to make friends with it. He, however, does not, in rejecting a system, necessarily refuse to "make friends with the Light," if he is led up to it with naturalness, and this good office Dr. James's book will do for many, nay is doing for numbers, for the first edition is already out of print.

G. R. S. M.

In Bee-land

La Vie des Abeilles. Par Maurice Maeterlinck. (Paris: Bibliothèque-Charpentier, 11, rue de Grenelle. Price 3*fr*. 50.)

The well-known Flemish writer whom Belgium is proud to number among her sons may rather have surprised his admirers by finding in the bee a theme for his musings. One seeks in vain in this book for the subtle charm of the thought that his name suggests, for we have not here, as might be expected, the bee as a simple peg on which to hang deep thinkings and precious fancies, but the bee as a bee—interesting indeed, but not with the kind of interest that we are apt to expect to feel when we take up a volume which bears the name of Maeterlinck.

It seems that our author has kept bees for twenty years, and has become deeply interested in them and their ways, as people are apt to be who watch with sympathetic eyes the wondrous doings of Bee-land. And Maeterlinck puts his finger on the point that gives most reason for wonderment in that strange society of monarchical Socialism, when he marvels over "l'esprit de la ruche." A power hidden and supremely wise, he says, "where is it, in what is it incarnate?" It regulates everything—the number of births, the departure of the queen, the slaying of the drones, the combats of the aspirants to royalty. It is a power to which all the bees yield absolute obedience, moving as a single body under a single will, and it is intelligent, for it adapts means to ends and proportions numbers to available supplies. It is not instinct, which repeats automatically that which for long had been done purposely, but a living intelligence stored with the accumulated experience of the past, and also able to utilise it under new conditions, the master of the experience, not its blind tool.

Maeterlinck offers no solution of the problem that he propounds; he states it, elaborates it, shows its marvels, and leaves it. But it

seems to me that we have in this Spirit of the Hive the clear working of the Group-Soul, that in which are stored the innumerable experiences of the lives it sends forth and draws in, but which is more than these lives, which co-ordinates the experiences, and while using them is not limited by them. Where the study of the scientist ends in a dead wall, the teachings of Theosophy seem to open a door.

ANNIE BESANT.

MAGAZINES AND PAMPHLETS

THE *Theosophist* for September arrived so late that we can only note that Colonel Olcott continues his "Old Diary Leaves," dealing with his first tour with Mrs. Besant, and Dr. Jerome Anderson writes on the "Philosophy of Kant." The rest of the contents are up to the usual standard.

The Vâhan, September, prints the President-Founder's official authorisation for this Section to be known in future as the "British Section," and also his notification of the formation of the German Section with Dr. Steiner as General Secretary *pro tem.* In the "Enquirer" B. K. deals with the question as to the first human birth, life, and death. A. P. S. replies to a question regarding the passage of the Life Wave around the seven globes which constitute our planetary chain, and A. A. W., B. K. and E. L. contribute answers to the question as to whether a good man need "suffer physical misery by mistaken action done from a good motive."

Theosofia (Holland) translates H. P. B.'s letter on "Spiritualism and Spiritualists" and "What is Occultism?" J. Vreede-Schill contributes his address, given at the sixth annual meeting of the Dutch Section, on "Theosophical Work."

Sophia (Santiago) contains Mrs. Besant's lecture, given at Paris in 1894, on "What is Theosophy?" Other contributions are from Mlle. Blech and M. Stundberg.

Le Lotus Bleu, August, continues the translation of Mrs. Besant's "Thought-Power," and provides a further instalment of Dr. Pascal's "Present-day Theosophy." H. P. B.'s *The Secret Doctrine* is continued, and Mr. Leadbeater is represented by a translation of his "Some Misconceptions about Death."

The *Bulletin Théosophique* announces that Mrs. Besant will arrive in Paris on October 23rd and remain until the 28th, when she leaves for Geneva. Mrs. Besant will visit Grenoble, Marseilles, Toulon and Nice before her departure for Italy on November 7th.

Sophia (Spain) continues its translations, and G. R. S. Mead is represented by his article "Did Jesus live 100 years B.C.?" contained in our June number.

La Nuova Parola has, among other articles, a life of Mrs. Besant by Olga Calvari; "The Century and the Ideal," by J. E. Alaux; "A Dream," being a poem by A. Belluso; and "The Love of Shelley," by A. Lo Forte Randi.

Theosophy in Australia, June, prints from the THEOSOPHICAL REVIEW Mrs. Besant's "A Lodge of the Theosophical Society," and W. G. J. has an article on "Three-fold Theosophy: No. 1, Ethics," in which he wisely remarks: "We do not give infants matches and gunpowder to play with, neither does Nature commit this error, and she holds certain of her laws concealed from her younger children until such time as they can safely be made acquainted with them—then by slow degrees they are revealed." The July number has short articles on "Free-will and Necessity," by J. T. B.; "Numbering Israel," by W. G. J., in which the census returns of the different religions for New South Wales are discussed; and "The Compensations of Life," by W. A. M.

We have also to acknowledge: *The Lotus Lodge Journal; Dharma; Notes and Queries; The Logos Magazine; Light; The Dawn; Modern Astrology; Mind; The Psycho-Therapeutic Journal; Little Journeys*, Correggio and Corot; *The Light of Reason; The Soul and the Stars*, by A. G. Trent; *The Philistine; East and West; The Metaphysical Magazine; Review of Reviews; The Brahmavâdin; The Animals' Friend; The Herald of the Golden Age; The Indian Review; Der Vâhan; Teosofisk Tidskrift; Theosofisch Maandblad; Revista Teosofica; The Theosophic Messenger; Rules for Daily Life*, by A. Siva Row; *The Prashnottara; The Central Hindu College Magazine; The Ârya.*

A mistake was made in our August issue, for which we desire to apologise. It was there stated that *Wings of Truth* had used Dr. Ward's diagram on Consciousness without acknowledgment. It seems that due acknowledgment had been made in the preceding issue, and by accident was omitted in the subsequent number sent to us.

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THE

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ON THE WATCH-TOWER

Theosophists in Session

OUR colleagues of the American Section have been holding their Annual Convention, the date having been changed from spring to autumn. The General Secretary, the veteran Mr. Alexander Fullerton, was able to report favourably of the condition of the Section, and remarks that, in the seven years that have elapsed since the secession, the 14 Branches that then remained loyal have increased to 74, and the 280 members have become 1,629. The growth has been slow and steady, and as the American rules are rigid, the 74 are all active working bodies. Eleven new Branches have been formed during the year, but these are balanced by eleven that have dropped out. Mr. Leadbeater was the most prominent figure in this Convention of 1902, and as he is to remain in the States for two years, we may hope to see there a yet increased growth. He is surrounded by a strong band of workers, well able in every respect to second his efforts, and to carry on effectively any activities he may initiate.

ALL who are against vivisection—and what Theosophist is not?—will read with pleasure the "Open Letter to the Registrar-General," in the *Contemporary Review* for October, by Mr. Stephen Coleridge. He writes reproachfully to the Man of Figures, dwelling on the startling and disquieting fact that his dry statements of deaths entirely conflict with the claims put forward so authoritatively by the two learned Professors chosen by the *Times* to write an article in the *Encyclopædia Britannica* in defence of Vivisection. Mr. Coleridge assumes belief in the latter, and reproaches the Registrar-General for publishing figures which disprove the vivisectionists' "facts," thus making a brilliant and most telling attack on the "facts" put forward.

"Facts" and Figures

> Recognising that to a book containing all knowledge searchers after truth must turn if they would learn whether experiments upon animals have indeed led to discoveries that have lessened the mortality from any diseases, the two Professors have not hesitated to expose the invalidity of your figures and the mendacity of your reports.
>
> It may be observed in your defence that nowhere have you ever suggested that the discovery of Glycogen by means of experiments on living animals is the cause of the continued and deplorable rise in the death rate of persons afflicted with diabetes that you have the temerity to record; but it is not easy for the enquiring student to discover the hidden motives that have led you to record a rise in the death rate of every disease that has in truth and in fact, as these Professors show, almost disappeared from the world owing to the labours and discoveries of those who perform these experiments.

Mr. Coleridge patiently goes through the diseases for which it is claimed that remedies have been discovered by experiments on living animals, and then points out to the Registrar-General how he is contradicting these "facts" by his remorseless figures. One statement may serve as a specimen of the whole.

> The *Encyclopædia* tells us that "In England the antitoxin treatment was begun in the latter part of 1894. Besides its curative use the antitoxin has also been used as a preventive to stop an outbreak of diphtheria in a school or institute or hospital or village, and with admirable success." There can be no doubt, therefore, that since 1894 the death rate from diphtheria must have been steadily decreasing in consequence of antitoxin treatment yielded to mankind by the blessed agency of experiments upon living animals; and the careless ineptitude, to use no stronger censure, of publishing such figures as I now append stands revealed by their mere repetition;—

TABLE 18. ENGLAND AND WALES. ANNUAL DEATH RATES FROM VARIOUS CAUSES, TO A MILLION LIVING PERSONS. 1881-1900

Diphtheria

1881.	1882.	1883.	1884.	1885.	1886.	1887.	1888.	1889.	1890.
121.	152.	158.	186.	164.	149.	160.	171.	189.	179.
1891.	1892.	1893.	1894.	1895.	1896.	1897.	1898.	1899.	1900.
173.	222.	318.	291.	259.	291.	245.	243.	291.	290.

And he remarks, after giving various tables:

But not content with thus suggesting by means of false tables that these precious serums hurry the patients faster out of life instead of curing them, you have advanced to the promulgation of a yet graver error and have by implication contended in your tables dealing with the death rate from diseases of the circulatory system that a novel application of drugs in such cases, due to conclusions based upon experiments upon animals, have led to a higher death rate per million, whereas the more conscientious and unprejudiced compilers of the *Encyclopædia* show that this cannot be so.

The whole article is clever and telling, and should be reprinted as a pamphlet for wide circulation. The only question is whether, in view of the dulness of comprehension of many readers, it should not have printed on it, in large letters, "This is a goak."

* * *

The Civil and Military Gazette, an English paper issued in Lahore, raises "The Problem of Christian Missions," in a very definite way, and places it in a clear light before its readers. It begins by remarking on the similarities between Christianity and other religions:

Missions a Danger to the Empire

The fact is the comparative study of religion has clearly brought out a number of points of contact between Christianity and other religions, and the tendency now is to so insist on these as to neglect the far more important points of differences. And yet it is clear that if such differences be ignored there can be no adequate presentation of Christian truth. And it is further difficult to see what object there could be in preaching a Christianity that was bereft of its distinctive features.

This is the exact point for missionaries to consider. If the fundamental spiritual truths are alike in all religions, what is the use of trying to convert people from one religion to another? As this theosophical view spreads, the *raison d'être* of missions

vanishes, and they become an unnecessary, and therefore impertinent, aggression on the cherished faiths of non-Christian peoples. The article proceeds:

> Divest Christianity of its special feature, leaving only a substratum of truth common to all religions, and what is there to preach? A colourless residuum which will offend no one and help no one. On the other hand, preach Christian truth in its fulness, and men's prejudices are sure to be roused to a corresponding extent. You can only render Christianity inoffensive by emasculating it, and emasculated Christianity is not worth promulgating. It is well that those who insist that the prejudices of an Oriental people must at all hazards be respected, should bear in mind this dilemma. There can be no particular object in preaching what everybody already believes, and to go beyond this is to preach by implication at least that those who do not follow with you are in the wrong, and to be told that is what no one, Oriental or otherwise, cares for.
>
> If then Christianity contains in itself new truth and not merely old truth under new forms, as is sometimes asserted, it cannot compromise with any other religion. Its distinctive truths must be given all the weight which rightly belongs to them. And that means that certain other beliefs which may be dear to the non-Christian mind must be attacked. . . . The only sort of Christianity worth preaching is one which from the very nature of it must rouse hostility. To say "preach, but don't offend" is to say "don't preach at all," or "preach that which is not worth while preaching," which is much the same thing. The fact is that the sword is still emblematic of one aspect of Christian truth, and there is no way of getting round this difficulty. Truth and falsehood cannot jog along together, and if Christianity is the truth it must be the foe of all other religions.

The writer of the article goes on to consider how this aggressiveness can work in with the civil polity of an Empire, and admits that Christian teaching does, to some extent, create political difficulties, and he sums up as follows:

> The position then is this. Christian teachers, for reasons which it is not necessary to enter into here, hold that the religion which they expound is essentially different in character from all other religions, and that difference in its entirety they have to insist on in their presentation of Christianity, and in so doing they are bound to rouse a certain amount of hostility. That hostility may in spite of all protestations of neutrality on the part of the Imperial Power injuriously affect its interests. Is the risk worth running? That is the true question. It is no use blaming missionaries for a result which is inevitable if they do their work at all. It is more logical to ask whether the work is worth doing. The answer to that question must depend on the view we take of Christianity and Empire, and more particularly the view we take of their relative importance,

This is the question that Great Britain will have to face and to answer, and *The Civil and Military Gazette* has done well in raising it so plainly. A world-wide Empire can only be just and peaceful if it be theosophical, seeing in all religions a common truth, protecting all, favorising none. Such is the fact that stands out from this article as clearly as in any theosophical statement, and the more clearly the public sees it the better for all concerned.

* * *

Science and Lemuria

THE following note from the presidential address of Prof. J. B. Howes, F.R.S., to the Zoological Section, at the meeting of the British Association in Belfast, is very interesting to all students of *The Secret Doctrine* who believe in the existence of Lemuria. The discovery of such fossils is of primary importance as establishing land connection between points now widely separated by oceans. "The Antarctic Continent" is, of course, that of which Australia was once a part, called by us Lemuria.

It will be remembered by some present that, from Patagonian deposits of supposed Cretaceous age, there was exhibited at our Dover meeting the skull of a horned Chelonian, Meiolania, which animal, we were informed, is barely distinguishable from the species originally discovered in Cook's Island, one of the Society group, and which, being a marsh turtle highly specialised, would seem in all probability to furnish a forcible defence for the theory of the Antarctic Continent. But more than this, renewed investigation of the Argentine beds by the members of the Princeton University of North America has recently resulted in collections which, we are informed, seem likely to surpass all precedent in their bearings upon our current ideas, not the least remarkable preliminary announcement being the statement that there occurs a fossil mole indistinguishable, so far as is known, from the golden mole (Chrysochloris) of South Africa.

A paper on "Atlantis" was also read, by Dr. Scharff, of the Dublin National Museum, but no particulars have reached us of the position taken up. Another interesting paper was "On the suspension of Life at low temperature," by Dr. Allan Macfadyan and Mr. Sydney Rowland. Bacteria immersed in liquid air did not lose vitality by a six months' exposure, and there was no reason to suppose that a longer exposure would have caused injury. Others were exposed to the temperature of liquid hydro-

gen, about—252°C., for ten hours without injury. "Suspended animation" is the name given to this state of "neither life nor death," and the experiments are interesting as showing that "vital functions" may disappear without expelling life, or negating the possibility of those functions being resumed.

* * *

Sanday on Miracles

THE Church Congress is a yearly phenomenon which deserves our close attention, for it registers for us the result of the pressure brought to bear from every side upon the conservative elements of the English Church. Naturally we do not look to it for any ready advance or for any new departure willingly inaugurated by its general gatherings; but we look to it for indications of concessions to the inevitable, with the further assurance that what doubtless to-day appears to the majority of its members the too "advanced" pronouncements of some of the speakers will, as has invariably been the case in the past, be the accepted position of even the most thorough-going conservative of a decade or two hence. To take an instance, there is much with which most of our readers will be in agreement in the pronouncement on "miracles" by Dr. Sanday. The Lady Margaret Professor of Divinity at Oxford said:

> We could conceive it possible that the miracles of the Gospels should have been so constituted as to show two sides, one to the contemporaries and the other to our own day; I mean, so that to contemporaries they might come with the force of miracle, and that to us with our wider knowledge and improved insight into the order of nature, they might be seen to be really embraced within that order; that we should be able to see law where the ancients could not see law; and that what to them seemed contrary to nature to us should only seem due to the operation of some higher cause within the enlarged limits of nature.
>
> I ought perhaps to say that I have tried this to some extent in my own experience as a working hypothesis, and I am afraid that though it may carry us some way it certainly will not carry us the whole way; it may explain some of the things that meet us in the Gospels, but it will not by any means explain all.
>
> Let us make an attempt in another direction.
>
> The highest cause with which we are familiar, within the range of our common experience, is the human personality and will. And the nearest analogy that we possess for what is called miracle is the action of the human

will. We see every moment of the day how the natural sequence of causation is interrupted, checked, diverted by the act of volition. If I lift my hand, there is something within me that counteracts for the moment the law of gravitation. That is a simple case; but the action of the will is very subtle and complex, and some of the phenomena connected with it are as yet very imperfectly explored, and are more like miracle than anything we know. At the same time the will, as we have experience of it, is subject to certain conditions and operates within certain limits. The main question is whether a higher Personality, and a higher Will, than ours would not transcend these conditions and limitations. Nothing would seem more natural than to suppose that it would. And that is just what on the Christian hypothesis we have. It would not follow that even this higher Personality and Will would be without its limitations; but they would be at least different from and not so circumscribed as ours.

I do not doubt that it is in this direction that we are to seek for the true *rationale* (if so we may call it) of miracle. The miracles of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ in pre-eminent degree, and the miracles of His Apostles in a lesser degree, were a result of the contact of personalities filled with the Spirit of God with the conditions of the outer world. That is the key to their nature, so far as we can understand it. We may apply that key to the different instances of miracle. It will help us to explain some better than others. We shall be able to understand best those which appear to be a direct extension or heightened illustration of phenomena that come within our cognisance. Such would be more particularly the healing of disease.

Of course, any such explanation can be only partial. The lower cannot supply an adequate measure of the higher. And, by the hypothesis, we are dealing with causes which stretch away beyond our ken. We should, therefore, be prepared to exercise much caution and reserve in judging. It is natural and right that we should dwell most upon those instances which are to us most "intelligible," and from which we can draw the most instruction. It is also natural and right that we should read the Gospels critically—that is, with attention to the different degrees of evidence in different parts. But it would be wrong to leap hastily to the conclusion that whatever we fail to understand did not therefore happen. It is probable that our successors will be better equipped and more finely trained than we are; and just as in the world of Nature many things that once seemed incredible are now seen to be both credible and true, so also it may be in the sphere of revelation.

* * *

STILL more are we in agreement with Dr. Rashdall in his bold plea for liberty in the matter. That is the main point, "liberty of thought and of reverent expression," as the lecturer admirably put it, not license, which is only another form of intolerance. The Preacher at Lincoln's Inn, in the course of his paper, spoke as follows:

Rashdall on Miracles

My general conclusion is that a sober criticism will not eliminate from the Gospel narrative an element which may well be called supernatural; but that it will very seriously reduce its proportions. Over and over again we see how the miraculous character of a narrative grows as we turn from one synoptist to another. What is in St. Mark a subjective vision to our Lord Himself of the Spirit descending like a dove, becomes in the first Gospel an objective fact which St. Luke further emphasises by the addition "in a bodily form." And so on. Cases where the growth is manifest suggest the possibilities of other and earlier growth.

Now if this be the character of the evidence, is it not obvious on the face of it that that evidence can never be sufficient to establish any doctrine which is not already sufficiently established without them? If we turn to the treatment of miracles by those Apologists who know what historical criticism really means—to Dr. Sanday, for instance—what do we find? An elaborate balancing of slight probabilities, careful discrimination between the historical value of different documents, minute consideration of disputed readings, surmises, suspensions of judgment, inferences based on elaborate critical hypotheses, admissions that "in some cases what was originally parable may, in course of transmission, have hardened into miracles"—admissions that "if the miracles of the first century had been wrought before trained spectators the accounts of them would have been quite different." For such a tone I have nothing but respectful approval. But is it not obvious that if this is the nature of the evidence, nothing of the first importance in Christianity can turn upon, or necessarily involve belief in miracles? For our age, at all events, Christianity would not be a revelation if it did. Even highly educated persons who are not theologians have not the leisure for such elaborate inquiries, and even experts in Biblical criticism are not always well equipped in the philosophy, the psychology, the comparative study of religions which are equally necessary for a solution of the problem. And the best equipped theologian can only hope for probable conclusions.

It is clear, then, that the place of the miraculous in the sense in which it may be expected to stand the tests of criticism, in the Christianity of the uture, must be a very subordinate one. It does not follow that there will be no place at all for it. The cures may serve both to illustrate the character of Christ and to heighten the sense of an exceptional personality, a unique revelation and indwelling of God, which rests primarily upon moral and spiritual evidence. The Resurrection vision, though it cannot be the basis of our belief in immortality, may still be its symbol.

A SEPTENARY UNIVERSE

FEW truths embodied in the theosophical teachings are more generally familiar than that of the Septenary order pervading the entire scale of manifested nature. Taught in the various religions of the world, embodied in philosophic systems representing the highest achievements of the human mind, confirmed as a fact of experience by occultists both of the past and of the present, this fundamental truth comes to us, certificated by the weightiest testimony, as a declaration of the basic plan of nature.

This septenary order dominates alike all planes of which we can pretend to have any knowledge, deriving its inception from the Seven Great Logoi—the "Seven Holy Ones"—whose powers come into play with the outflowing of the Life of the Logos Himself as the manifestatiou of our Solar System. As, from this high point, the lower planes succeed in time, each shews, in the presentment proper to it, the sevenfold division imposed by the nature of the plane above. So, finally, we have the different planes, from the highest to the lowest, wrought as upon a common warp, giving a continuous and homogeneous substratum of plan and purpose to the myriad figurings that Time's shuttles will weave upon it.

A glance at the index of *The Secret Doctrine* will give some idea of the numerous directions in which the declaration of this septenary order is to be met with. Cosmic forces, Hierarchies of Devas, Lunar periods, Kabalistic number-systems, Evolutionary cycles, Planetary chains, the Rounds and Races and Religions of humanity, the Human unit, and wellnigh every form of mystical or natural exegesis that the human unit can deal with, *all* fall into a be-sevening: and this pictures creation as framed to a permanent sevenfold plan which septenary Time-cycles throw into recurring and ever-changing presentations—

the Eternal and Unchanging veiled under a stream of passing semblances.

If we bear in mind that the purpose is only to indicate *relationships*, we may figure the planes of matter within our system as ranged one above the other and all divided alike into seven vertical sections, each of which represents a dominant line of influence or tendency, or stream of creative energy. Seven principal *types* would thus be indicated on each plane—each type accounting for, or resulting from, the corresponding type of the plane below or above, as the case may be; and this vertical dividing seems to be the more fixed and permanent aspect of what has to be considered.

The septenary Time-cycles imply a recurring succession, this being shewn by dividing each plane horizontally into seven, indicating the sub-planes, with descriptions of which we are familiar. Each plane is thus divided into forty-nine blocks or fields by the intersection of the dividing-lines, permanent types shewn by the vertical sections, and the successive presentations or appearances in Time indicated by the horizontal divisions. Objection may well be made to this ruling off of planes into blocks, on the score of its non-actuality—for no such *actual* levels or blocks exist: but it is a method of indicating the *relations* of things which has its use, and which, moreover, one is almost compelled to employ. Only by such method, for instance, could the writer of *The Astral Plane* help one towards an understanding of the types and classes of the "Elemental Essence" and of their relation and interaction on their own plane. Now, if we rightly understand the relationship of the planes of nature, and if any such definite septenary order as has been referred to pervades them, we should find that order noticeable in the physical world, provided that we can obtain some fairly accurate view of the basic relationship of its components. This *is* obtainable, for Chemistry furnishes us with a most interesting tabulated scheme of this precise nature.

All the compound substances of which we know, whether derived from the mineral, the vegetable, or the animal world, are found to be composed of some sixty and odd simple substances—the so-called Chemical Elements. Waiving, for the present, the

	I	II	III	IV	V	VI	VII	VIII
1	Hydrogen + 1 Lithium + 7	Beryllium + 9	Boron 11	Carbon − 12	Nitrogen − 14	Oxygen − 16	Fluorine − 19	
2	Sodium + 23	Magnesium + 24	Aluminium 27	Silicon 28	Phosphorus − 31	Sulphur − 32	Chlorine − 35½	
3	Potassium + 39	Calcium + 40	Scandium 44	Titanium 48	Vanadium 51	Chromium 52	Manganese + 55	Iron + 56 · Cobalt − 58·6 · Nickel + 58·6
	Copper − 63	Zinc 65	Gallium 70	Germanium 72	Arsenic 75	Selenium − 79	Bromine − 80	
4	Rubidium + 85	Strontium + 87	Yttrium 89	Zirconium 90	Niobium 94	Molybdenum 96	..	Ruthenium 103·5 · Rhodium 104 · Palladium 106
	Silver − 108	Cadmium 112	Indium 113	Tin − 118	Antimony − 120	Tellurium 125	Iodine − 126½	
5	Caesium + 133	Barium + 137	Lanthanum 138	Cerium 140	Didymium 142	..	Samarium 150	
	..	..	..	..	Erbium 166	..	..	
6	..	..	Ytterbium 173	..	Tantalum 182	Tungsten 184	..	Osmium 191 · Iridium 193 · Platinum 195
	Gold − 196	Mercury − 200	Thallium 204	Lead − 206	Bismuth − 208	..	..	
7	..	..	..	Thorium 232	..	Uranium 240	..	
	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	

question of the real elementariness of these "Elements," our interest in them centres in the fact that they are the raw material of which the entire physical world (as science ordinarily conceives it) and all physical things and beings are composed. This interest is heightened by the discovery, by spectroscopic means, that these selfsame elements appear to constitute the mass, not only of our own Sun but also of many others of the numberless Suns that people the remotenesses of space around us. It seems fairly clear that this matter, these elements, exist in the atmospheres of these Suns in somewhat different states and conditions from those in which we know them here; but, from the ordinary point of view, they are nevertheless the root-aspects of physical matter, and any natural order discernible among them must have far more than a merely terrestrial significance and application.

The chemical tabulation already referred to is that known as Mendelejeff's Table, which gives the natural classification of the elements as we know them. Although we are here dealing with only the three lowest sub-planes of the physical realm, *viz.*, with solids, liquids, and gases, this classification of the elements according to their properties, in their natural relationship, is of great interest, on account of its presenting a physical aspect of many things which we learn of in their application to higher realms. In the accompanying diagram we have the names of the elements set out in full in their accepted natural order. To the right of each is the figure (fractions usually omitted) indicating its atomic weight, *viz.*, the weight of the chemical atom of that element as compared with the weight of the chemical atom of Hydrogen, the latter being taken (as marked) as unity. We see that the elements fall into seven vertical divisions, to which is added a somewhat different-looking eighth division claiming separate notice presently. Confining attention for the present to the seven *vertical* divisions, we have to note that modern Chemistry recognises the elements in each of these divisions or groups as being of a distinct and definite type. Each group comprises elements of a certain general likeness as to their physical characteristics, their chemical properties, their valencies or combining powers, the general nature of the compounds derived from them,

and many other particulars—electrical, crystallographic, spectroscopic, etc., etc.—too numerous and too involved to be dealt with here. Seven distinct types of elements are thus recognised, the distinction between these types being most sharply marked among the elements of the upper part of the table and somewhat less clearly shewn by those at the lower portion. In practically all modern works on Chemistry the subject-matter is dealt with on the basis of this septenary order, endless repetition being avoided by treating of the elements under their natural types. Something of the likeness and relationship of the members of a group may be roughly detailed. It should first be noted that the names in any given group are placed either to the extreme *left* of the vertical division, or towards its *centre*. Those to the left are usually classified as *positive* elements; those towards the centre as *negative*. These terms of electrical quality, positive and negative, are hardly the most suitable for use in this connection; but we may conveniently, and not incorrectly, adopt them as terms of a *difference* of which another view will afterwards be presented.

Each group, however, thus presents two columns, and as an illustration we will take Group I. and consider the Alkali metals of its left-hand, positive column, *viz.*:—

Lithium	At. wt.	7	Melting point	180°
Sodium	,, ,,	23	,,	,,	95·6°
Potassium	,, ,,	39	,,	,,	62·5°
Rubidium	,, ,,	85	,,	,,	38·5°
Caesium	,, ,,	133	,,	,,	26·5°

These are all soft, silvery-white metals, readily cut with a knife, and very light. They show a marked gradation of properties: melting-points gradually decrease as atomic weights rise; their chemical activity increases steadily as we pass *down* the group from Lithium to Caesium—markedly shewn in their affinity for Oxygen; their electro-positive character also increases in intensity as we pass *down* the group, till with the last member we have the most strongly electro-positive element known; their Oxides are strongly alkaline and the general resemblance between their compounds is very close—and so on, in many more

particulars than need be detailed. We see, however, the typical likeness ; and we see, moreover, a progressive intensity of chemical and electrical property—a movement, as it were, *down* the group, as we pass to greater atomic weight. Further, the atomic weights themselves shew a curious progression which may be clearly traced in other of the groups, and which may be said (if we make rather liberal allowance for the fact that the atomic weights are, frequently, *approximate* only) to be a feature of the entire table. The difference between the atomic weights of Lithium and Sodium is sixteen ; between Sodium and Potassium again sixteen : between Potassium and Rubidium, just *about* sixteen multiplied by three, or forty-eight ; between Rubidium and Caesium, again forty-eight. Sixteen is to forty-eight as one is to three. So, considering this general relationship of the atomic weights down the entire set of groups, one has an approximate movement reminiscent of the power of *One* opening out into the power of *Three* and giving rise to an order of *Seven*—which is probably not without significance, however untraceable that significance may be.

The other elements of Group I. are :—

Copper	At. wt.		63
Silver	,,	,,	108
Gold	,,	,,	197

These are in some respects, dissimilar from the Alkali metals : but in other respects they resemble them—for instance, in forming compounds with Oxygen and with Sulphur which are of the same constitutional type, as are also other of their salts. Again, these three metals have points of difference, but in many respects they are linked in a close family likeness and illustrate a marked gradation of properties. Malleability and ductility increase as we pass *down* the group, whilst tenacity increases as we pass *up* the group to Copper. Chemical activity also increases as we pass *up* the group : the greater activity of Silver enables it to precipitate Gold from its solutions, but Copper is more chemically-active than Silver and will force the latter from *its* combination with other elements. With greater chemical activity or intensity one finds greater stability of the resulting compounds, and in these particulars we see this progressive movement to be *upwards*

among these negative elements. With the Alkali metals this progression was *down* the group to *greater* atomic weights: with Gold, Silver and Copper the movement is *up* the group to *smaller* atomic weights. This downward and upward progression within the vertical divisions of the table can be clearly followed in other columns. It illustrates *some* aspect or activity of the One force or energy which actuates all things. There seems little room for doubt that each of these seven chemical groups is one of the seven permanent types of Elemental Essence functioning on the physical plane as its corresponding type of the Mineral Monad, that is, as a type of chemical element. For the purpose of representing the great, sweeping movement of Evolution, we are accustomed to picture a vast curve with an evolutionary progression along its "downward arc" into denser states of matter, and along its "upward arc" into subtler conditions, and we see the like movement recapitulated in many of the minor cycles. Something of a corresponding nature is noticeable in these separate chemical types. They, also, shew this dip into, and out of, a denser state (represented by the greater atomic weights) as we follow the development of their life or chemical activity. Each group, as a separate "ray" of evolving Life, presents a *chemical* aspect of features we associate with the larger evolutionary curve.

There is another point connected with the valency of the elements, which is interestingly illustrated by these seven chemical groups. The valency of an element defines the power the atoms of that element possess to attach themselves to (to combine with) other atoms of other elements. If the chemical atom of a given element—Silver for instance—has its combining power "satisfied" by forming *one* such link with some atom of another element, that given element is termed *monovalent*, or a *monad*. An element whose atoms form *two* such bonds with other atoms is *divalent*, or a *dyad*. Similarly, elements whose atoms form *three* or *four* such connections are *trivalent*, or *triads*, or *tetravalent*, or *tetrads* respectively. No reference can be made to this classification of the elements according to their valencies without indicating that it is quite incapable of any *exact* application to the table under consideration. Many elements shew

variable valency—acting, for instance, as *monads* when combining with certain other elements, but as *triads* when they unite with yet others, and so forth. Different associations, inorganic and organic, bring about immense complexity, shewing that many of the elements may exhibit higher valencies than those mentioned and act as *pentads*, *hexads* and *heptads*. The matter is very involved, and is, moreover, very incompletely understood, as may be seen by reference to any good standard work on Chemistry. But such reference will also make it clear that, in connection with the Hydrogen compounds, the normal valencies of the elements may be thus indicated :—

Group	I.	II.	III.	IV.	V.	VI.	VII.
	Monads.	*Dyads.*	*Triads.*	*Tetrads.*	*Triads.*	*Dyads.*	*Monads.*

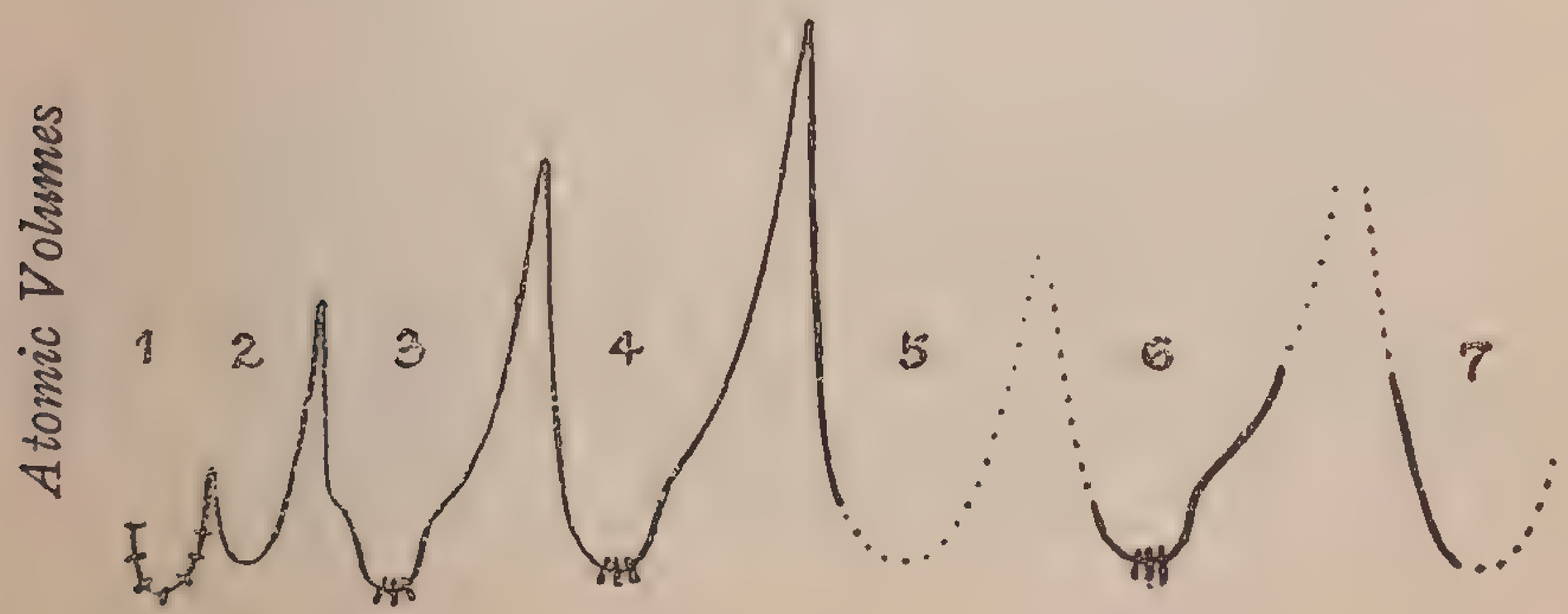
This leaves out of account entirely the higher valencies referred to, and which have a very suggestive interest for us, along a somewhat different line of thought, owing to their connection with *organic* Chemistry. But, confining attention to the above-mentioned view of the valencies, we see that the measure of this particular function increases from Group I. to Group IV., and that Group IV. is a turning-point from which it diminishes till Group VII. is reached. Reading the table through in the order of the atomic weights we thus have successive series of sevens, within each of which the *fourth* member is a turning-point, and the *seventh* is the turning-point to a fresh series. Science is teaching us that these elements are the product of a definite evolutionary process, and that—however hazily *particulars* are seen—those at the upper part of the table are of earlier formation than those at the lower. The horizontal divisions thus indicate stages of the enormous Time-cycle needed for this inorganic evolution. And viewing the matter in this way we see evidence of the unwearying forming and re-forming and perfecting of established types through endless recapitulations, and of the importance of the fourths and the sevenths of the cycles, which we are familiar with in connection with Rounds, Races, Planetary Chains, etc., etc.

We must now consider the eighth group, the supernumeraries, which hold a very curious place in the scheme. It is impossible to detail the reasons which have led chemists to class

these nine elements apart. We have to deal with the fact that they *are* so segregated. The general properties of these elements do not conform with the seven types we have been considering; they are separated by their own characteristics. Moreover, they stand in a relation to each other which is wholly different from that traced among the members of the other seven Groups, where we pass from one type to another in the *horizontal* succession and where the gradation of properties is in the *vertical* line. In Group VIII. the first triad, Iron, Cobalt and Nickel, are in strong family *likeness*, closely related; and such gradation of properties as they shew is in the *horizontal* line, for Iron stands in a certain likeness to the preceding element, Manganese, whilst Nickel approaches the type of the succeeding member, Copper. This relationship to the seven groups, linking the VII. type to the I. type, has led to this eighth group being termed the "transitional elements." The two following triads, from Ruthenium to Platinum, are all closely related in a common likeness, and it is interesting to note that they all occur associated together in nature in what is commonly called *platinum ore*. On general considerations, however, this eighth group stands apart as something extraneous to the formal septenary order of our chemical types. If this is so, one wonders what *other* type of Elemental Essence exists, what *other* stream of moulding energy (besides the seven formally announced) subsists upon the higher planes to account for it. The various references in *The Secret Doctrine* to Aditi and the eight Sons or primitive powers who established the general order of things are very suggestive as one considers this eighth group of elements. The eighth Son or power or creative energy seems to have been "rejected," and its product was, in some way, apart from that of the accredited Seven. So the eighth power and our eighth group may well be in sympathy in their common plight.

The seven horizontal divisions, here called *Series*, must now be dealt with. They are sometimes presented as twelve series, each consisting of seven numbers, the blanks in the table indicating that we have not yet discovered the elements which could appropriately fill them. In an enquiry of this nature we want to follow the most basic evidence of the relationship of these

elements so that its simpler and more fundamental aspect may come into view—the deeper principle, in effect, rather than particular details. A relationship which is more fundamental than that derived from purely chemical considerations seems to be indicated by Lothar Meyer's curves, representing the atomic volumes of the elements in their solid state. The atomic volumes of the atoms represent in reality the relative volume of the atoms *plus* the unknown volumes of the spaces that separate them. These curves and their details can hardly be reproduced in this REVIEW, but the nature of their evidence may be sufficiently shewn; and, firstly, we may be helped to understand what they mean if we figure atomic volume as represented by a number of equal, contiguous circles. A *high* atomic volume may then be symbolised by large circles (say the size of florins). A *smaller* atomic volume by smaller circles (say the size of shillings); and *low* atomic volumes by circles smaller still. A movement from *high* to *low* atomic volume thus tends to a certain form of *density*, which is neither specific gravity nor atomic weight, but something different from either and, in a manner of speaking, including them both. Meyer's curves are produced by ranging the elements in a long horizontal line in the *strict order of their atomic weights*: and that line is then made to *rise* where the elements upon it have a *high* atomic volume and to *fall* where the elements upon it have a *low* atomic volume. The result is of this kind:



(The dotted lines appear where we either do not know the atomic volumes or have not discovered the elements.)

The first dip begins with Lithium (at the extreme left); then follow, downwards, Beryllium and Boron; Carbon falls at the lowest point; Nitrogen, Oxygen and Fluorine follow on the upward side; and this presents our first horizontal (and *typical*) series of Mendelejeff's table. The second dip begins at the left with Sodium, and similarly includes the seven elements of Mendelejeff s second horizontal series. The third dip begins with Potassium; but there are in this case *seven* elements on the downward slope; then the three transitional elements appear in a bunch at the lowest point; then we find the elements from Copper to Bromine on the upward side of the curve; and this completes Mendelejeff's third horizontal series. The fourth, fifth, sixth and seventh curves are of like character to the third, and correspond with Mendelejeff's fourth, fifth, sixth and seventh horizontal series. It can now be seen that what were called *positive* elements are on the *downward* arc of Meyer's curves, and what were called *negative* elements (with their *upward* chemical progression) are on the *upward* arc of Meyer's curves. The members of that eighth group are seen bunched at the apexes of the curves—the neutral points; they are a block of some three-fold residual *not* differentiated out like the rest.

The seven horizontal series of our table are stages of a Time-cycle. The curves shew them again as seven movements or dips into a certain form of density—seven stages of the world-building—seven "days" of Creation. And the chemical particulars often square very curiously with what we know of bygone Rounds and Races.

The endeavour has been to draw from the maze of details such essential points as illustrate the basic principles upon which all rests. And though the result may look sufficiently vague and conjectural, yet *something* is still glimpsed among these many symbols of the perfect parallel of the things of Heaven and the things of Earth—though seen through a glass darkly.

G. Dyne.

ON THE FORGIVENESS OF SIN

THE sense of sin, its bondage and burden, is a universal experience of mankind of all ages and nations; and the seeking of relief and freedom from its burden, the means of its removal, lie at the root of all religions. It is the skeleton in every closet, the ghost that will not be laid. The essence of sin, and the only heresy we admit, is that of separateness. Forgiveness is to man a divine necessity, precedent to conscious reunion with the fountain of his being, the source of his life.

All the processes of Nature in all her realms, moral and material, are purificatory. By death, in deaths many, she hides away the corrupt and corrupting thing, and in the secret magic of her laboratory cleanses and purifies, transforming into a new vehicle of life. Purification and reconciliation are parts of the same process, the return of the life to its divine centre.

Mr. H. L. Congden, writing on this subject,* remarked: "The forgiveness of sins in its practical operation is a human activity, and not, as widely believed, a divine prerogative. This is true . . . . it is, as we believe, the supreme truth of the matter. . . . . The time has come for the recognition of this truth, that through our own activities our race is working out its destiny, and that the law of its development is wrought into the very fibre of humanity. We bless the world, and we curse it. We forgive sins and we fasten them upon the sinner with enduring bonds. Not of an ecclesiastical organisation but of the race were the words spoken: 'Whosesoever sins ye forgive, they are forgiven unto them; whosesoever sins ye retain, they are retained.'"

As this is a theme of supreme practical import in our daily contact with an inharmonious world of men, a few farther considerations may help to bring out its principles, and suggest the

* THE THEOSOPHICAL REVIEW, March, 1902.

lines on which we may hope to practise so cardinal a virtue. When the high privilege of forgiving sin was claimed by Jesus his adversaries exclaimed, "Who can forgive sin but God only?" If we eliminate the idea of duality which underlies the query, we may answer the objector with an affirmation, that it is the royal prerogative of the divine nature within us to forgive sin, and that it is only in the realisation of this grace, and an extension of its principle, that "Peace on earth and goodwill toward men" can become a realised fact. This desirable and blessed condition must have its commencement in our individual consciousness, and it is to this phase we wish to direct brief attention.

Let us turn our thought to two principal aspects of the forgiveness of sin: (1) By whom sin is forgiven, and (2) The resultant issue of its realisation in the heart and conscience of the forgiven one.

The forgiveness of sins is presented to us by Jesus in the Gospels under two aspects, the *declaratory* and the *subjective*. In its declaratory aspect there is the outward affirmation of One who has "power to forgive sin," because He possesses the requisite spiritual insight. This may be accomplished by some Holy One speaking inwardly to the troubled conscience and thus bringing peace and rest, or outwardly by a word of power. The latter phase is symbolised in the Catholic Church by the Father Confessor, which office of the Church contains the germ of a great spiritual truth. Of course, in common with every other phase of truth, it has been subjected to degradation and abuse, but this we opine can in no way affect its validity, as will become apparent as we proceed.

To us, in the present paper, the *subjective* aspect is the all-important one, as the former can only be effective where the precedent conditions exist. It is the time and occasion of the soul's crisis within itself; the memorable stage in our spiritual evolution when the Higher Self within the man is gaining supremacy over the lower in the earlier phases of its development as a controlling power. I think that we may even affirm when we arrive at this stage, that in so far as we are able to apprehend the future, it is the central point in the evolution of the soul.

Let us for a moment contemplate the resultant issue of the forgiveness of sin, of this new power of forgiving love flooding the consciousness, erstwhile burdened and oppressed with the depressing sense of sin. It is the coming into activity of a new force in the soul, described by S. Paul as a "death unto sin and a new birth unto righteousness," a realisation of the power of the "first resurrection." In that glad hour we may say of the old "mind of the flesh" that it is dead, and our "life is hid with Christ in God," having come into the possession of the first fruits of our "spiritual body," whereby we are rejuvenated as a vehicle of the Spirit. It is a fulfilment in its brightest aspect of the text oft quoted as illustrative of the law of Karma: "Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap." Perhaps we have too exclusively thought of its application to "sowing to the flesh," and have omitted to give due weight or attention to the other side, "the sowing to the Spirit," and the reaping of life everlasting.

The spirit of forgiveness is the "law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus, which frees us from the law of sin and death". Forgiveness on the higher planes of the life of the Spirit is an integral part of the activities of the kârmic law—the coming down of love into law—a balancing, a compensatory "power making for righteousness." It is the emancipation of the human Spirit, giving freedom from sin's power over the soul. It is, according to its realised measure, the extinction of separateness and discord, and the bringer of the rhythmic sweetness of harmony, and the graces of humility, sympathy and compassion.

As stated in the article from which we have quoted, a practical realisation and application of the grace of forgiveness is necessary to the quick extinction of Karma. It may be expressed as the emancipation from sin, as the breaking asunder and putting aside of the bonds of the life of the flesh. Viewed in this light it is not an isolated act or experience, but a change of condition, an entrance into newness of life, a freedom from law by rising into the state of consciousness where the law becomes the rule of the life of the Spirit. Following on these lines we perceive that the essence of the doctrine of the forgiveness of sins is of far-reaching import; it is removed from the category of Church

dogmas, and becomes a living factor in the spiritual life of each human soul: a principle of his life which abides with him throughout the stages of his weary pilgrimage in matter, until the happy time arrives for his final emancipation. It is expressed by a Seer as: "The coming to that ground which is supernatural and supersensual, the being able to throw oneself into THAT where no creature dwelleth."

We have noted that the Catholic doctrine and practice of confession and absolution was doubtless intended, and, practised in purity, is well-fitted to impress the wide-reaching nature of the forgiveness of sins upon the penitent, and thus make it a living factor in his daily life. According to the measure of the self-revelation of the penitent would be the measure and extent of the accompanying forgiveness. In the normal growth of the soul a corresponding process will be continuous until its depths have been plumbed, and every cranny and corner reached by the Light, until purity is attained and the Master can perceive His image reflected therein.

It is not surprising, in the revolt from the crude and materialistic presentation of this great doctrine in dominant modern Christianity, that the forgiveness of sins should be almost denied a place in the divine economy by those who are imbued with a scientific view of the law of cause and effect, and of the certainty of the operation of the law in those realms of action of which we are cognisant. But as the higher law of love is seen to have its sphere of action also, and they are each in perfect accord as viewed from the higher standpoint of the law of love, we begin to perceive the necessity and the rightfulness of the large place the forgiveness of sin occupies in the life of the soul, and consequently in Christianity, as unfolded both in the actions and teachings of Jesus, of S. Paul, and all other New Testament writers, and especially in the Johannine Gospel and Epistles.

No one can read the early records of Christianity without perceiving that this great question of forgiveness occupied a very prominent place in the thought and discourse of the Christian teachers of the period, as it has also in those of all succeeding ages. The declaring of the forgiveness of sin in His (the Christ's) Name constitutes the central pivot of the Christian Gospel of

Salvation. It is so woven into the fibre and texture of all Christian thought and teaching that to relegate it to a secondary position is impossible; it is of too wide and far-reaching import for this to be done. This phase of divine and human activity, the forgiving and the acceptance of the remission of sin, must find its place of operation under the wide-reaching reign of kârmic law.

Perhaps we may be aided in arriving at a clearer conception by a consideration of the query: In what does sin consist? Let us view it in what we may think of as its subjective and objective aspects. By its subjective phase I mean that state of mental and emotional activity, whereby the individual sends forth into the mental and astral worlds vibrations in the form of thoughts and desires of an inharmonious character, which injure and corrupt, which produce in himself and others who are susceptible to their impact those impurities of mind and feeling we sum up as anger, hatred, lust, greed, etc., etc. By the objective aspect I mean all those words and actions which constitute the "offences" so rife in the world, producing untold human miseries and woes.

Forgiveness as a function must cover the entire ground, having relation not only to the objective, but also to the subjective aspects of sin. Or, to put it in another form, it is necessary that it cover sins of thought and emotion as they affect the subtle regions and forces of the subjective worlds of our mental and passional nature, as well as sins of word and act committed against personalities; otherwise there cannot be known the experience of emancipation and the resultant peace, the desired experience of the forgiven one. Sin being a concomitant of the dual aspect of nature, the action of forgiveness must also be dual, and be accompanied with cleansing power. These aspects of duality appear in the Christian doctrine of sins against God and our fellow man. These views represent a great fact in nature; they cover the entire ground of the offence against our common nature in the abstract, as well as against the individual in the concrete, both of which have to be covered or reconciled by the agency of forgiving love, ere union, harmony and peace are realised.

Forgiveness, when experienced, does not consist in a spasmodic emotional sensation, nor in its appropriation can we trample over law: it must accord with the eternal principles of right and justice; the equilibrium of the causative law must be maintained. There has been a long course of activity of thought, desire and action in a harmful direction, and the great problem of the soul is: In what way can satisfaction be rendered to the law, and where is the place of forgiveness?

In order to gain a clearer conception of what is involved in the doctrine, a brief but careful examination of the subject in the light of the early Christian documents may aid us. It is noteworthy that all the varied elements of early Christian teaching incorporated in the collection of books known as the New Testament contain and declare the doctrine of the forgiveness of sin in no uncertain voice. It is found in the discourses attributed to Jesus; in the early orthodox Church document, the Acts; it is a principal element in the Pauline and Johannine Epistles, the Alexandrine Epistle to the Hebrews and the Ebionite Epistle of James. We thus see that the forgiveness of sin is a prominent teaching of the New Testament, and its various aspects appear in each of the diverse sections of which it is composed.

In the reported discourses of Christ it is directly connected with the possession of the forgiving spirit: "If ye forgive not every one his brother his trespasses, neither will your heavenly Father forgive you your trespasses." Here it is expressly conditional upon the state of mind of the sinner, but the mode of its realisation is not stated. The common idea of the phrase "your heavenly Father" is that of an objective personality, who is, theologically speaking, "God the Father." Later Christian dogma is responsible for this idea of the "Father in Heaven"; we prefer to view it in its mystical aspect as the divine Love, not as concentrated in a separate individuality but as dwelling in the depths of our own being, as the Father of our Spirit, our Higher Self. Jesus does not say, "my heavenly Father," but "*your* heavenly Father": He who is ever with us in the interior depths of the soul as the central pivot of our conscious being. It is His forgiveness that is subjectively realised as we supply the required conditions. The substance of the desired

experience is wholly inward and spiritual; and apart from this testimony in the inner recesses of the soul, any outward declaratory manumission, from whatever source, is entirely illusive. Let us ever seek to hear and obey this inner voice; only as we do can we experience the enlightening of the eyes of our understanding, enabling us to see the realities of the life of the Spirit.

In Acts (v. 31, xiii. 38, and xxvi. 18), we have in the discourses attributed to Peter and Paul the doctrine of forgiveness as developed at an early period in the orthodox Church. On perusal it will be noted that the phase of the subject presented is entirely wanting in the teachings of Christ himself. Each of the above references contains a great general enunciation, and not a particular application to the individual. In Peter's discourse Jesus is stated to be raised up as a great "Princely Leader and Saviour, to give repentance unto Israel and remission of sins." In Paul's address to the Jews (chap. xiii.), faith in Jesus is declared to be a more excellent way for justification (the becoming or being made righteous) and forgiveness, than the law of Moses. In chap. xxvi. Paul is repeating the terms of his commission as a messenger of Christ. This commission is given him by direct revelation, wherein the glad message of forgiveness is extended to Gentiles. The careful reader will note that in these discourses the individualities of these Founders of the Church are merged in one, and their personalities and idiosyncrasies disappear. We are, in fact, listening to the voice of early orthodoxy, rather than to the historical Peter and Paul.

In the Johannine presentation the process of purification from sin and its forgiveness are identical. In 1 John, v. 6, the water and the blood are mystic symbols of purification and forgiveness, witnessed to by the indwelling Spirit; and the mystical Christ is the embodiment of the symbols, "the Spirit, the water and the blood." In Him these three aspects of the higher life of the Spirit are realised. The water and blood are represented as facets of the one Spirit, who is the mystic Christ in the soul.

It is remarkable that the agony in the garden of Gethsemane, and all expressions of personal suffering at the crucifixion, are passed over in silence by the author of the Gospel of John. The

Christ is superior to all suffering directly related to the personality. His thought is only for others. Again, only John relates that from His side the soldier's spear caused the issuing of water and blood, significant of the purifying power of the life of the Spirit, issuing from the pierced dead body of the flesh. It is, I believe, in the realms of mysticism as unfolded in these presentations, that we have the clearest intimations where to find the key to the doctrine of forgiveness.

It is the mystic Christ who forgives, as He is perfected within us through suffering. This is accomplished, firstly, in our own Gethsemane, followed by our bearing the sins and burdens, the pains and sorrows of others, and thus only can the forgiving Spirit flow forth from us in self-forgetting and self-sacrificing love. In this consists the living of the life of the Spirit in our sin-suffering brothers, and the fulfilment of the apostolic injunction, the keeping of the unity of the Spirit. The channels of forgiving love can only be opened through suffering, of which all the Christs of mankind are exemplars. Only as we in our measure become such can the mystery of the forgiveness flowing from the Cross of the Christ be known to us.

Thus we become partakers of the fellowship of His sufferings, and of the joy of His resurrection; the conflict and the suffering are primarily through our own particular flesh, and as the personal victory becomes assured the battle-field assumes larger proportions, and we begin to understand that "the water, the blood and the Spirit" are one—in all. The sin of separateness, the fountain-head of all sin, is perceived, and as victory over it is obtained, sin's effects pass away in the purifying process. The two aspects of sin referred to, the subjective and the objective, find their solution, and the question of sin is solved. The remission is symbolised by the blood, "the blood of the heart," the cleansing and purification by the water of the new life, and the outflow of forgiving grace by the Spirit of the Christ new born in the soul.

W. A. MAYERS.

THE EVOLUTION OF CONSCIOUSNESS

(CONTINUED FROM p. 119)

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE SPECIAL MECHANISM OF CONSCIOUSNESS

IN a very real sense the whole of the bodies of man form the mechanism of Consciousness, as organs for willing, thinking and acting; but the nervous apparatus may be called its special mechanism, as that whereby, in the physical body, it controls and directs all. Every cell in the body is composed of myriads of tiny lives, each with its own germinal Consciousness; each cell has its own dawning Consciousness, controlling and organising these; but the central ruling Consciousness which uses the whole body controls and organises it, in turn, and the mechanism in which it functions for this purpose is the nervous.

This nervous mechanism is the outcome of astral impulses, and Consciousness must be active on the astral plane before it can be constructed. Impulses set up by the Consciousness—*willing* to experience and vaguely endeavouring to give effect to this will—cause vibrations in etheric matter, and these vibrations, by the very nature of the matter,* become electric, magnetic, heat, and other energies. These are the masons which work under the impulse of the master-builder Consciousness. The impulse is from him; the execution is by them. The directive intelligence, which as yet he cannot furnish, is supplied by the Logic life in the Group-Soul, and by the Nature-Spirits working under the guidance, as already said, of the Shining Ones of the Third Elemental Kingdom.

We have then to understand that nervous matter is built up on the physical plane under impulses from the astral, the directly constructive forces being indeed physical but the guidance and the setting in motion of them being astral, *i.e.*, proceeding

* The tanmâtra and tattva of the plane, with its six sub-tanmâtras and sub-tattvas.

from Consciousness active on the astral plane. The life-energy, the Prâna, which flows in rosy waves, pulsing along the etheric matter in all nerves, not in their medullary sheaths but in their substance, comes down immediately from the astral plane; it is drawn from the great reservoir of life, the Logos, and is specialised on the astral plane and sent down thence into the nervous system, blending there with the magnetic, electrical, and other currents which form the purely physical Prâna, drawn from the same reservoir, but through the Sun, His physical body; close examination shows that the constituents of the Prâna of the mineral kingdom are fewer and less complex in arrangement than those of the Prâna in the higher vegetable kingdom, and this again less so than that in the animal and human, and this difference is due to the fact that the astral Prâna mingles in the latter and not in the former—to any perceptible degree, at least. After the formation of the causal body, this complexity of the Prâna circulating in the nervous systems of the physical body much increases, and it appears to become yet more enriched in the progress of human evolution. For as the Consciousness becomes active on the mental plane, the Prâna of that plane mingles also with the lower, and so on as the activity of Consciousness is carried on in higher regions.

In the *Secret Doctrine* H. P. Blavatsky speaks of this relation of Prâna to the nervous system. She quotes, and partly endorses, partly corrects, the view of "nervous ether," put forward by Dr. B. W. Richardson; the Sun-force is "the primal cause of all life on earth,"* and the Sun is "the store-house of vital force, which is the noumenon of electricity."† The "'nervous ether' is the lowest principle of the Primordial Essence which is Life. It is animal vitality diffused in all Nature, and acting according to the conditions it finds for its activity. It is not an 'animal product'; but the living animal, the living flower and plant, are its products."‡

On the physical plane this Prâna, this life-force, builds up all minerals, and is the controlling agent in the chemico-physiological changes in protoplasm, which lead to differentiation and the building of the various tissues of the bodies of plants, animals

* *Loc. cit.*, i. 577. † *Ibid.*, 579. ‡ *Ibid.*, 586.

and men. They shew its presence by the power of responding to stimuli, but for a time this power is not accompanied by distinct sentiency; Consciousness has not unfolded enough to feel pleasure and pain.

When the current of Prâna from the astral plane, with its attribute of sentiency, blends with that of the Prâna of the physical plane, it begins the building of a new arrangement of matter —the nervous. This nervous arrangement is fundamentally a cell, details as to which can be studied in any modern text-book dealing with the subject,* and the development consists of internal changes and of outgrowths of the matter of the cell, these outgrowths becoming sheathed in medullary matter and then appearing as threads or fibres. Every nervous system, however elaborate, consists of cells and their outgrowths, these outgrowths becoming more numerous, and forming ever multiplying connections between the cells, as Consciousness demands, for its expression, a more and more elaborated nervous system. This fundamental simplicity at the root of such complexity of details is found even in man, the possessor of the most highly evolved nervous organisation. The many millions of neural ganglia† in the brain and body are all produced by the end of the third month of ante-natal life, and their development consists in expansion and the outgrowth of their substance into fibres. This development in later life results from the activity of thought; as a man thinks strenuously and continuously, the thought-vibrations cause chemical activity, and the dendrons‡ shoot out from the cells, making connections and cross-connections in every direction, literal pathways along which Prâna pulsates—Prâna which is now composed of factors from the physical, astral and mental planes—and thought-vibrations travel.

Returning from this digression into the human kingdom, let us see how the building of the nervous system, by vibratory impulses from the astral, begins and is carried on. We find a

* Such as Schäfer's "Histology," in Quain's *Anatomy*, tenth edition. Halliburton's *Handbook of Physiology*,. 1901. Wilson's *The Cell in Development and Inheritance*.

† Groups of nerve cells.

‡ Nerve processes, or prolongations, or outgrowths, consisting of the matter of the cell enclosed in a medullary sheath.

minute group of nerve cells and tiny processes connecting them. This is formed by the action of a centre which has previously appeared in the astral body—of which something will presently be said—an aggregation of astral matter arranged to form a centre for receiving and responding to impulses from outside. From that astral centre vibrations pass into the etheric body, causing little etheric whirlpools which draw into themselves particles of denser physical matter, forming at last a nerve cell, and groups of nerve cells. These physical centres, receiving vibrations from the outer world, send impulses back to the astral centres, increasing their vibrations; thus the physical and the astral centres act and re-act on each other, and each becomes more complicated and more effective. As we pass up the animal kingdom, we find the physical nervous system constantly improving, and becoming a more and more dominant factor in the body, and this first-formed system becomes, in the vertebrates, the sympathetic system, controlling and energising the vital organs—the heart, the lungs, the digestive tract; beside it slowly developes the cerebro-spinal system, closely connected in its lower workings with the sympathetic, and becoming gradually more and more dominant, while it also becomes in its most important development the normal organ for the expression of the waking Consciousness. This cerebro-spinal system is built up by impulses originating in the mental, not in the astral plane, and is only indirectly related to the astral through the sympathetic system, built up from the astral. We shall see later the bearing of this on the astral sensitiveness of animals, and lowly-developed human beings, the disappearance of this sensitiveness with the development of intellect, and its reappearance in the higher human evolution.

The Astral or Desire Body

The evolution of the astral body must be studied in relation to the physical, for while it plays the part of a creator on the physical plane, as we have seen, its own further development largely depends on the impulses received through the very organism it has created. It does not, for a long time, enjoy an independent life of its own on its own plane, and the organisation of the astral body in relation to the physical is quite a different

matter, and much earlier in time, than its organisation in relation to the astral world. In the East they speak of the astral and mental vehicles of Consciousness, when acting in relation to the physical, as koṣhas, or sheaths, and use the term sharîra, or body, for a form capable of independent action in the visible and invisible worlds. This distinction may serve us here.

The astral sheath of the mineral is a mere cloud of appropriated astral matter, and does not shew any perceptible signs of organisation. The same is the case with most vegetables, but in some there seem to be certain indications of aggregations and lines, which, in the light of later evolution, appear to be the dawn of incipient organisation; and in some old forest trees distinct aggregations of astral matter are visible at certain points. In animals these aggregations become clearly marked and definite, forming centres in the astral sheath of a permanent and specialised kind.

These aggregations in the astral sheath are the beginnings of the centres which will build up the necessary organs in the physical body, and are not the often-named chakras, or wheels, which belong to the organisation of the astral *body*, and fit it for functioning on its own plane in connection with the mental sheath, as the lower part of the eastern Sûkshma Sharîra, or subtle body. The astral chakras are connected with the astral senses, so that a person in whom they are developed can see, hear, etc., on the astral plane; they lie far ahead of the point in evolution that we are considering, a point at which the perceptive powers of Consciousness have not yet any organ, even on the physical plane.

As these aggregations appear, the impulses of Consciousness on the astral plane, guided as before explained, play on the etheric double, forming the etheric whirlpools already mentioned, and corresponding centres thus arise in the astral sheath and physical body, the sympathetic system being thus built up. This system always remains thus directly connected with the astral centres, even after the cerebro-spinal system is evolved. But from the astral aggregations in the fore-part of the body, ten important centres are formed, which become connected with the brain through the sympathetic system, and gradually become the

dominant organs for the activities of the physical, or waking Consciousness—that is, that part of the Consciousness which functions normally through the cerebro-spinal system. Five out of the ten serve to receive special impressions from the outside world, are the centres through which Consciousness uses its perceptive powers; they are called in Sanskrit Jñanendriyas, literally "knowledge-senses," *i.e.*, senses, or sense-centres, by which knowledge is obtained. These set up, in the way before explained, five distinct etheric whirlpools, and thus construct five centres in the physical brain; these, in turn, severally shape and remain connected with their appropriate sense-organs. Thus arise the five sense-organs: the eyes, ears, tongue, nose, skin, specialised to receive impressions from the outer world, corresponding to the five perceptive powers of seeing, hearing, tasting, smelling, feeling. These are specialised ways in the lower worlds by which part of the perceptive ability of Consciousness, its power of receiving external contacts, is exercised. They belong to the lower worlds and to the grosser forms of matter which shut Consciousness in, and prevent it, thus enwrapped, from knowing other lives; they are openings in this dense veil of matter, permitting vibrations to enter in and reach the shrouded Consciousness.

The remaining five of these ten astral centres serve to convey vibrations from Consciousness to the outer world; they are the avenues outwards as the knowledge-senses are the avenues inwards; they are named Karmendriyas, literally action-senses, senses or sense-centres which cause action. These develope like the others, forming etheric whirlpools, which make the motor-centres in the physical brain; these, again, severally shape and remain connected with their appropriate motor-organs, hands, feet, larynx and organs of generation and excretion.

We have now an organised astral sheath, and the continual action and re-action between this and the physical body improve both, and these together act on the Consciousness and it re-acts on them, both again gaining by this mutual interaction. And, as we have already seen, these blind impulses of Consciousness are guided in their play upon matter by the Logic Life in the Group-Soul and by the Nature-Spirits. Always it is Life, Con-

sciousness, seeking to realise itself in matter, and matter responding in virtue of its own inherent qualities, vitalised by the action of the Third Logos.

Monadic Action

We may pause a few moments here to consider whether there is anything that can be properly termed Monadic Action—the action of the Monad on the Anupâdaka plane—at this stage. Of direct action there is none, nor can there be until the germinal spiritual Triad has reached a high stage of evolution; indirect action, that is action on the spiritual Triad, which in turn acts on the lower, there is continually. But for all practical purposes we may consider it as the action of the spiritual Triad, which, as we have seen, is the Monad veiled in matter denser than that of his native plane.

The spiritual Triad is drawing most of his energy, and all the directive capacity of that energy, from the Second Logos, bathed as he is in that stream of Life. What may be called his own special activity does not concern itself with all the shaping and building activity which we have been considering, but is directed to the evolution of the atom itself, in association with the Third Logos. This energy from the spiritual Triad confines itself to the atomic sub-planes, and until the fourth Round appears to spend itself chiefly on the permanent atoms. It is directed first to the shaping and then to the vivifying of the spirillæ which form the wall of the atom. The vortex, which is the atom, is the life of the Third Logos, but the wall of spirillæ is gradually formed on the external surface of this vortex by the life-energy flowing down from the spiritual Triad to the permanent atoms connected with him. These spirillæ are formed during the downward arc of the second Life-Wave, first in the permanent atoms and then gradually in the atoms temporarily connected with them. During the first Round of the terrene Chain, the first set of spirillæ of the physical plane atoms becomes vivified—after the seven sets are built in the permanent atoms—by the life of the Monad flowing from the spiritual Triad. This is the set of spirillæ used by the prânic currents affecting the dense part of the physical body. Similarly in the second Round the second set of spirillæ becomes

active, and herein play the prânic currents connected with the etheric double. During these two Rounds nothing can be found in connection with any form that can be called sensations of pleasure and pain. During the third Round the third set of spirillæ becomes vivified, and here first appears what is called sensibility; for through these spirillæ kâmic or desire energy can affect the physical body, the kâmic prâna can play in them, and thus bring the physical into direct communication with the astral. During the fourth Round the fourth set of spirillæ becomes vivified, and the kâma-mânasic prâna plays in them, and makes them fit to be used for the building of a brain which is to act as the instrument for thought.

A similar succession in the present, the fourth, Round marks the evolution of the kingdoms of Nature, the main characteristics of the previous Rounds being, as it were, repeated in the Root-Races, as the history of evolution wrought out during long ages is repeated during the embryonic life of each new body. During the existence of the first two human Races there were conditions of temperature which would render sensibility destructive of any life-manifestation, and those Races show no sensibility to pleasure and pain on the physical plane. In the third Race there is sensibility to violent impacts, causing coarse pleasures and pains, but only some of the senses are evolved, and these but to a low stage, as we shall presently see.

Now in the first two Races there are visible the beginnings of aggregations in the astral matter of the sheaths, and if these could connect themselves with appropriate physical matter there would be in the physical consciousness sensations of pleasure and pain. But the appropriate connections are lacking.

The spiritual Triad, at this stage of evolution, is so insensitive to vibrations from external matter that it is only when he receives the tremendous vibrations caused by impacts on the physical plane that he begins slowly to respond on the astral. Everything begins for him on the physical plane. He does not respond directly, but indirectly, through the mediation of the Logic life, and only as the primary physical apparatus is built up do the subtler impulses come through with sufficient force to cause pleasure and pain. The violent vibrations from the physical

plane cause corresponding vibrations on the astral, and he becomes dimly conscious of sensation.

The permanent atoms form the imperfect but only direct channel between the Consciousness manifesting as the spiritual Triad and the forms he is connected with. In the case of the higher animals these atoms are exceedingly active, and in the brief time between the physical lives considerable changes occur in these. As evolution goes on the increasing flow of life from the Group-Soul and through the permanent atoms, as well as the increasing complexity of the physical apparatus, rapidly augment the sensitiveness of the animal. There is comparatively little sensitiveness in the lower animal lives, and little in fishes, despite their cerebro-spinal system. As evolution proceeds the sense-centres continue to develop in the astral sheath, and in the higher animal these are well organised and the senses are acute. But with this acuteness there is brevity of sensations, and except with the highest animals little of the mental element mingles to lend increased and longer continued sensitiveness to sensation.

ANNIE BESANT.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

THE transference of Christianity from the region of history to the region of psychology is the great craving of our time. What we are trying to arrive at is the *eternal* Gospel. But before we can reach it, the comparative history and philosophy of religions must assign to Christianity its true place, and must judge it. The religion, too, which Jesus professed must be disentangled from the religion which has taken Jesus for its object. And when at last we are able to point out the state of consciousness which is the primitive cell, the principle of the eternal Gospel, we shall have reached our goal, for in it is the *punctum saliens* of pure religion. . . . Perhaps the extraordinary will take the place of the supernatural, and the great geniuses of the world will come to be regarded as the messengers of God in history, as the providential revealers through whom the Spirit of God works upon the human mass. What is perishing is not the admirable and the adorable; it is simply the arbitrary, the accidental, the miraculous. Just as the poor illuminations of a village *fête*, or the tapers of a procession, are put out by the great marvel of the sun, so the small local miracles, with their meanness and doubtfulness, will sink into insignificance beside the law of the world of spirits, the incomparable spectacle of human history, led by that all-powerful Dramaturgus, whom we call God.—AMIEL'S *Journal*, p. 148.

JOHN WENTWORTH'S VISION

In the royal forest where, more than eight hundred years ago, he who planted it lay dead; where, year by year, the oaks flush pink, wax green, and fade into a glorious death of russet brown and gold; where the perfumes of pine, of honied heather and ling, and pungent bog myrtle, fill the sweet air with a delight of the senses akin to pain, there, in that lovely land of dream and vision, dwelt a man who went through a phase of the soul whereby he learned, or thought he learned, certain truths to guide him towards the goal whereto he toiled; for he was one who had perceived a goal, and kept it steadfastly in mind.

There, moreover, he learned to perceive somewhat of the subtle workings of those unseen powers which link soul unto soul in the fashioning of the weft and warp of the garment of God. He learned that no man liveth nor dieth unto himself; he learned it, not as a mere lip phrase, but as a fact which should give all men pause in their doing, thinking, and saying, which should make them work out their salvation (not as it is usually understood, but in another and a wider sense) in great fear and trembling.

This man was named John Wentworth, and he was one whose desires and ambitions were so far removed from those of his fellows that he fell into the peril of thinking he possessed more, and dreaming of himself as of a thing apart from other men. From this fearsome habit of mind the man was saved in the early days of his folly; before temptation through the better, rather than the worser, part of his nature had led him down the road which leads to a wilderness of the soul, whence it is hard to come forth. He was rich; an only son. His mother, whose mind was at one with his on most matters, died when he was a very young man. His father, an obstinate, bad-tempered, eccentric individual, pensioned his old housekeeper three months after his

wife's death, and engaged another, a handsome, vulgar widow, with a son fourteen years old. In six months he married her, to the scandal of the whole neighbourhood. No one called on Mrs. Wentworth, and everyone pitied John Wentworth. He felt the slight to his mother's memory but he did not quarrel either with his father or his step-mother. He was a man who did not quarrel readily; he silently withdrew from the things and people he disliked.

Three years later his father was killed in the hunting field; the estate and the bulk of the income came to John Wentworth but £2,000 a year was left to the widow, to will as she pleased. John Wentworth discharged the new servants, pensioned the old, shut up his house, and let his estate become a paradise for the wild creatures of earth and air. No one wondered that he did not live there, since Mrs. Wentworth and her son were at the Dower House three miles off: she was a violent-tempered, coarse, querulous woman, uneducated and ill-bred. Her first husband, Philip Silver, drank himself to death; he died of *delirium tremens*, like his father before him, his grandfather, and his great-grandfather; the Silvers were a family of dipsomaniacs. The fact made it the more scandalous that Mr. Wentworth should allow £2,000 a year to drift out of the family into the hands of young Silver, who would probably follow in his father's footsteps.

People were entirely at fault with regard to John Wentworth's motives of action. At the time this tale begins he was a man thirty years of age; his father had been dead five years. A year before his death, John Wentworth, who was living in London, came under the influence of a great preacher, a man who preached the doctrine of that union of the soul with God, the possibility of which has been proclaimed by all mystics of every creed. Some people said this preacher was unorthodox; others said he preached the "higher Pantheism"; I, who record these things, am not sure what this means, but I am told that this was what he preached.

John Wentworth began to read many books, chiefly the works of Christian mystics, dealing with the subject of mystical union. At last he experienced a disgust of the external things and ordinary ambitions of life, which he believed to denote that

he had transcended all possible phases of desire and personal ambition. This happened in London, and it was there, on a hot, breathless, ill-odorous summer night, that he dreamed a dream which was, for him, epoch making, because it marked a definite stage in his life. He thought he hung—bodiless—pulsing with unspeakably keen life—in the blue-black hollowness of space; it was dim, awful, like a cloudless night sky bereft of stars. In that great dimness and isolation there dawned a single star, with rays that pierced all space and smote through and through his formless consciousness. He had no form he could perceive, whereby he might know himself. From the heart of the star sounded a voice, uttering words that seemed to speak a truth to him which he had known from the beginning of time: a truth near at hand, that had ever waited till this hour to be re-known of him. Even as he heard he woke, and the thing he had known he knew no longer; only the memory of vanished knowledge remained with him, an ever-torturing inner impulse goading him onwards.

Therefore he cast aside all the habits of his former life; he went away to the dim, quiet forest. There he bought a tiny hut wherein he might live all alone, and give himself wholly to the life of the soul. There he read and meditated, and gained, as he thought, some light and knowledge. He read books in many tongues, for he was a man of considerable capacity and some learning. He ate no flesh and he drank no wine; he reduced his wants to a minimum; he guarded himself from turbulent and evil influences; he told himself that he thirsted alone for the knowledge of God. He spent long hours in the shadow of the perfumed pines, wrapped in thought; sometimes his surroundings fused themselves dream-wise into his consciousness; he saw —unseeing—the golden lights and brown shadows on the pine needles, the red boles of the trees, the squirrels racing through the dusky green boughs that were framed about by the pale blue sky; sometimes it seemed to him that the rushing wind through the woods, the earth, the little crystal-clear, moss-circled pools, the scents, the trees, were truer expressions of himself than was his still, passive body. He fashioned of his lovely surroundings a means of subtler, more delicately sensuous perceptions than

any he had known, and lived therein; so doing, he thought he had transcended all personal desires of the soul. Wrapped in external peace he rejoiced, and believed he had found the peace of God which passeth all understanding.

Six years he lived thus, and his friends forgot him, save sometimes to say they heard he was in a lunatic asylum; indeed, to most people's methods of thinking he was in a mind-built lunatic asylum of his own fashioning.

One day there broke into this holy peace of John Wentworth's a disturbing element. It was a letter from his stepmother, if that can be called a letter which was a mere cry of agony. The woman was ignorant, narrow, foolish, but even as the fox or the hawk loves her young, so she. Her son, she wrote, was following in his father's footsteps; he had been drinking for six months; he would kill himself and break her heart; would John Wentworth come and speak to him, would he see what he could do? "I've never harmed you, Mr. Wentworth," said the letter, "save by marrying your poor papa; and if you think the money oughtn't to have been left so, indeed and in truth it wasn't my doing, and I'll make my Will any way you like, if you'll try to help my boy. Oh do, do come to me, Mr. Wentworth, do—I've no one but you." The letter was stained and smudged with tears. John Wentworth laid it down, knitted his brows, and tried to remember what money she meant. Then he began to perceive reasons why he should not go; the vision, for so he regarded it, that had come to him, had shown him a way for which few were ready. Surely it was better, even for the world at large, that his soul should expand to its greatest possibilities of power and illumination. Surely a man thus instructed in the night watches, must be (not, of course, in ultimate essence, but as a developing soul) of more importance in the general scheme of things than was this drunken young man, who was very probably learning life's lesson in the only way he could learn it, through degradation, through ultimate suffering. He had no authority over Phil Silver; no reason for supposing he had any influence over him: Silver was a mere accident in his life; chance had linked them.

He remembered him as a lad of sixteen, home for his holidays

when John Wentworth was home from college; a good-looking, ill-mannered, excitable boy, very rude and contemptuous to his mother, very much afraid of his step-father, disposed to make a hero of John Wentworth himself, a tendency in him which John had promptly, severely, and coldly snubbed; he must now be twenty-two years old or thereabouts.

John Wentworth wrote a very kind and admirable letter to the afflicted mother, and showed her such reasons as she could understand why he should not try to help her. They were very good reasons; not one of them could be undermined by argument; they were based on the purest common sense. Wentworth mentally commended Phil Silver to the active "reclaiming" philanthropist, and sealed his letter. He could not post it till the next day, he was four miles from a post office. He went out for a stroll just before the sun set.

He walked, on a rough cart track, over the open forest; a creaking waggon passed him laden with hewn oaks. Against the glowing sky were outlined the dark chanting pines, the 'cellos of the woods; before him stretched the moor, purple with heather, lavender with ling; little wind-twisted trees grew here and there. Away to the right was a long, shallow dip in the land, full of bronze-green bog myrtle; at the head of the dip was a stagnant peaty bog, about which the moss was vividly green; it was studded with tiny leaves, and spangled with little yellow and blue flowers; small, fluffy feathers were fluttering there, where a hawk had seized its prey, marking the spot of an unnoted tragedy of the woods. Oak woods skirted the open moor, and indigo mist shone about them like living light; a wood pigeon cut the air with swift blue-grey wings; a tiny shrew mouse darted across the track. To the right of the road was a barrow, where the body of a long-dead soldier lay at rest in the bosom of the Mother. The barrow was clothed with deep purple heather, and at the summit sat a man, an old naturalist, born and bred in the Forest. He was one of the few men to whom Wentworth talked; the old man lived so near to nature that he jarred on the most sensitive mood no more than she. Young rabbits were playing unconcernedly about him; but at the tread of John Wentworth, the conscious seeker and lover of the Universal Life, they flashed

fearfully away, and he could hear them stamping warnings to each other under his feet within their burrows.

"Good evening," said Wentworth, and he sat down beside the naturalist.

"Good evening," said the old man, smiling.

"There is a great peace in these woods," said Wentworth after a pause. "Only where there is the life of the animals that strive against each other, and in a still greater degree where there is human life, is there turbulence and restlessness."

"They strive for themselves," said the naturalist. "Needful striving, but destructive of the 'peace of the heart.' They choose their work and their play, and their lives, more or less; or at least they try and desire to choose them. Now the powers that control the woods and waters, that guide the laws of nature, are not working in separation, but interact to subserve the Will of God. So I think. Therefore there is peace."

"Powers?" said Wentworth, "You think these natural workings are controlled by living beings? Gods, in fact?"

"Gods—or Angels. Living conscious forces, certainly. I see no sign of aught save life and intelligence in the workings of nature."

"I fear," said Wentworth, "that I have thought of nature rather as a background ministering to my own mood."

"And you found her ready to minister," said the old man, smiling. "I cannot doubt, nay! I have seen and do know, that living, conscious, vigilant powers, commonly invisible, preside over the life of these places, so thinly peopled by man."

"*Commonly invisible.* Sometimes visible, then?"

"Well, Mr. Wentworth, I could support that statement."

"I am willing to believe," said Wentworth, "that nature discloses some of her inner workings to so constant a lover as you."

"Then I will tell you an incident I never told to any other. You see the bog yonder?"

"Yes."

"Two years ago last spring I was driving past here on a dark night. There had been much rain, and the peaty ground was spongy. I heard a horse neighing; and it seemed to me, for

I have learnt to note the different tones in the voices of animals, that the creature was in distress. But it was late, I was tired, and I pressed on. As I went I suddenly saw before me, some yards away, a strange light. You will say it was a will o' the wisp, Mr. Wentworth; but I know those lights that hover over marshy ground. This was a milky opalescent globe, with pale rosy pulsings in it; it flitted on before me, and turned to the right. I followed it; and heard the neighing of the horse grow nearer, and I heard the beat of its hoofs on the soft ground. The light stopped and vanished; just then the moon shone out from a break in the clouds; I saw I stood close to the bog; the horse was galloping on the verge."

"And I suppose the rider was in the bog," said Wentworth. "That is a very wonderful case of angelic intervention."

"No," said the old man. "The mare was a forest pony, her foal was in the bog; I had a rope with me in the cart, and I dragged the little fellow out, with some difficulty. He was very young—a little white-faced chestnut."

"That is extraordinary," said Wentworth musingly. "It does not seem sufficient cause."

"Well! I don't know. That argument will lead us very far afield. Can you judge the importance of a thing by its outward seeming?"

"I grant you it is difficult; and yet one must form judgments."

"Certainly, or one would never take any action at all. But what is 'sufficient cause' for effort of any kind? That which is very small viewed from one standpoint is great from another. At last we are driven to the paradox of asserting that all things are at once infinitely important and utterly unimportant."

"Unless, as some do, we see in the whole world a unity without separate parts, so that nothing can be either small or great. But intervention to save the life of an animal, when many a man is left to die unsaved, scarcely seems compatible with angelic wisdom and knowledge."

"There's another way of looking at that. You've to look at the matter from the 'angelic' standpoint; if you cannot do that you are arguing and reaching a conclusion upon insuffi-

cient data, aren't you? We know nothing beyond our own experience."

"That is true. And yet—the life or death of the foal of a forest pony!"

"And last week fifteen miners buried alive? Oh! you did not see that, I suppose. But you can't make your own judgment the ultimate test of all action."

"I come back again to this particular forest pony. Nature is generally utterly reckless of life."

"True! The general sweep of the law does seem to be indifferent, it is as though nature had another standard of measuring life and death from that which we use. Yet there is a certain frugality, a lack of waste, in her workings too. I sometimes think there should be in human life a mingled economy and prodigality; some economy of power, and a certain recklessness of form. If our standards differ from nature's, we must go by our own, not hers; perhaps some concessions are made to ours, when practicable, by the powers beyond. The distress of the mare was very real to her; do you only draw the anguish of a human mother within your circle of compassion, Mr. Wentworth?"

Wentworth turned, and glanced at the old man's face.

"It is odd you should have said that," he exclaimed.

"Why?"

"You have not been here for months, have you? I haven't seen you."

"No. Not very lately. I thought I'd walk this way to-night. I'd no special reason for it. Good-bye. The sun is setting."

The old man walked peacefully homewards down the smooth green alleys, through the darkening woods. John Wentworth went back to his hut and tore up his letter. The next day he walked to the nearest station, a knapsack strapped on his shoulders, and took the train to his old home. He went to the Dower House, and was shown into the presence of his stepmother. The poor woman was in great distress.

"It isn't that he gets drunk," she sobbed. "I wish he did, almost. He's like his father; he drinks and drinks anything he

can get hold of; his temper is like a madman. I sometimes think he'll murder me, or kill himself. Not that he's ever touched me so far; but the things he says to me——"

She stopped, listening in terror; someone was coming through the hall; the door opened and her son came in. John Wentworth had not seen him since he was a lad of seventeen; he was now twenty-two. He looked very ill, and his eyes were those of a maniac. He stared at his step-brother; he looked ashamed, defiant, sullen; blended with these emotions was a curious look of entreaty, as though he was silently pleading for something.

"Mr. Wentworth's just happened to come here on business, Phil," began the mother, nervously.

Then young Silver spoke.

"I suppose she wrote to you," he said. "*I'm* your business, am I not?"

"Yes," said Wentworth, "I came here on your account."

"And she took her oath she hadn't written!" said the young man, with so bitter and acid a contempt for his mother, that Wentworth felt a flash of indignation on her account. She burst into tears.

"I think," said Wentworth gently, "you'd better let us talk this over alone."

She rose, sobbing; Wentworth opened the door, and closed it after her.

"I take it for granted," he said, seating himself, "that you wish to give up this—this unfortunate habit of yours."

"Unfortunate habit is good!" said the other, grimly. "Yes, I do. It doesn't add to my comfort and happiness. But I am not going into some hell of a place, with a keeper tacked on to me."

"Who suggested that? I did not. But I think you ought not to live here with your mother. You should go away; and —not alone."

"With a cheerful companion?"

"Well," said John Wentworth, half laughing at the queer little phrase, "with a companion, certainly; and if you like what are called 'cheerful' people, with a cheerful one."

"A doctor, for example? There are plenty of young fellows

starting in life, who'd be quite glad of the berth of looking after a dipsomaniac if it were made worth their while."

"Quite so," said Wentworth; he thought the young man was rather shameless, but he attributed his lack of sensitiveness to his ill-breeding; he seemed to be sensible, and disposed to give very little trouble.

"And we could go—where?"

"To any place you like," said Wentworth, with kindly condescension, trying to gauge the probable tastes of an unfortunate drunkard of Phil Silver's position in society. "Some amusing place, I should think, such as ——"

"Margate?" said the other, drily, "or Southend?"

And then it dawned upon John Wentworth, who desired to search out the ultimate secrets of the Macrocosm, that he was making an ignominious failure in his attempts to understand the Microcosm—Phil Silver.

"I—I—" he said, helplessly, "I beg your pardon, Phil. I didn't see."

"Oh it doesn't matter," said the other with a groan, "it's bad enough we should prevent you from living in your home, without giving you this bother."

"You do not prevent me from living there."

"No? Why don't you, then?"

"Well, that would be rather a long story."

"You mean I shouldn't understand it."

"Perhaps you would," said Wentworth, feeling that this young man was too quick of perception to be comfortable company, "but if you would, then you are one in a thousand."

Phil Silver looked somewhat interested; he seemed to be about to ask a question, coloured, checked himself, and said, rather stiffly:

"At any rate I suppose you have come here because you dislike a fresh scandal in the place."

"I do not care a fig for all the scandals that ever kept the tongues of the brainless employed. At least, I do not regard the talk to which they give rise, however much I may regret them in themselves."

"Don't you? I wonder why you came here, then. Of

course this, and your father's marriage, and my very existence, are all unpleasant for you. But, see here! I haven't had such a very good time of it myself. My father died when I was a little chap of eleven. I remember his life and his death; I don't want mine to be like them; the dread lest they should be so has haunted me ever since, getting stronger and stronger as I grew to be a man. For the last three years, as I've lived here, quite idle, and practically alone (for I belong to no class in particular, and I've no friends), I've thought of nothing else."

"My dear Phil! that was very unwise."

"I daresay. When my mother went as housekeeper to your father I was put to board with an old woman, who only nagged at me; I did as I liked. Then your father married my mother, and I came to live at your home. One day I was rude to your father, and he packed me off to school, a lower middle-class school. My mother asked why he didn't send her son where he'd sent his own; he said he didn't want to take me out of my station, and my mother flew into a passion. Then he left £2,000 a 'year unconditionally to her, whereupon she told me I might 'live like a gentleman,' and never do a stroke of work. I said I wouldn't stay at school, I didn't like it; so I left, like a little fool, and came home with no one to control me. I came to wait till the devil that possessed my father got hold of me. See how it is with me! I've no work, no education; I belong to no class in particular; I've no place in the world. I have a horrible heredity. I've been worse than left to myself."

"I ought to have found out what was happening," murmured Wentworth, half inaudibly.

"Six months ago, the 'unfortunate habit,' as you call it, seized me. I knew it would come; but when I felt it coming I nearly went out of my mind. Now there is one person—one person only—who can save me, Mr. Wentworth, and that's *you*; take me back with you to that place where you live."

"Phil!"

"When first I met you, years ago, when you were a young man about my present age, and I a boy, I felt to you what I felt towards no one else. It was as though we had met before; of course, that was fancy, when and where could we have met? But I

felt as though we had been together; as though you had commanded me, and I had obeyed. You were like an anchorage to a drifting boat. I showed that queer feeling I had about you: it was rather hard to do it, because I was shy, and didn't like to show what I felt. You snubbed me. You snubbed me to such an extent, you hurt me so horribly, you flung me back on myself so completely, that I nearly hated you. Thinking of it now, remembering what you made me feel, what pain you gave me, I believe I *do* hate you. But you can save me if you will, and I entreat and implore you to do it. I must have very little pride to plead to you like this! But I can't help it—if you had seen my father die you would know why I plead."

"I think," said Wentworth, slowly, "that this is only a fancy."

"You won't do it? I knew you wouldn't! All right! Make any arrangements you like. It doesn't matter what you do Engage a keeper for me. Send me to a 'Home.' Do as you please. Only, for pity's sake, don't talk to me about it."

He walked to the window, and stood looking out, drumming on the pane.

Wentworth hesitated:

"Phil, my dear boy," he said, "the place I live in is very isolated; very dull ——"

"I know. It is a little bit of a thatched hut with woods behind it; green, misty-looking oak woods with bracken growing in them. In front there's a great purple moor, with bent trees, and to the right is a bog, where bog myrtle and cotton grass grow."

"Have you been there?" said Wentworth, startled.

"No," said the other in an odd, muffled whisper, "I haven't. But I saw you there a week ago."

"Saw me! When?"

"When I was asleep."

John Wentworth was so much surprised that words failed him. Nothing could have been more repugnant to him than to take Phil Silver to the perfumed mystery land where he sought so diligently the silent inner Way of the soul. It was a wild project; in all probability the unfortunate, over-wrought, half-

hysterical young man would weary of the place, would quarrel with him, and his "last state" would be worse than his "first." Now he was willing to be placed under proper medical treatment; he was willing to be guided by John Wentworth; if Wentworth took him away as he wished that influence might be lost. All reason and common-sense seemed to be against complying with his entreaty. And yet! Something deeper than reason, more compelling than common-sense, said: "Do this thing. Do it, at whatever cost to your own personal progress. Do it, and leave the result, whatever it may be, to the sweep of the all-compelling Law of Life. Once you refused to answer the appeal of this sad soul when it feebly and blindly reached forth towards you. Pay the penalty of your folly now."

He walked to the window, and laid his hands gently on his step-brother's shoulders.

"I am very sorry I snubbed you, Phil," he said. "I cannot say truthfully I did not mean to do it. I was younger then; in my loathsome selfishness I did mean it, and I gave myself good reasons for it. But I am very sorry now."

"Oh," said the other. "Don't! I didn't want you to say that."

"If you like to come back with me to-morrow, we'll try what we can do. I know you'll try, and I'll try too."

"Thank you," said Phil Silver, in a voice that was hardly audible. "I believe if I had thought you would do this for me I shouldn't have dared to ask you."

That night John Wentworth was once more visited by a dream. He thought he stood on the purple moor outside his hut and felt the sweep of the night wind, sweet with the scent of earth and pines. And he saw the light, with rose-pink pulsings in it, glide over the moor before him, wherefore he followed it to the edge of the bog. In the bog was Phil Silver, struggling hard, his face twisted with pain and fear; John Wentworth stretched forth his hand to him from where he stood, but he was too far above the bog to reach him. He put one foot down on the bog surface; ere he put the other there he feared lest he too should sink; even as he feared he did sink a little, and was nigh to springing back. Then the man in the bog wailed in agony, and

John Wentworth, heeding only the cry of pain, leaped down beside him, and clasped his hand. Lo! he stood upon the bog as though on firm ground, and began to draw Phil to land. As he drew him the face of the man he sought to save, changed. It was now Phil's face, and now that of John Wentworth himself; so that he seemed to be drawing not Phil, but himself, to surer ground. At last they stepped on the heather above the bog; and then he saw that which he held was not Phil, but was in the likeness of a shining child; above the head of the child hung the star he had seen shining in the blue-black void, and it shone into his very heart.

On the following night John Wentworth sat upon the purple barrow, and watched the sky glow with the light of the vanished sun. He was not alone, beside him was Phil Silver, who lay on the earth; the purple waves of the honied heather hid his face. John Wentworth spoke to him:

"Why did you say you had seen me here?"

"I did," said a voice from the heather. "I dreamed I was sunk in that bog, and you stood on the ground above me. I knew it was you, though you were older than when I last saw you, and your face was changed. You came down beside me and helped me out; when we were on dry ground, I saw it was not you who had helped me, but a child with light all about him, and above his head there was a star."

John Wentworth did not answer; he was learning, during his silence, the value of humility, and the danger in which the saint stands when he believes the sun to shine chiefly for the just and wise.

MICHAEL WOOD.

HOLD your purpose and your ideals clearly and steadily before you. Desiring truth, you shall surely have it; intending righteousness, you shall surely so perform, though all things seem to conspire against you. In time of confusion and difficulty, rest upon that and you may then, unshaken, see no agreement, no light ahead.—*From an unpublished MS.*

ROMULUS: THE MAN AND THE MYTH

An Astronomical Enquiry

It is the popular custom to regard the legendary account of Romulus and Remus as inseparable from the astronomical myth of Castor and Pollux, the wolf-fostered Gemini of the Zodiac. Upon closer enquiry into the records of pre-Christian writers, however, it would appear that there are a number of well-established data from which it is possible to derive some facts of the highest historical value.

Dionysius of Halicarnassus, who wrote in the first century of the present era, has the following note concerning the birth of Romulus in his book of Roman Antiquities: "Many relate the myth of the disappearance of the Sun, when the heavens were covered with darkness."

Plutarch, in his *Life of Romulus*, goes further and gives explicit data which are capable of verification. He says: "It is reported that the day on which Romulus founded the City fell exactly on the 30th of the month, and that there was on the same day a conjunction of the Sun and Moon, being an eclipse, in the third year of the sixth Olympiad."

The Olympiad being a period of four years, the given date would fall on the thirtieth of the month in the twenty-third year of the Olympiads, which began in the secular year B.C. 776, corresponding to the astronomical year B.C. 775, as we know from a concurrence of various authorities. The founding, therefore, would be in the year B.C. 753, or astronomically B.C. 752. Plutarch follows the Greek calendar, which began the year at the New Moon nearest the Summer Solstice, and it has been found that there was an eclipse of the Sun on the 6th July, B.C. 752, in the eighth degree of Cancer, visible at Rome. As this was the lunation nearest to the Solstice, it may be regarded as

that referred to by Plutarch. Indeed it has hitherto been so accepted on the authority of Petavius, who found it to have been "about four digits" in magnitude, the diameter of the disc being taken as twelve digits. By calculation, however, I find it to have been barely three and a half digits, and to have occurred at one hour and thirty-five minutes before sunset at Rome. The comparative insignificance of the phenomenon led me to examine more closely the statement of Dionysius, that "the founding of Rome took place in the first year of the seventh Olympiad," an epoch which is quoted by most writers on this subject. It is true there was an eclipse of the Sun on the 26th May in the year B.C. 752, but it was not visible at Rome. In the following year, however, there was a lunation in the eighteenth degree of the sign Taurus, the Node being in seventeen degrees forty-eight minutes of the same sign, and the obscuration was therefore *total*. By calculation I find the time of ecliptic conjunction to have been fifty-two minutes after noon at Rome, and the eclipse would, under these conditions, be visible all over Europe. This gives the date 15th May (O.S.) in the year B.C. 751, being the tenth month of the fourth year of the sixth Olympiad. Brande states that the founding was in "the tenth month of the third year of the sixth Olympiad," but as he uniformly takes the beginning of the Olympiads one year earlier than the astronomical, there is here a point of agreement which is of considerable importance.

Eratosthenes says: "From the first Olympiad to the founding of Rome are twenty-four years," and if from B.C. 775 we take twenty-four years we have B.C. 751 as the date of the event. This date, the 15th May, B.C. 751, has not to my knowledge been cited by any author as that of the founding of Rome. Yet, not only does it harmonise the statement of Dionysius with those of Varro, Eratosthenes and Plutarch, but it is singular in affording the astronomical fact by which alone the epoch can be verified. The obscuration at Rome must have been considerable and probably total to have lived in tradition to the time of Varro, Cicero and others of the first century before the Christian Era, and the small eclipse of the 6th July, B.C. 753, as cited by Petavius, cannot be regarded in the same category with the total eclipse of

the 15th May, B.C. 751, which I consider from every point to be in line with the facts.

By a similar occurrence, an eclipse of the Sun, we are able to accurately determine the date of the birth of Romulus from statements made by Varro and quoted by Plutarch. The latter informs us that Tarutius Firmanus, the mathematician, was employed by his friend Varro to determine the date of the birth of Romulus from certain data at his disposal. The conclusion to which Tarutius came was that the Founder of the Eternal City was born on the twenty-fourth day of the month Thoth, at sunrise, having been conceived by his mother in "the first year of the second Olympiad, on the twenty-third day of the month Khoiak, in the third hour, when the Sun was eclipsed."

The "first year of the second Olympiad" was B.C. 771, astronomically. "The twenty-third day of the month Khoiak" requires careful expression in terms of our calendar. The Egyptian year had twelve months of thirty days each, the year being completed by the Epagomene of five days. The first month of the year was Thoth, and in the year B.C. 771 the first day of this month fell on March 4th, which was therefore the first day of the year at that period. The months followed on: Thoth, Paophi, Athyr, each of thirty days, and the twenty-third of the next month Khoiak would thus be the 113th day of the year. Counting these days from the 4th March, we have the 24th of June as the day on which, according to Tarutius, Romulus was conceived.

Now it is gratifying in the extreme to find by calculation that there was a conjunction of the Sun and Moon on that date in the year B.C. 771, and also that it formed an eclipse of the Sun, but *not total* as calculated by the friend of Varro. The conjunction fell in the twenty-sixth degree of the sign Gemini, but as the Node was then in the thirteenth degree, the Moon would have one degree and seven minutes of latitude, and consequently only about one-fourth of the Sun's disc would be obscured. The Moon's latitude being South the shadow would fall in extreme northern latitudes, certainly not further South than Stockholm. It is therefore evident that the traditional darkness at the conception of Romulus is the result of historians having followed Varro on the authority of Tarutius, whose calculations were at fault.

By taking this putative epoch as that of the conception of Romulus, we shall find the birth to have occurred about the 24th Thoth in the following year, B.C. 770. In this year the 1st of Thoth fell again on the 4th March, and the 24th Thoth at sunrise would therefore fall on the 27th March. This date was that of the Vernal Equinox, the Sun at its rising at Rome being in twenty-nine degrees and seventeen minutes of Pisces, so that the Equinox would fall about midnight of that date.

Beyond the partial eclipse of the 23rd Khoiak in the preceding year, there is no evidence for this being the date of the birth of Romulus, but in accepting the year B.C. 770 as correct, we shall continue in agreement with other data in the recorded life. Thus Dionysius says: "The Sun was totally eclipsed at his death and the darkness was as great as that of night." He does not cite the year, but he says the event took place "in the fifty-fifth year of his age and the thirty-seventh of his reign."

If from B.C. 770 we take fifty-five years we have B.C. 715 for the death; or if we take thirty-six years from B.C. 751 we have again B.C. 715, and by calculation I find there was a total eclipse of the Sun on the 6th June in the seventh degree of Gemini, at five minutes past ten in the morning at Rome, the Sun being only two degrees forty-seven minutes from the Node, the Moon's latitude being 0.11 South.

Thus we have now a set of chronological dates certified by celestial phenomena which render them worthy of the highest consideration by historians.

1. The putative conception of Romulus, 24th June, B.C. 771, during a partial eclipse of the Sun at the Solstice.

2. The birth of Romulus, 27th March, B.C. 770, at sunrise, being the day of the Vernal Equinox.

3. The founding of Rome, 15th May, B.C. 751, the Sun being totally eclipsed at 12.52 p.m. in Taurus eighteen degrees.

4. The death of Romulus, on the 6th June, B.C. 715, during a total eclipse of the Sun at 10.5 a.m. in Gemini seven degrees.

All the above years are astronomical, being one less than the common era, and the day of the month in each case is Old Style.

It is undoubtedly the fact that writers of the second century B.C. regarded Romulus, the founder of the City of the Hills, as

a historical person, who was conceived, was born, and died like any ordinary mortal. Whatever of myth attaches to the records of this historical figure must be taken as due to the ancient practice of naming stars in honour of great men, or of associating the names of such men with well-known constellations. It is in all respects similar to the canonisation of Saints in the Roman Church, by which the name is affixed to a particular date of the calendar *in perpetuo*, only it has the advantage of remaining undisturbed by revolutions, reformations, and similar changes, incident to political and ecclesiastical institutions.

Romulus and Remus were twins, and the constellation of the Gemini, already defined by more ancient observations, afforded two conspicuous stars, Castor and Pollux, which served well for the palladium of the twin-born sons of Alba.

But by this association of Romulus and Remus with the Dioscuri of the Greeks it was inevitable that the mythology attaching to the constellation of Gemini would in time become popularly superposed and "read into" the lives of the twin brothers. Consequently we find it stated in the traditions that Romulus and his brother were suckled by a wolf. The Theban zodiac contains the figure of Anubis, the wolf-headed man, associated with the sign Gemini. This deity corresponds to Hermes of the Greek and Mercury of the Roman mythology, and was familiarly known to the Egyptians as the "Awakener." In the Hebrew records he finds his parallel in Simeon, who with his twin brother Levi was connected with this sign of the zodiac. Thus we find in the prophetic blessing of Jacob: "Simeon and Levi are a twin. Instruments of cruelty are in their hands . . . for in their anger they slew a man, and in their self-will they digged down a wall."

This reference to the instruments of cruelty is evidently taken from the hieroglyphic representation of the Gemini, which shows them armed with a spear and a club, like Gog and Magog, the mythic patrons of the City of London; and according to Sir Elias Ashmole the astrology of the famous William Lilly determined Gemini to be the "ruling sign" of London. There can be little doubt that the Hebrew record was in existence long before the birth of Romulus and Remus, and in this reference to

the mythology of the sign Gemini we have the foundation of some portion of the traditions of Rome. Thus, it is recorded that Romulus "overthrew the walls" of his brother on the Aventine and then slew him, and on account of his fighting proclivities he was called a Son of Mars. His mythical mother was Rhea Silvia, which may be identified as the Eridanus of the sign Gemini.

The difficulty in all these cases is to disengage the man from the myth, but in regard to Romulus I think that we have evidence of the existence of the myth long before it could be applied to the twin brothers of the *Ager Romanus*. In knowledge of the fact that the Greeks did so "exalt their heroes to the skies" and that the Romans followed their example, there is no reason to suppose either that all the heroes of ancient history are astronomical myths, or that the mythos is the real foundation of all ancient history. The myth of Gemini does not account for the building of Rome; the solar myth does not account for the sixteen years of history in which Samson judged Israel, though the name is a purely solar one; neither will the central figure of the solar system stand for the Christ, nor account for the facts of Christianity, any more than the twelve signs of the zodiac will suffice for the twelve Apostles.

The history of the human race is already written from the beginning. "The future is only the past unfolded." The evolution and specialisation of human faculty, the conquest of matter by mind, of passion by reason, of the bestial by the human, are things as certain as the rising of the Sun. And in every age the drama is enacted, so that history becomes only a matter of time and place—in great and little the incident is practically the same. Here and there a hero appears, a "bright particular star," the man of the age. There is an analogy, not to be denied, between the history of such a man and the mythos of some star. The science which enables us to trace these analogies is therefore the key both to history and to prophecy.

WALTER GORN OLD.

IN THE TALMUD'S OUTER COURT

PERHAPS some of my readers will think that I have already devoted too much space to the Talmud and its history, and that it is high time for me to tell them plainly what this chaos of Jewish tradition has to say about Jesus, and so have done with the matter. But when I remember my own erroneous impressions many years ago on first coming across statements (shorn of their context and environment) which confidently affirmed that the Talmud declared that Jesus had lived a century earlier than the date assigned to him by the evangelists, and that instead of his being crucified in Jerusalem he was stoned at Lud, I feel that it is absolutely necessary first of all to give the unlearned reader some rough notion of the genesis and history of our sources of information, and that instead of having to plead excuse for the space I have devoted to preliminaries, I have rather to apologise for the brevity and roughness of the foregoing two papers, and to append some additional introductory indications before the general reader can be furnished with the most elementary equipment for approaching the consideration of the passages themselves with any profit.

Indeed the whole subject bristles with such disheartening difficulties on all sides that I have been frequently tempted to abandon the task, and have only been sustained by the thought that my sole reason for taking pen in hand was simply to point out some of the more salient difficulties, and to exclude from the outset any expectations of a more ambitious performance. And not only are the difficulties connected with questions of history and of fact disheartening, but the whole subject is, as we have seen, involved in an atmosphere of such a painful nature that one would gladly escape from it and leave the dead to bury their dead. But the past is ever present with the eternal soul, and the dead come back to life, and there is no rest till we can forgive, not when we have temporarily forgotten but while we still remember.

We write not to fan into fresh flame the smouldering fires of ancient hate, but with far fairer hopes. The times have changed, and older souls have come to birth than those who raged so wildly in the Early and the Middle Ages, and there are wiser minds to-day than those unyielding formalists on either side who shut the freer life of greater things out of the synagogues of Jewry and from out the Catholic churches of the Christian Name. For man is man though he be Jew or Christian, mind is mind though it give praise to Yahweh or worship to the Christ, and there is growth for every soul in its own way by virtue of its special guide and code of ancient lore. But sure as destiny a day will dawn when every soul will reach to manhood and begin to learn the way of greater things, and once a soul sets foot upon this way passions fall off from it, and it can gaze into the face of history unmoved, and recognise her features even in the strange distortions of the passion-mirrors of the days gone by.

And many are already fast nearing the birthday of their manhood, for there is little doubt but that the love of impartial investigation, which is ever more strongly characterising every department of learning in our own day, is paving the way towards a new era of thought and comprehension, in which the values assigned by the past to many things will be entirely changed; particulars will no more be throned above universals, nor will the temporal thoughts of men rank higher than the ever-present Thought of God. But from this fair hope of order to return to the puzzling records of a disordered past.

The Talmud, then, is a vast store-house of Jewish Midrashim collected at various dates between 100-500 A.D. It consists of a generally older deposit called the Mishna and of additional strata known as the Gemāra or completion—to use technical terms for the sake of brevity. And indeed it is almost impossible to translate them correctly,* for such words as Talmud, Mishna and Midrash in the first instance signify simply "study" in a general sense, then some special study or some special method of study, and then again the works which have grown out of such general study or special methods. Midrashim are thus in general

* See Strack's *Einleitung*, §. 2, "Wörterklärungen."

explanations or amplifications of Biblical topics, and the Talmud is a heterogeneous collection of Midrashim of every kind.

The result of this study of the Law has been handed down in two forms and three languages. Both forms contain the same Mishna in Hebrew (the classical Biblical language of the Rabbis), while the two Gemaras are composed in the unstable Aramaic vernacular of the times, and in two widely differing dialects, the Western or Palestinian and the Eastern or Babylonian, the former of which especially was an odd mixture of Greek, Aramaic, Latin, Syriac, and Hebrew. These two forms of the Talmud have for long been commonly known as the Jerusalem and Babylonian (Talmud Jeruschalmi and Talmud Babli); but the former designation is very erroneous, for Jerusalem was never a centre of Talmudic activity, and the epithet Palestinian is to be preferred as more correct even than the oldest known titles of this collection, namely Talmud of the Land of Israel or Talmud of the West.

The Babylonian collection is at least four times the size of the Palestinian, and though the latter may have originally contained more matter than it does in its present form, the difference is mainly owing to the fact that the Rabbis of the West were content to give the opinions of their predecessors without the detailed discussions on which they were supposed to have based their decisions; whereas the Babylonian Talmud frequently has entire folios filled with what the modern mind can only consider childish questions and answers, which show nothing else than how the texts of the Torah could be twisted out of all recognition to support later special points of view which the original writers of the verses had clearly never dreamed of.*

Some idea of the voluminous nature of the Talmud may be formed when it is stated that the text of the Babylonian collection alone, in the *editio princeps* of 1520, the model which has been mostly followed as far as form is concerned, occupies no less than twelve huge folio volumes, consisting of 2,947 folio leaves and 5,894 pages.†

* See Schwab (M.), *Traité des Berakhoth du Talmud de Jérusalem* (Paris; 1871), Introd., p. lxxvi. This is the opinion of a distinguished French Rabbi, who has given the world the only complete translation of the Palestinian Talmud which exists, and not of a Philistine.

† Hershon (P. I.), *A Talmudic Miscellany* (London; 1880), Introd. (by W. R. Brown), p. xvi.

In both Talmuds the Mishna* is broken up into six Orders or Sections (Sedārim), known as "The Six" *par excellence*, just as the Torah proper was called "The Five" or "The Five Fifths." These Orders are again sub-divided into 63 tractates or treatises, and these again into 523 chapters or paragraphs.

The Mishna text stands surrounded by the Gemara text in unpointed Hebrew characters, a mystery often to those initiated into a knowledge of Hebrew. For indeed it is not only the voluminous nature of the material,† and the wilderness of an unpointed text, which are the only difficulties to be surmounted by the first-hand student of the Talmud, but in addition he has to be an adept in solving the countless puzzles of Rabbinic abbreviations, mnemonic technicalities, and ungrammatical forms, and to be further not only master of three different languages, but equipped with a philological intuition that few even of the most learned in this age of learning can be expected to possess.

It is not then surprising to find that as yet we have no complete translation of the Talmud. We have no Talmudic Vulgate, no Authorised Version, much less a Revised Version. Even in that magnificent pioneer series of world-bibles, "The Sacred Books of the East," though we have versions of most complex Brâhmanical law-books, we fail to find a single tractate of the Talmud translated. And this is to be regretted, not only because the Talmud as a whole is as yet a closed book to the non-specialist, but because a translation into the vernacular would for ever revolutionise the ideas of the ignorant among the Jews, who imagine that the Talmud is a storehouse of wisdom from its first to its last syllable.

The non-specialist, therefore, has to be content with translations of portions only of this library of Jewish tradition, for the most part with versions of single tractates, and even so he has to depend almost solely on work done by Jews or converted

* It is a mistake to call the Mishna "text" and the Gemara "commentary," as is so often done, for though in printed form the Mishna stands out in bolder type, surrounded by the Gemara, the latter is not a commentary but a completion or appendix of additional matter.

† Even of the canonical Talmud alone, for there is a large number of extra-canonical tractates as well to be taken into account. See Strack's *Einleitung*, ch. iv., "Die ausserkanonischen Tractate," pp. 44-46.

Jews, for in the whole list of Talmud tractate translations the names of only five Christians born are to be found.*

What we want is a scientific translation of the Talmud, for, to summarise Bischoff, how few theological students know anything of this great literature, how few Christian scholars have really worked through a single complete tractate! How few Jews even, at any rate of German birth,† have any longer any profound knowledge of the Talmud!

The only real Talmudists‡ now-a-days are to be found in Russia, Galicia, Hungary, and Bohemia, and even so the work of the younger generation presents us with a picture of complete degeneracy and decline. It is true that in recent years there has been some small activity in Talmud study, partly in the interest of Jewish missions on the side of Christian theologians, partly in the interest either of anti-semitism on the one hand or of Jewish apologetics on the other, but in no case in the interest of pure scientific enquiry for the furtherance of our knowledge of the history of culture, religion and language. Moreover, owing to the difficulty of original study the non-specialist§ has to depend entirely on translations, and as we have no immediate expectation of a complete translation of the Babylonian Talmud, and the French translation of the Palestinian Talmud leaves much to be desired, he has to be content with piecing together a patchwork of translation of single tractates, some of which even the best furnished libraries fail to supply.‖

And if such difficulties confront the non-specialist who is keenly desirous of learning all he can about the Talmud, and is willing to take an infinity of pains in the matter, the general reader has to be content with such a very distant glimpse of the country as to remain ignorant of all but its most salient features. Moreover, even with regard to the material available the student finds himself severely handicapped, for he can form no just

* See Bischoff (E.), *Kritische Geschichte der Thalmud-Übersetzungen aller Zeiten und Zungen* (Frankfort a. M.; 1899), p. 85.

† And in England real Talmudic scholars will not exhaust the fingers for their counting.

‡ Of the old school, of course, not scientific students of ancient scripture and literature.

§ Who, as a rule, has the more open mind.

‖ Cf. Bischoff, *op. cit.*, pp. 9, 10.

opinion as to its value and must rely entirely on the opinion of experts to guide him in his choice of the best sources of information. Thus before I came across Bischoff's very useful history of existing Talmud translations I had already acquainted myself with the only complete version of the Palestinian Talmud and the work in progress on the Babylonian Talmud, but could of course form no opinion as to the accuracy and reliability of these translations.

Of the Palestinian Talmud, then, we possess a complete French version by Moïse Schwab;* it is rendered into readable French and is generally clear, but Bischoff tells us† that it is a free translation, and in many passages open to objection.

With regard to the translations of the Babylonian Talmud which are in progress, lovers of accuracy are in a still worse plight. Rodkinson's English version‡ puts the mediæval censorship to the blush, proceeding as it does on lines of the most arbitrary bowdlerisation in the interest of apologetic "purification." In his Introduction, most of which is taken directly from Deutsch's famous article, Rodkinson sets forth his scheme as follows:

"Throughout the ages there have been added to the text marginal notes, explanatory words, whole phrases and sentences invented in malice or ignorance by its enemies or by its friends. . . . We have, therefore, carefully punctuated the Hebrew text with modern punctuation marks, and have re-edited it by omitting all such irrelevant matter as interrupted the clear and orderly arrangement of the various arguments. . . . We continue our labours in the full and certain hope that 'he who comes to purify receives divine help'" !§

In Goldschmidt's German translation‖ I thought I had at last come across a serious and reliable guide, but Bischoff for ever removes this confidence by telling us that seldom has scientific

* *Le Talmud de Jérusalem* (Paris; 1871-1889).

† *Op. cit.*, p. 57.

‡ *New Edition of the Babylonian Talmud: English Translation* and *Original Text, edited, formulated and punctuated* by Michael L. Rodkinson (Cincinnati; 1896, in progress).

§ *Op. cit.*, pp. xii, xiii.

‖ *Der babylonische Talmud . . . moeglichst wortgetreu uebersetzst und mit kurzen Erklaerungen versehen*, von Lazarus Goldschmidt (Berlin; 1896, in progress).

criticism been so unanimous in its condemnation of not only the untrustworthy nature of Goldschmidt's text, but also of the superabundant errors and the obscure and false German of his translation.*

Even more reprehensible than Rodkinson's pious attempt at edification is the literary jest of a certain Jean de Parly,† who instead of a translation gives us little more than a summary of the arguments of the various tractates. As he says in his Introduction (p. xvi.): "What I have suppressed in the translation is, in the first place, all those sterile controversies and discussions given in the original under the form of question and answer, and in the second the biblical verses cited in the text;"—in brief he gives us the ghastly corpse of a mutilated and disembowelled Talmud.

Indeed, as we read of the many abortive attempts to make the Talmud in its full contents known to the world, we are almost tempted to believe that any such undertaking lies under a persistent curse. Some have begun the task, and either abandoned it or died before its accomplishment; others have emasculated the original out of all recognition; all have failed.

We are thus without any really reliable translation of the Talmud as a whole, and the task we have undertaken in this present essay would have been utterly impossible of accomplishment but for the fortunate circumstance that the text of the very passages we specially desire to study has been recently critically edited and fairly translated; but of this later on. It is only necessary to add here that Bischoff's learned monograph gives a critical bibliography of all existing translations, and that Strack's "classical" *Einleitung*, as Bischoff calls it (p. 10), to which we have already referred on several occasions, in its third edition (1900), gives a full bibliography up to date of the general literature of the subject. Strack's Introduction, it is true, gives us only an anatomical study of the Talmud, the articulation of its bare bones alone, but it is, nevertheless, a monument of patient industry and research.

* *Op. cit.*, p. 62.

† *Le Talmud de Babylone, Texte complet . . . accompagné des principaux Commentaires et synthétiquement traduit*, par Jean de Parly (Orléans; 1900).

So much, then, for a very brief indication of the literature of the subject and the nature of the initial difficulties which confront a student of the Talmud; but these initial difficulties are as nothing to the internal difficulties which perplex the historical investigator. For the most part the only indications of time in the Talmud are that certain things are stated to have been done or said by such and such a Rabbi, and not unfrequently we find that the Rabbi in question could not possibly have said or done the things attributed to him.

Nor will the traditional dates of the completion of the Mishna and the various redactions of the two Gemaras help us to any general certainty, so that we can say confidently that as such and such a thing is not found in the Mishna it must therefore be later than 200 A.D., or again that as such and such a thing is found only in the Babylonian Gemara, it evidently must be a late invention, for the first Talmud schools in Babylon were founded only about 200 A.D. There must have been wide overlappings, and part of the Haggadic material of the Palestinian Gemara must have been in existence long prior to the completion of the Mishna, which concerned itself more especially with Halacha, while the Babylonian schools derived their tradition in the first place immediately from the Palestinian.

In any case since the Talmud itself shows such great contempt for history, or rather let us say since it seems to be utterly deficient in the historical sense, it is incumbent upon us first of all to establish from outside sources the earliest date we can for the existence of hostile Jewish stories concerning Jesus; otherwise it might be argued that the Talmud stories were almost entirely invented by later Babylonian Rabbis and had no currency in Palestine and other lands where the "historical facts" were known.

G. R. S. MEAD.

THE kingdom of God belongs not to the most enlightened but to the best; and the best man is the most unselfish man. Humble, constant, voluntary self-sacrifice—this is what constitutes the true dignity of man. And therefore it is written, "The last shall be first." Society rests upon conscience and not upon science. Civilisation is first and foremost a moral thing.—AMIEL'S *Journal*, p. 177.

IN THE DAYS OF CUCHULAIN

The star that is to shine for ever upon the forehead of the Gael

ACTING up to that strange instinct of humankind for ever beholding on the brows of the past the seal of all things desirable with which it invests the vision of the future, we of modern time are apt to regard the present as something extremely commonplace, shorn of splendour, and devoid of that heroic beauty which stamps the ideal. Ever that ideal unrealised in earthly lineament eludes us, until it would seem that in the ever-unfolding Beyond itself is the jewel of Heart's Desire.

Nothing can be more interesting, more indicative of the great Presences thronging the inner world, and of that world's own existence, than the story of Cuchulain and his times. To the lover of myth and faerie, to the believer in spell and rune, the seeker of enchantment, these annals of Heroic Ireland offer many a golden key. And for us to whom in very truth "myth is the reality of which history is the skeleton," and who can perceive that "all great myth which is truth is acted through great lives,"* the Hound of Muirthemne and the lesser figures surrounding him show forth as those who incarnated in Ireland at a period when the great truths required personification, in order to strike with fresh compelling force on the lives of the mass. It need hardly be said that Cuchulain bears about him throughout the signs and wonders of all such heroes and deliverers, nor can the student fail to recognise the close parallel existing between the Great War of Ancient India and the strife which rages with equal intensity on Muirthemne's plain. To quote one instance only for the moment, we find that in one of these battles the aged king, Aileel Môr, whose eyes are said to be dim, relies upon his charioteer Fer Loga to detail for him the progress of the strife.†

* Annie Besant.

† S. O'Grady, *History of Ireland*, p. 209, and *Bhagavad-Gîtâ*, trs. A. Besant, i,

When we become imbued with the spirit of these records we penetrate more deeply still into their mysterious beauty, until the far vision of Cathbad the Druid becomes ours, and for a brief moment we see that the Great War, under whatever national garb, is never ending, since Eirê of our love, rent with strife and yearning, is echoing to the din of battle yet, and the keening of her is the voice of her wounded Guardian, whose wounds are unhealed to this hour.

Of a truth was it said then that on the world stage the dramas of the Inner World are portrayed, but it might perhaps have been said with equal truth that at such periods the mystery which we call the future and the past of the nation, as it were, gathers itself into that bounded area, where, between the human limits set for it, the might of divine Life surges for a while, adhering with marvellous fidelity to the natural order, obeying its own laws. Hence all such epochs begin by the birth of the Christos, or Wonder-Child, recognised alike by "his own who come with him" and by those who in "high places" strive against him. The future then of this lovable land of Faerie reveals itself in the characteristics shown through its Champion. In the magnanimity, the warm heart, the resistless strength, the mystic knowledge inspiring Cuchulain lies the inheritance of Cuchulain's people in the coming time.

But the boyhood of Cuchulain claims us, and Cathbad the Ard Druid puts on his "divining robe," taking the "divining instruments" and making "the symbols of power." It is to the East his gaze turns, reminding us of the portent of a later birth which there dawned. And it is from the Orient that "the child of many prophecies" is seen advancing, "the star that is to shine for ever upon the forehead of the Gael."*

A fitting nurse to the infant hero was one Detheaen, a Druidess and daughter of Cathbad, whose breastplate of power woven of Druidic verse is said to have shielded Ulla (Ulster).

Detheaen it is who sings the lullabies of protection needed for the guarding of such children. And throughout the narratives one prevailing feature is the constant recourse to these mantrams or runes, often inscribed in "Ogham," presumably some mystery

* The above quotations are from S. O'Grady's *History of Ireland*.

language used, but forming part of the daily practice, the common belief of the people.

One of the "geasas" of Cuchulain—namely that of not being awakened from sleep—was discovered by Detheaen, and is referred to in a later story of Cuchulain as warrior.

The first exploit of Cuchulain, or Setanta, which was his birth-name, takes place at three years of age, finding its parallel in the Greek tale where the infant Hercules strangles the Serpents.

On the seventh birthday—so closely does the story follow the lines familiar to Theosophists—Setanta is no longer the child. "The mysterious voices" have called him. Lu the Long Handed, his Guardian, who seems to have been the Sun God, appears to him; Munanaun, the Ocean Deity, Son of Lir, flings his mantle over the boy. In a vision he beholds the chariots and horses of his own people whirling by: "They went as though they saw him not." During his slumber on the hillside the faerie steed, the Grey of Macha, visits him, leaving the place at dawn. Here again is echo of many an olden tale. Sosiosh, the Kalkî Avatâra, according to the Hindus, is to come on a white horse,* also the Redeemer prophesied of in *Rev.*, xix. 13. The lad awakens, and goes to pay his "stone tribute" to the cairn of Fuad. We have here the ancient and gracious custom of recognising the mighty dead by raising over their grave a cairn, to which each passer-by added a stone.

So, "impelled by the unseen," Setanta comes to Emain Macha, the place of Heart's Desire, but not to be acknowledged and welcomed as he had dreamed, until he wins his right by a battle in which it is significant that he is left to hew his way alone, a knight, by name Conaill Carna, being mysteriously prevented from coming to his aid. In the school of war, whose head was Concubar Macnessa, his uncle, the youth is trained in the battle art, and in all useful handcraft, as well as the moral duties, the laws of chivalry, hospitality, reverence and loyalty—a school which will fittingly bear comparison with the training of Hindu princes, as related in Hindu epics.

During the visit to the great smithy, the master of which,

* *The Secret Doctrine*, i. 114.

Chulain, holds a festival where gather the companions of Concubar and the King himself, the second great feat of Setanta—that from which his future name is derived—takes place. The smiths themselves seem to have meant more than mere labourers of the artisan class, and under this symbolic name to have comprised a group of occultists, of which there must have been many in ancient Erin. Setanta's arrival is delayed, and ere joining his party he must pass the fierce hound of Chulain who guards the door. The animal springs at him but is quickly slain, and the carcass brought to Chulain is very nearly becoming a pretext for strife, only that the nephew of Concubar quells the uproar by promising to act henceforth as the guardian of Chulain's possessions; hence arises the name by which Ireland's champion is hereafter known: "Cu," the hound—Cu Chulain, the hound of Chulain.

While Setanta's boyhood is thus passed, and those about him are as yet ignorant or only dimly apprehend the heroic destiny which trembles on fulfilment, Concubar appoints him ward of the chariot of Macha, Goddess of Emain, and the lad accepts this offer. In the chariot house the invisible deities of Erin gather and proclaim the coming of Cuchulain. Boylike and unmindful of his power, he asks his uncle many questions concerning the mystic steeds, which have not been seen for three hundred years. They are to come again for the "promised one," and the king of Emain is under geasa to keep the chariot bright and to see that hay and barley be in the stalls.* The hour meanwhile approaches. Lu the Long-handed appears, and bids the lad seek the Black Shanglan and the Liath Macha, the steeds of power. Great indeed is that seeking and great the finding, but the strength of Cuchulain conquers the terrible might of the Liath Macha, his future war horse, and it is no earthly combat which is waged in the darkness between man and beast that night. All round Ireland the rider sweeps and circles, bounding into the place of trial, "the Dark Valley," where the eternal gloom reigns; fearless as Ulysses of the Hellenes penetrating the Stygian gloom and emerging to the light of day, so Cuchulain emerges, leading with him the second

* This geasa was thus in one of its meanings a stern obligation laid on a man to fulfil certain duties.

steed, the Black Shanglan. Taken as symbols we read here the truth that the hero, "Master of Life and Death,"* "keeper of the Keys of Hell,"† has conquered and penetrated the mystery of Death and Life, Darkness and Light, and employs the twin Forces as he will for evermore, but as their ruler who has bridled them, and who compels their love and recognition in that very bridling. What wonder that when Cuchulain returns some mysterious sickness overcomes him, and the leech who is called in appeals to Cathbad the Druid for the healing balm, the "symbols of power," and incantations, which alone restore him to health.

Thus ends the boyhood of the Hound, amid the din of arms, the shouts of victory, the triumphal passage of chariots, the laying waste of Nectan's Dûn, where the evil ones, drinkers of human blood, dwelt, and other emblems of the struggle wherein the greater part of his short life is to be spent.

For Queen Maeve is against him, and an active supporter of the Clan Cailtin, herself a great ruler, and skilled in dark enchantments, which as the deadly foe of the young Cuchulain she employs against him. It is Cailtin "round whom the cold horror dwells,"‡ the master of the evil Clan, that discourses with much eloquence at her assembly, speaking of "the beautiful sane might of the immortal Gods,"‡ a phrase conveying a strange impression of majesty and austerity inseparable from those denizens of the Inner Realm.

Not less impressive and eloquent as a picture is the vision of Maeve, and the progress of the battle as narrated to Aileel Môr, her husband, by Fer Loga, his charioteer. So might the Indian hero Arjuna have appeared to the watcher in Âryâvarta, as Kṛishṇa the Driver steered his battle car through the Kshattrya hosts. "This mighty warrior running forward. . . . . Truly the warriors are not born who could resist his onset . . . . So terrible is he and so beautiful. . . . . It is the Hound of Muirthemne, O Fer Loga . . . . it is Cuchulain, the invincible son of Sualtam."§ Compare again the counsels of Cuchulain to Lugaid on the eve of his proclamation as King in

* *Voice of the Silence*, old edition, p. 55. † *Rev.*, i. 18.
‡ *History of Ireland*, ii. 177. § *History of Ireland*, ii, 216-18.

Teamhair (Tara). "Do not be ungentle or hasty or passionate. . . . . Do not let wrongful possession stand because it has lasted long. . . . Let the tellers of history tell truth before you, ... do not mock, do not give insults, do not make little of old people. Do not think ill of anyone, do not ask what is hard to give. . . . Be obedient to the advice of the wise . . . . . when you do wrong take the blame of it, do not give up the truth for any man."*

Said Bhîshma the "Grandsire" to Yudhiṣhṭhira: "He (the King) must be devoted to truth, and administer justice . . . he should be deferential to the aged, and as warrior should fight without anger and blood-thirstiness, should not strike a disabled foe, should ever protect the weak and be fixed in fortitude."†

The "hero light" round Cuchulain's head so often referred to‡ is well known to us. The saints of mediævalism are portrayed surrounded by a go lden aureole. The sudden magnifying of stature in Cuchulain is also very significant. Under the impulse of a larger life, an overbrooding Presence, the human form has been known to assume for a brief flashing moment more majestic proportions than it normally possessed. The mystic numbers, too, play their part in the Irish myth, for we read of the house belonging to Scathach, the warrior queen, instructress of warlike arts, as having seven great doors, seven great windows, three times fifty couches whereon rested the same number of royal maidens. This appearance of Cuchulain is chronicled by Miss Hull, but with a Christian addition which is superfluous and does not to my mind improve it. That, and the account of Patrick's conversation with Cuchulain, whom he is said to summon from the invisible world, are two of various interpolations made to suit the fancy of the monk chroniclers in the middle ages or earlier.

More attractive is the description of that strange shield forged by Chulain the smith for Concubar, "Ochain, the Moaning One," which moaned when the King was in peril, and to which all the shields in Ulster would answer.§ The waistpiece of Cuchu-

* Gregory, *Cuchulain of Muirthemne*, pp. 295-6.

† Annie Besant, *Story of the Great War*, pp. 219, 220, 222.

‡ *Cuchulain of Muirthemne*, p. 59. § *Cuchulain of Muirthemne*, p. 350.

lain's armour is sevenfold, his battle shirt sevenfold, and he wears a lena (or shirt) of twenty-seven folds.*

A curious account of Cuchulain's testing is given where one "Uath the Stranger," having put spells on the edge of an axe, makes a covenant with the hero by which he, Uath, is to be slain, and yet to slay Cuchulain on the day following. However Uath at the fateful moment shows himself as "Curoi, son of Daire, come to try the warriors through enchantment."

Then we come across the "blood bond," indicating one of the many ancient customs, and it is referred to where Cuchulain is said to loosen the tie between himself and his comrade Ferdiad ere he kills him in what corresponds to our modern duel, an encounter in which the old chivalrous spirit of the times is clearly marked. "Every charm and every spell that was used on the wounds of Cuchulain he sent a full share of them over the ford westward to Ferdiad, and of every sort of food and drink that was sent to Ferdiad he sent a share of them over the ford northward to Cuchulain."†

Very pathetic is the answer of Ferdiad to his friend's dissuasion: "O Cuchulain, giver of wounds, true hero, every man must come in the end to the sod where his last grave shall be."‡ Not less so Cuchulain's lament, which may stand side by side with that of Deirdrê for the sons of Usnach, and of Emer for himself. "O Ferdiad, you were betrayed to your death, your last end was sorrowful; you to die, I to be living, our parting for ever is a grief for ever. When we were far away with Scathach the Victorious we gave our word that to the end of time we would never go against one another."§ And "Oh! my love," said Emer, when battle days were done, "if the world had been searched from the rising of the sun to sunset the like would never have been found in one place of the Black Shanglan, and the Grey of Macha, and Laeg the chariot driver, and myself and Cuchulain."‖

Who of those that read it ages after the wild wail rang in Erin can read untouched the death chant poured out by Deirdrê? "Make keening for the heroes that were killed on their coming to

* *History of Ireland*, p. 259. † *Cuchulain of Muirthemne*, p. 234.
‡ *Idem*, p. 234. § *Idem*, p. 241. ‖ *Cuchulain of Muirthemne*, p. 346.

Ireland; stately they used to be coming to the house, the three great sons of Usnach. That I would live after Naoise let no one think on the earth; I will not go on living after Ainnle and after Ardan."*

On the other hand does not the sublime consciousness of one who knows shine through Cuchulain, where, speaking to Ferdiad the conquered he thus proclaims: "Dark and sorrowful death is not, but a passage to the Tir-na-noge, the land of the Ever Young, where hatred and scorn are not known, nor the rupturing of friendship, but sweet love rules over all."†

Fierce as are the hosts of war in human shape they are less terrible than those powers of Hell embattled by the Magician Cailtin and his brood for the destruction of the hero, before whom Lu spreads another and a soul-inspiring vision of that Eirê for whose honour Cuchulain suffers and endures. The faerie queens guarding the sacred hazel, "the memorials raised to him in aftertime by a grateful people," "the strange lands with mightier streams and fiercer suns where dwells the race of ancient Gaedl," the sword "inscribed in Ogham,"‡ all these and more Cuchulain beheld as he passed into the shadow, and "around him nations trembled, but into his heart Ioldana breathed his own lavish soul."

It is the beginning of the end, for the day of Ireland's woe, the last battle of her champion, is at hand. At the Druid Council it is determined that Cuchulain shall be placed under the protection of Genann, in the chamber where are "the idol gods and instruments of magic."§ But not even these can turn aside destiny, that destiny which became his on the eventful day when the child chose knighthood which should be "short but glorious." So was it with Varchas, the beloved son of Soma, who came from Svarga to fight on Kurukshetra, only on condition that he should die young, and return to his place among the Gods.‖

And it is no earthly voice, however sweet, that can drown the warning song of MacManār the Harpist as he plays in the moonlight, and no earthly vision, however fair, that can hide the sight

* *Idem*, pp. 136-7. † S. O'Grady, *The Gates of the North*, p. 108.
‡ *History of Ireland*, p. 279. § *History of Ireland*, p. 311.
‖ Annie Besant, *Story of the Great War*, p. 265.

of Rôd when the hour has fallen. "I was ever aware of a spirit not my own with my spirit,"* muses Cuchulain before Genann. "The Gods have forsaken me," he continues.

"It is the enchantment of the Clan Cailtin,"† answers Cuchulain's friend, speaking the old truth in a strange tongue, that truth of the last great illusion brought against the Initiate to shake his fortitude, to delay his mighty mission to the world. And the hero answers: "It is enough, O schoolfellow, my end is come. I shall perish in this battle, but the high Gods . . . are around me, and I shall die as I have lived, under their hands."

Many omens surround that last forthgoing, the maidens wash the blood-stained lena at the stream, but no cleansing can remove the stain.‡ The food proffered by the three daughters of Cailtin and accepted by him seems to seal his doom, and forms a curious parallel with the story of the Buddha's last repast.

Together the faithful Laeg and his master resume the journey: "We go down now to die on the plains of Muirthemne."§

It is of Lewy MacConroi, Leader in the army of Meave, that Cuchulain receives his death thrust, and the Liath Macha breaks at a bound his chain and traces, and returns to "The Realms of the Unseen on the Boyne."‖

Is the child who appears to the hero the image of the Treasure House of his immortal genius, that Permanent Vessel into which all such withdraw, and from which it may be the Hound of Muirthemne shall leap forth for us again? Does the message flooding his unquenchable spirit at its passing breathe inspiration and hope for Cuchulain's Homeland?

"Regard not those children of evil, my brother, their dominion is but for a time."¶

EVELINE LAUDER.

* *Ibid.*, p. 318. † *Ibid.*, p. 320. ‡ *History of Ireland*, p. 330.
§ *Ibid.*, p. 336. ‖ *Ibid.*, p. 340. ¶ *History of Ireland*, p. 345-6.

SOME OF THE WORK OF CONTEMPLATIVE NUNS

Compassion and prayerful thoughts for the dead have never been absent from the Roman Catholic Church, though it was only in 1830 that an organised community—the Order of the Helpers of the Holy Souls (1, Gloucester Road, Regent's Park)—sprang into existence for the pious object of devoting the whole day to the helpless souls of the "faithful departed." The motto of the Order is "Prayer, Work and Suffering."

They work, it is true, without the more scientific method and the clearer knowledge which is within reach of the student of occultism, but their Purgatory exactly tallies with the astral plane in two important respects. Firstly, it is transitory, and, secondly, it is impossible, once a soul is there, that it should be condemned to everlasting perdition. Therefore all the souls in Purgatory are "Holy Souls," because sooner or later they will rise to the region of the blessed; so that the Catholic, whatever his life may have been, finding himself after death in a dreary region, realises at once that he has escaped hell and that his sole duty is patience and hope.

The method of these Helpers is simply prayer and vicarious suffering, which last they carry almost to excess, if it is possible to do so.

Anne Catherine Emmerich, a contemplative nun of the last century, used to beg the Lord to send her more and more physical sufferings, although she was already enduring "intolerable agony," in order that she might offer it up for the Holy Souls.

This idea of expiatory suffering by penance, discipline and the willing acceptance of all troubles, is as foreign to the Protestant mind as it is common to all classes of Catholics. They are accustomed from childhood to offer to God all pains and sorrows, and by this simple act of devotion they are turned into so many

forces for the good of the world in general, or they may be specially dedicated to some one person or object.

S. Catherine of Genoa is said to have had such an insight and perception of the state of Purgatory "that her utterances seemed like those of one immersed in its expiation of love." (Preface by Cardinal Manning to her Treatise on Purgatory.)

A Saint of the seventeenth century, the Blessed Margaret Mary, often spoke of her supernatural intercourse with the souls in Purgatory, and said that they implored her to spread this devotion as a sovereign remedy for their sufferings.

"During a part of the night," she said, "I was, as it were, entirely surrounded with these poor suppliants." Sometimes she saw them gradually disappear, "lost as it were and inundated in glory like unto those who are drowned in a vast ocean."

She said that she formed a close friendship with them and suffered as they suffered, so that she had no rest day or night.

She appears to have been under the impression, so common among mediæval Saints, that she was able after a time to go without sleep entirely, and also that she had the mystical gift called bi-location, or the power of being in two places at once.

To the student of occultism it is plain that she passed from one plane to another without any break in the continuity of consciousness, but without really understanding the whole nature of the operation.

This ignorance of her own powers, combined with such ardent zeal, naturally affected her physical health and resulted in a great deal of what we now call "acute hysteria," as she was firmly convinced that her physical body had faced all the dangers and fatigues of her astral journeys. She therefore spent the whole day in a state of nervous collapse and "incredible suffering," which, however, by a constant and "miraculous help," sent to her by the Lord, did not prevent her from fulfilling all the duties of a nun.

Once she said when she was before the Altar there suddenly appeared to her a person enveloped in fire, "the heat from which was so intense that I felt as though I were also on fire."

He said he was a Benedictine monk, who had heard her once in confession and ordered her to offer a Mass for the Holy Souls,

and for this God allowed him now to appeal to her for help in his sufferings.

He then explained that the chief cause of his misery was that he had been self-interested all his life and wanting in charity to his brethren, and had had too much natural affection for certain persons, and had shown this in the course of spiritual conversations, which was most displeasing to God.

"For three months this soul was always with me, and wherever I saw him he seemed enveloped in fire. My superior, touched with compassion, gave me some severe penances, in particular, disciplines; for all exterior pains that I endured greatly alleviated other sufferings. When the three months had expired I saw the transformation that had taken place in this person and, full of joy and glory, he went to his eternal rest, thanking me for what I had done for him."

Anne Catherine Emmerich also constantly saw the souls of the dead and went about among them, consoling them. And with her also the conviction that she was in the physical body reacted on her health. After long journeys with her "Angel" up hill and down dale, she returned next morning exhausted, as she thought she must be.

If she was taken through thorny woods and made to scramble up stony paths she found herself bruised and scratched. Occasionally her angel would help her across a wide sheet of water and she considered this a miracle. "Sometimes," she said, "we travelled as quick as thought—but I never see that *he* moves his feet, though I have to climb on my hands and knees sometimes."

The angel-guide never seems to have told poor Anne that it was not necessary to go on all fours under the circumstances. "He glides along very silently, hardly ever speaking, making a sign generally with his head or his hands in answer to my questions. He is quite transparent and radiant with light, his countenance beaming with love and a sweet solemn gravity. His hair is smooth, flowing and shining, his head is uncovered and he wears a long white robe something like a priest's alb."

When someone questioned her about these nightly journeys she answered: "The angel calls me and leads me hither and thither. It is always during the night that we travel. When he

comes to fetch me, I first of all behold a brilliant light, and then his form rises suddenly out of the darkness. I talk to him quite boldly; he teaches me everything. I feel overwhelmingly happy at being in his presence. What he tells me he puts in the fewest possible words."

She relates that she saw in her long journeys by night all the hidden miseries of the world, the sins of prisons, hospitals and asylums, homes of correction, galleys and holds of pirate-ships; she saw travellers who had lost their way, homeless, starving and despairing souls, and God made her help them all.

Her *modus operandi* was this: she would discover the kind of help which was required by each particular case, and then, calling her "angel-guardian," she would send him to the "angel" of the distressed soul to give it the necessary advice or comfort, and she said he always went at her request.

She was sent to Russia, China and Northern Asia, and once to Palestine with her angel and the Blessed Virgin. "We were like two people really walking, and I said to her: 'How is it that every night I have to make long journeys to distant places and work, and it seems so natural and real, and yet at the same time I am in my bed at home, ill and suffering?' Mary said: 'All that you really desire to do and to suffer for my Son—you *do* really and truly in prayer; you can see *how* for yourself.'"

She constantly saw the ancestors of the Virgin in dream-pictures. She called them "Essenians," and she said they came hurrying over the mountains and plains to accompany her when she was going to a low mass early in the morning.

A priest named Brentano, to whom she recounted the most elaborate details of her visions, published them after her death as a *Life of the Virgin*.

A French Review has recently related that the Superior of a monastery in Smyrna happened to come across this book some twelve years ago and reading it with a certain incredulous interest, he came upon a passage describing the house in Ephesus where Mary spent her last days. It was "three leagues from Ephesus up a narrow and tortuous way," etc. The priest was so much struck by the other details about the country, the accuracy of which he knew, that he started off with a friend, and

found the house after a stiff climb up the Bulbul Dag, as clearly indicated by the visionary.

Anne Catherine also worked among souls which she said were "neither in purgatory nor heaven, but flit mournfully on the earth seeking in vain to do that which they left undone when living. Whatever anybody does for them, whether by prayer or suffering, gives them instant relief, and then they are so thankful. If people only knew?" She often spoke of the helplessness of the "poor dear souls," and said how sadly forgotten and neglected they were by people on earth. She seems to have been born with many strange gifts and a form of intellectual clairvoyance which made it possible for her to learn the whole history and condition of any soul, living or dead, when she wished.

Books she abhorred. "Thanks be to God I have hardly read a line!" she said once. "When I see a book it seems to me that I already know it by heart."

Someone once offered her a life of S. Francis Xavier and she answered: "There is no Saint about whom I have seen so many things: I think I know his whole life."

The great event in her strange double life was the day when her mystical book was brought to her in a vision. "Two nuns and a very saintly-looking man brought me a great book like a Missal. It was in Latin, but I understood every word." It was written in red and gold letters on parchment with pictures of Saints of the olden times. She was told to read a certain allotted portion of it every day, and it gave her instructions about her double life and went into the smallest details of conduct. When she ceased reading it disappeared.

It seems to have been visible, however, to others while she held it, for one of the nuns tried to take it from her, but was unable even to move it. She says she saw it once in a place where she was carried in spirit amongst a number of other prophetical writings of all countries and ages, and she was told that this was her share of the treasure. It was a true record of prophetical knowledge and of the foundation and ulterior meaning of all religious orders.

But in the case of Anne Catherine it is impossible to sift the truth from the voluminous mass of her psychic experiences, and

it is also impossible to know how much was told her or drawn telepathically from the minds of priests.

She succeeded in making a profound impression on three cultivated and learned dignitaries of the Church, and though many contemplative nuns and Saints such as S. Gertrude, S. Teresa, and S. Catherine of Genoa have always asserted that they saw the souls of the faithful departed, and could *be* in Purgatory whenever they pleased, Anne Catherine is the only one with a thirst for exploring the world and history, and who has left us such graphic descriptions of her numerous activities on the inner planes. The parallels between her experiences and those described in the little book, *Invisible Helpers*, are so close that it seems evident she was doing, though quite untrained, what the student of occultism attempts at present with the invaluable assistance of definite instruction and a definite method.

A. L. B. HARDCASTLE.

Those interested in this little-known side of the lives of the Contemplative Orders are referred to the following books:

The Life of A. C. Emmerich, by HELEN RAM, from the German of FATHER SCHMOEGER.

The Life of the Blessed Margaret Mary, by Rev. G. TICKELL, S.J. (Burns & Oates; 1890.)

The Sacred Heart and the Holy Souls: Selections from Life of Bl. M. Mary, from the French. (London; 1892. 3*d*.)

The Life of Mère Marie de la Providence, Foundress of the Order of the "Helpers of the Holy Souls," by LADY GEORGIANA FULLERTON. (Burns & Oates; 1896.)

The Helpers of the Holy Souls: Who and What They Are, by Rev. C. B. GARSIDE. (Burns & Oates; 1889.)

OUR cynics and railers are mere egotists, who stand aloof from the common duty, and in their indolent remoteness are of no service to society against any ill which may attack it. Their cultivation consists in having got rid of feeling. And thus they fall further and further away from true humanity, and approach nearer to the demoniacal nature. What was it that Mephistopheles lacked? Not intelligence certainly, but goodness.

AMIEL'S *Journal*, p. 178.

"A DEEP SENSE OF PORTALS OPENING"

THESE words of Mr. Lawrence Binyon's are at once the most accurate and the most poetical description of a vital characteristic of the age. Everywhere, in all departments of life, the doors are being flung wide; currents of fresh air rush in upon us, bewildering in their exhilaration; our eyes are dazzled by the light of new landscapes; we divine in imagination vistas reaching far beyond our power of vision. In mediæval days all these doors were locked, and, as a rule, no troublesome access of curiosity assailed the dweller within the walls: for him, certitudes lay on the other side,—a concrete heaven and a concrete hell, which would, in God's own time, be reached through the gateway of death. But we have broken through some of the barriers, and some have crumbled away, and the other side is strange and vast and vague, unlike all the stories we had heard of it. Those who first looked out, shivered, afraid at the infinity they might never hope to penetrate, and longed for the old screen of beliefs to protect their naked souls against the blasts from the unknown.

In whatever direction we turn our eyes to-day, we find ourselves surrounded by the inexplicable, the mysterious. There was never an age in the history of man when he was more poignantly aware of the moving of strange presences in his midst. The door that opens on the material world reveals a multitudinous throbbing of life, from the minutest particle of dust to the remotest planet that strikes the soul with awe. New discoveries follow one upon another, but their explanation is lacking, and in the interim they flash with untold possibilities. Spiritual terms, we learn, are derived, in the first instance, from concrete objects; but the results of recent scientific experiments are so unprecedented that we are forced constantly to reverse this order, and describe them in spiritual terms.

The dazzling imagination of the Orient has never exceeded,

in its catalogue of magic gems, the wonder of the newly discovered metals—radium, uranium, and others of their kindred—"that radiate light all around them, continually, indefinitely, and yet are not consumed." The analysis of these emanations shows them to be composed of particles that are not ordinary atoms or molecules at all, but something very much smaller; and we are confronted with a new kind of matter, containing particles having a velocity about one-third that of light. And so, through a newly opened door, new mysteries of matter come pressing in upon us. The man of science recognises that to give a name to these inwelling oceans does not imply that they have been explained or fathomed. The power we call Electricity is as marvellous and inexplicable as the Goddess named of old Diana of the Ephesians, and Professor Karl Pearson has written: "Force as a cause of motion is exactly on the same footing as a tree-god as a cause of growth."

This deep sense of portals opening is not confined to the poet and the scientist. It is a common experience of the ordinary man in his more gracious moods when he walks with Nature. The silence of a starry night has speech for him, and underneath the sound of the ocean he perceives a silence. But weak souls are afraid alike of the silence and of the still small voice: and they seek relief from tension in the clamour of the market-place, to-day more raucous and persistent than ever before. They wrap themselves in fold upon fold of luxury and raise thick superstructures above them: for the materialism of which we hear so much is in truth nothing but a barricade erected to keep out the terrible unknown which has assumed proportions that at times seem to threaten the reason, the emotions—the very soul.

And yet this mystery that we recognise round us is kinder to her votaries than she was in primeval and classic times. It is instructive to compare the modern attitude of man towards Nature with the ancient one. Mighty presences, when the moon was full, shook the Druid wood with awe; the Greek youth followed, through dappled tangle, the shine of Dryad-limbs, snow-white, divine. To-day we neither worship the God nor pursue the Goddess. For we ourselves are the Gods and Goddesses. No one who has given careful attention to the trend of modern

experience but is aware that we pass constantly, in the very streets, mortal creatures that have for brief moments tasted immortality. The annihilation of time is already accomplished; the armies that shall annihilate space are on the wing.

Fiona Macleod hears the grasses whisper, and the green lips of the wind chant the blind, oblivious rune of time: "Time never was, time is not." Emerson bids us live like the roses, above time. The annihilators of time have recently been reinforced by valiant champions who have endeavoured, from different points, to undermine that convention which we are used to call the past. Mr. W. B. Yeats seeks his inspiration out of olden times; but only because the Idea lived then a fuller life, and it is his will to reimbue it anew with vitality. But that the past is not past to him is exquisitely shown in these lines:

When my arms wrap you round, I press
My heart upon the loveliness
That has long faded from the world.

Maeterlinck is still more emphatic on this point. Few utterances in modern times have been more pregnant with suggestion than his little essay on "The Past." "So long as the life in our mind and character flows uninterruptedly on," he says, "so long will the past remain in suspense above us . . . and, like the clouds Hamlet showed to Polonius, adopt the shape of the hope or fear, the peace or disquiet, that we perfect within us."

Not only, therefore, can we hold a living past in our arms; not only can we shape and change events that have happened, and so count ourselves, to some extent, kings over time; but the penalty of age, the ancient tragedy of so many lives, is removed every day farther away from us. Most of us number among our acquaintance some of those who can never grow old, because they live close to that which is eternally young, and even the most *blasé* have the secret of growing young with every spring.

This new attitude of man towards Nature has prompted a new method in literature for its expression—the method of identification. Where sympathy is intense, the sympathiser becomes one with the object of sympathy; and we are Gods to-day because we have learned how to absorb ourselves completely in the mystery of the world, the immortality of the seasons. Formerly the

manifestations of Nature were regarded as satellites circling round a human centre of things; now our whole endeavour is to break bonds, and leaving our personalities aside, to enter into a larger, wider existence. So T. E. Brown writes:

Do ye not understand
How the great Mother mixes all our bloods?
O breeze! O swaying buds!
O lambs! O primroses! O floods!

The waterfall no longer haunts us like a passion; but we are ourselves become the passion of the waterfall. Marvellous inspiration awaits poetry along these lines, but its flight is yet too tentative to have given life to more than passing flickers of expression. These flash out in all manner of unexpected directions. "I am a bit of the shore," says Edward Carpenter in his strangely unequal book, *Towards Democracy*, "I am a little arm of the sea. . . . Suddenly I am the ocean itself; the great soft wind creeps over my face." Matthew Arnold reserves the identification till after death. "How sweet," he says,

My sister, to maintain with thee
The hush among the shining stars,
The calm upon the moonlit sea.

This ecstasy of absorption in Nature is a new feature in literature, as in life. The Keltic poets approach it with a consciousness and a comprehension lacking in the work of other races. To them it is a mystic union—not the mere transference of self from one material plane to another, but the bringing into harmony of the material and the spiritual plane. Fiona Macleod expressly states that all that is best in modern poetry is due "to the spiritual identification of the two worlds—of the outward mortal, and the spiritual immortal." She listens, for the wisdom that is beyond all books, to the words of those who live very close to the core of the mystery; some of her wonderful lyric runes are translations from the songs of the fisherfolk of the Hebrides, and her tales are strange and lovely with Gaelic lore. Mr. W. B. Yeats tells us, in verse, in lecture, in essay, of the inner vision of the peasants in remote parts of Ireland; vision, which sees through the deception of the material object to the spirit it hides. "Those that are blind have a way of seeing

things," said a native to Mr. Yeats, "and have the power to know more, and to do more, and to guess more, than those that have their sight." Not long ago an emphatic enunciation, by several voices, of the supreme importance of spiritual emotion in poetry was prompted by Mr. Stephen Phillips' article in *The Dome*, wherein he makes complaint of the materialism of present-day poetry, attributing it to the lack of "some great compelling thought,—some rapturous and passionate purpose."

Poets thus strive to penetrate the mystery that is round us by listening to catch a murmur from the lips of those who live near its source; or by projecting themselves into the mystery—identifying themselves with it, that in intimate communion they may surprise its secrets.

There are some, however, who hold that we cannot master the hidden things of Nature, by enlarging the circumference of our personality to embrace it; but that the function of both science and poetry is, by figure, and cipher, and formula, and metaphor, so to diminish Nature that it become easily manipulated. Mr. Collin, in his interesting paper in *Ethical Democracy*, is the best exponent of this view. "Foreshortening," he says, "is our only weapon of defence against the enormity of Time and Space." Against this it should be urged that figure, cipher, and formula, though supremely useful up to a certain point, leave out the living factor that permeates every atom of the Universe; and that metaphor, though often flashing in its insight, must be, to a large extent, inexact. We find in Mr. Collin's essay a reversion to the old error that strove to fit all the phenomena of the Universe into human dimensions.

Many aver that the function of the man of science is to specialise, that of the poet to generalise. The one gives the patient research, the careful examination of detail, the weighing and testing of minute evidence; the other approaches the facts illuminated by a sense of their awe and mystery, and with his gift of insight groups and interprets them. "Original research," says one writer, "is practically incompatible with great and comprehensive thought." It is, of course, a commonplace to point out that all important discoveries have been the result of the laborious following up of daring dreams; but it is only fair to

add that in most cases the man of science has contained within himself the poet; and that the poet's most marvellous deductions have, so far, been drawn, not from the facts of original research, but from the facts of the universe—the times and the seasons unrolled before his eyes.

The discoveries of science are none the less, justly, obtaining more and more place in poetry. Among modern poets, Mathilde Blind has dealt extensively with evolution, and both Francis Thompson and William Watson find hurtling words to describe the wonders of the sidereal universe. But there is no revelation here, no new light; they only say beautifully, and with ornamentation, what has already been badly stated.

Maeterlinck is perhaps the foremost example of the poet whose generalisations may materially assist the progress of knowledge. His hand has opened to us the portals of the hive, and he has revealed with delicate intuition and all the cautious hesitations of wisdom, mysteries as strange, as incomprehensible, as beautiful, as any that wait by the gates of our life. No formal analysis, we feel, could come so near the absolute truth as this fervid observation, conducted with a transcendental sympathy, and yet in its development kept within the rigid bounds of fact. Science will surely follow along the path of this insight; and perchance the deepest riddles of human existence may yield up their secrets in the honied byways of the hive.

Ruskin is another instance of one who approaches fact from its poetic side. His statements are steeped in emotion, and glow with that passion for righteousness that possessed his soul. He is more tumultuous, more magnificent than the Belgian, less exquisite, less quiet, and diametrically opposed to him on certain points of philosophy. For Ruskin states, with almost unnecessary emphasis, that it is our bounden duty to make up our minds concerning the mystifications that surround us. He says, for instance, with reference to immortality: "Man must either hereafter live or hereafter die; fate may be bravely met, and conduct wisely ordered, on either expectation; but never in hesitation between ungrasped hope and unconfronted fear." Surely this is an untenable position. There is no data to go on that can absolutely convince the reason; and many lack the sense of certitude that

brings conviction to the soul. Maeterlinck's attitude is far more logical. He says in effect: these subjects are mysteries; infinite patience may disclose little by little glimmers of meaning to future ages; but it is not for us to say either yea or nay. "In all questions of this kind," says Maeterlinck, "it is far less important to prove things than it is to awaken and inspire in men a certain grave and courageous respect for all which remains still inexplicable in their common human action, in their subjection to what appear to be general laws, and in the ensuing results."

We hear from various quarters lamentations for the barriers that are being broken down, for the prop of old faiths removed, for all anciently-accepted certainties that are gone for ever. But here indeed is no cause for sorrow, but instead for exultation. On all sides the portals opening let in great draughts from the Unknown, that intoxicate us with the thought of the strange lands and seas they have traversed, that stimulate to exploration, that throb with remote possibilities. For to live with an ever-present sense of the mysteries about us, is both humbling and elevating, giving us kinship with the minutest atom, and raising us to the stature of Gods.

D. M. Dunlop.

REVIEWS AND NOTICES

An Excellent New Quarterly

The Hibbert Journal: A Quarterly Review of Religion, Theology, and Philosophy. (London and Oxford: Williams & Norgate; October, 1902. Price 2*s.* 6*d.*)

We hail with the greatest pleasure the appearance of this truly catholic and independent review; it is by far the most encouraging sign we have so far observed on the religious horizon, and heralds an order of things for which we have long been striving ourselves and now see coming to birth in that greater world beyond our own borders. What, for instance, could be more truly "theosophical" in the best sense of the term than the spirit of the following programme? The Editors tell us that they will look for their subject-matter:

"Under the head of Religion, to the religious experiences of mankind of whatsoever variety. All religious ideals, beliefs, states of feeling, conceptions of God, the Universe, and the Soul, together with the bearings of these on public worship, social duty, and personal piety, will be offered an impartial representation.

"Under the head of Theology, to all the forms in which religious life and thought have found expression—whether in Books, Documents, Systems, Creeds, Institutions, Rites, Church Ordinances, Poetry, Music, or the Plastic Arts. Of equal weight, as bearing on the aims of the Journal, are the criticisms evoked by these various forms—whether of the Scriptures, the Creeds, the Churches, the forms, ceremonies, symbols, and language of any recognised form of Religion. Due weight will be given to the historical treatment of these topics, and an endeavour will be made to represent the importance which the study of development has assumed in the ascertainment of religious truth.

"Under the head of Philosophy, to the whole field of human speculation, so far as its results, or the criticism of those results, have a bearing, either direct or indirect, on the interests associated with the word Religion. In this connection, and with this limitation, Science, both physical and mental, will be considered a proper subject-matter for the Journal.

"The Editors do not desire the Journal to represent a neutral attitude in regard to the above subjects. It will stand for the inner unity of all reverent minds. Its sympathies will be catholic, but they will be mainly directed towards an affirmative view of the central verities of religion. It will avowedly have a 'liberal' character, not in the sense of confining its sympathies and offering its opportunities to novel opinions, but in the larger sense of admitting articles representing every seriously held point of view in the religious world, whether in the orthodox forms of historical Christian Churches, or among those who dissent from them, or among the thoughtful adherents of non-Christian religions in any part of the world.

"In pursuing the aims of the Journal the distinction will be remembered between a genuine catholicity and the mere spirit of compromise. The Journal will not represent the latter, but will seek rather to publish opinions which are earnestly held, clearly defined, and cogently maintained.

"The Editors will seek the co-operation of able, learned, and experienced men in all parts of the world, irrespective of the party,

Church, or views which they may be known to represent. They will publish articles on the ground of their seriousness and ability, the aim being to secure the highest standard in regard to these, the only, qualifications. By these means they trust the *Hibbert Journal* will become a medium of expression to earnest men in various schools, thereby appealing to the widest circle of thoughtful readers. They desire, also, while giving due weight to the technical aspects of scholarship and speculation, not to limit the value of the Journal to professional scholars and students."

Indeed, most admirable is this programme, and better still, the first number of the Journal does not disappoint a just expectation. It is true that it contains no paper by the adherent of any religion other than Christian, and in this respect we hope ere long to see vast improvement, but in other respects it is exceedingly good. The most striking paper is F. C. Conybeare's "Early Doctrinal Modifica tions of the Gospels," in which the earliest readings of three famous doctrinal passages are shown to be all against the authority of Nicene dogmatism. Joseph is the father of Jesus; the last Scriptural foothold of the trinitarian dogma crumbles away when it is shown that Eusebius, who quotes the text over and over again, knows nothing of "baptising them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost"; while the ancient positive reading: "Call thou me not good; there is one only good, God the father," is a further blow to later doctrinal pretensions. Sir Oliver Lodge is most interesting in "The Outstanding Controversy between Science and Faith," while Professor Percy Gardner is somewhat weak on "The Basis of Christian Doctrine," where he argues that God is revealed to will and love rather than to intellect, and that we must cast away the limits of Greece, which insisted that God was solely revealed to intellect. Surely there should be no distinction of "persons" in this matter? Interesting, too, is the symposium on "Catastrophes and the Moral Order," but we should like to see it continued; little has so far been said to elucidate. The review department is ably conducted, and finally, be it said, that the bold type, good paper and clear impression (in the style of *The Monthly Review*) make this admirable journal a pleasure to read.

G. R. S. M.

THE POEMS OF A SACRAMENTALIST

A Book of Mystery and Vision. By A. E. Waite. (London: Philip Wellby; 1902.)

APART from the poetic value of Mr. Waite's work as represented in this volume, the poems, read in their order and entirety, furnish a remarkable instance of religious illumination in the higher sense, and the pleasurable melancholy which accompanies it. In their completeness and natural progression they may be said to constitute the history of a soul—to mark, step by step, a spiritual growth from the first awakening (which never fails of the note of interrogation)—to the final solution (which is seldom other than a figure of self-affirmation).

Regarded as philosophy, the book will be of interest to the Theosophist only in so far as the author trusts to an illuminated faith rather than to any evidence afforded by the purely speculative intellect, and bases his claim to immortality upon that actual experience of the "higher measures of existence," which is alone possible to the mystic. We may, and do, dissent from the philosophy which aims at converting the evidences and demonstrations of the material universe into acts of sacrament, but certain it is that the faculty of emotion can go no further. Every facet of nature is seen by Mr. Waite in relation to this one great principle of Sacramentalism, a principle unfolded with unequivocal assertiveness in a singularly striking preface; and so it is that his poetry palpitates with a fervour that is rare among modern singers. We feel as we read that here is the product of a genuine experience, expressed with emotional adequacy, and informed with the authentic note. At times we confess to being somewhat embarrassed for a clue, and this in spite of the fact that the author has prefixed an "Argument" to each of the poems.

We cannot suppose that the Arguments are intended to clear the way for the perplexed neophyte, as they are quite as visionary as the poems, and in one or two cases do not seem directly coincident. But in their manner they become, consecutively read, a transcript of the poems, beautiful enough in their kind, but still abundantly extensive in mystical allusion, and therefore in no degree helpful.

It is, after all, a question of equal perception between author and reader, and it must be remembered that the point of contact as between the one and the other is seldom, if ever, accurately to be determined in transcendental metaphysics. But in one respect Mr.

Waite need entertain no fear of being misunderstood. In the main, his philosophy is a nature-philosophy, reconciled to the sacramental systems of Butler and Keble, and, in the empire of Holy Church, accepted as Christian mysticism. As we read we feel that the despotism of the senses is subjugated to an outlook as spiritual as a refined ideality can well make it.

All the pageants of life minister to the final recognition by man of his essential divinity; and with this ever-present idea in his mind, Mr. Waite reads into every determination of natural phenomena that profoundly mystical import which he defines as sacramental in origin and aim. It is just here, as we have already said, that we dissent from Mr. Waite. Everything depends, no doubt, upon the precise rendering of the term, but the author makes it quite clear that it admits of no compromise when he himself employs it. And in a measure, too, he is right. To hold a faith deeply is to make it glow. And not only is Mr. Waite the first to give it definite literary form, but the experiment is more than justified, inasmuch as his gorgeous word-painting and incessant use of fine imagery always intoxicate and often convince.

The wild beauty of much of his hyperbole also compels admiration. Indeed treated with beauty less extravagant, the book were almost impossible. In a word, its consistency and uniform excellence mark a poetic standard for the school of which Mr. Waite is the chief exponent.

The book is divided into four parts: (1) *Of Single Chords and of Monologues;* (2) *Of the Morality of the Lost Word;* (3) *Of Things Heard and Seen;* (4) *Of Worlds not Realised.*

These parts unfold in the poems which compose them, and in their logical sequence, all that is best and most essential in the doctrine of Sacramentalism. It is, of course, quite impossible in the space at our command to refer to each of the poems separately. But they are all noteworthy, and should be read from cover to cover if a right appreciation of their value is to be arrived at.

We should have liked to dwell upon the second part of the work, which takes the form of a Mystery Play, and should be read as it stands. The poem is deeply mystical, how much so may be gathered from the fact explained by Mr. Waite, that it will "perhaps be regarded as intelligible, by assuming that it pictures the declension of a great Church or ecclesiastical system, from which the divine gift and leading have been taken, and decaying gradually through a cycle of human thought, its doom is sealed at last by the confession of a false

deliverer, and the sacrifice of spiritual intuition symbolised by the Daughter of the House."

As Mr. Waite tells us in his introduction, it is only in the faculty of absorption that the mystic life can look for its joy, now and hereafter. And like all faculties brought to full flower, Mr. Waite must know that it entails its punishment as well as its reward: the sorrow of absolute recognition.

> We clasp but the shadow of love, which is longing and thirst,
> And no man possesses another, for bonds which have never been burst
> Enswathe and divide us from each, and our separate life
> Intervenes like a wall in all nuptials; no woman is wife
> Or ever call'd any man husband, save only in sign!

We believe Mr. Waite is the first to have given positive expression to this truth. The terrible isolation of the human soul has been hinted before, but never in terms so direct, nor with deeper pregnancy. Indeed, throughout the entire work the poet conveys this same haunting sense of oneness—the passionate desire of the solitary for consolation and final benediction.

Finally, this question remains to be considered: In what degree is Sacramentalism as a definite philosophy likely to affect the thought and need of the time? Mr. Waite clearly has a whole-souled faith in its efficacy. Nothing could be more emphatic than his own declaration upon the subject, and no declaration is more likely to provoke the antagonism of a proverbially sordid and material age, for Mr. Waite leaves no room in his pronouncement for men of lesser ideals. It is Sacramentalism or nothing; the human interest is of no consequence, and the poet who concerns himself with that interest is obviously of no concern to the Sacramentalist. We must leave our readers to decide the question for themselves.

But that the book deserves to be read, and will be read, we do not in the least doubt, for, besides the peculiar suggestiveness of the subject matter, we repeat that it is a record of sustained emotion, and alive with all the attributes of poetry.

F. E. K.

The Duties of a World Empire

Theosophy and Imperialism: A Lecture by Annie Besant. (London: The Theosophical Publishing Society; 1902. Price 6*d*.)

Theosophy and Imperialism is the printed form of the eloquent address

given by our colleague some five months ago in the Great Queen's Hall, and since repeated on several occasions in the provinces. In it Mrs. Besant sets before herself the task of looking at "the doctrine of Empire in the light of a world-theory"—the theory being of course the general scheme of things which is outlined in our present view of Theosophy; she is, however, careful to add that the deductions she draws from the facts are her own and ought not to be held to commit others to their acceptance. In the brief historical introduction, in which several salient instances of Empire are touched upon, Mrs. Besant refers to the failure of Spain to profit by the opportunity offered to her, and attributes it to her disregard of mercy and duty, and to her using her conquests for her own aggrandisement; this is doubtless true enough, but the failure of Spain is to be attributed more directly to the priestly obscuration, ambition and intolerance that followed the entrance of the House of Austria into the destinies of the Peninsula. The most desirable thing at the present juncture, according to our colleague, would be a confederacy of Teutonic nations to police the world and so cause wars to cease, but if this desirable knot of amity cannot be fully tied at present, it can be wisely worked for and this can only be by a faithful performance of the duty now laid upon Greater Britain by the responsibilities of a new world-empire. The Gods have once more offered the opportunity of a world-empire to a people and a sovereign, and the future lies not so much upon their knees, as upon the determination of all concerned to do rightly and justly. Mrs. Besant devotes the greatest part of her space, in dealing with the main component parts of the Empire, to India, and dwells at length on the state of affairs in that great peninsula of 300,000,000 souls; here, she says, more than anywhere else, will the Briton's worth of ruling be tried and his wisdom of sovereignty be tested. This is doubtless true; the greatest test is made by the bringing together of the greatest contrasts, and this much, at any rate, Mrs. Besant has contributed by her lecture towards a solution of the Indian question: she has told us what the Indian thinks of the state of affairs, and that is a great gain, for, as a rule, it is very difficult to discover what an oriental really does think. We, on our side, as Mrs. Besant points out, are too direct and downright, and ungentle with regard to customs and traditions and feelings, and a thousand and one other things which are far more dear to the Hindu than the practical considerations which are at the bottom of so many of the "mistakes" of our administration. The Eastern wants more of the personal ruler than of the clerk ad-

ministrator, and that is at the bottom of much discontent; India is not *bourgeois* and not municipal, and the sooner we learn this the better, and, therefore, we conclude that the sooner the Babu Congress and its methods resolve themselves into the *Ewigkeit* the better for good government. It must, however, be said that our colleague does not seem quite to realise the tremendous difficulties of our hard-worked civil servants; for instance, they are not altogether to be blamed if the native would often prefer courtesy and injustice to justice and discourtesy. India, too, has her task to play in this great game of Empire as well as the Anglo-Indian, otherwise our colleague's great dream of India as a living source of ancient wisdom will be long delayed. But the "kingly art" is proverbially difficult to learn, and when, as Mrs. Besant says, in our own case the responsibility is no longer in the hands of the sovereign but in those of the nation, the difficulty is indefinitely increased, and the only hope of final success lies in a general understanding of those principles of wisdom which we to-day call Theosophy; and we might add that in the face of this great problem of Imperialism and right government we feel more than ever the need of developing in our Society the hitherto almost totally neglected side of that wisdom which deals with the right conduct of rulers and administrators. We have learned much of the way of the saint, and seer, but little of the way of the ruler. Yet who but rulers and administrators can teach this or even study it with any hope of success? Has the time come for a beginning?

G. R. S. M.

The Olcott Pariah Schools

The Poor Pariah. By Henry S. Olcott, President of the Theosophical Society. (No publishers given — ? "The Theosophist" Office, Adyar, Madras.)

We have before us a pamphlet of 35 pages, in which our venerable President-Founder eloquently pleads the cause of the submerged millions of out-caste India. Caste in all its protean forms has for centuries trampled the pariah into the dust, reduced him to the position of a serf of serfs, and constituted him a social leper. To an oriental mind no doubt this is all as it should be, and the concern solely of the predestined ordering of things, but to a western intelli-

gence, and to a humanitarian like Colonel Olcott it seems that such a state of affairs should not be permitted to continue. Our President refuses to believe that the pariahs are in reality what the tyranny of caste has succeeded in making them; he believes that they are human souls capable of development, nay he has proved that they are as ready and eager to learn as are the members of the numerous castes. The cure for the evil is the cure of all evils, namely education. And if it be contended that education is not an unmixed blessing, and that it frequently opens the door to evils of a far more subtle and far-reaching character than those it seeks to remove, it should be noted that Colonel Olcott is wise enough to be moderate and to attempt only such elementary education as shall fit his poor pariah children to be capable servants. And indeed it must be acknowledged that the experiment has been crowned with unquestioned success; the reports of the five Olcott Pariah Schools have proved that the children are most eager to learn, are intelligent and industrious, and that they have already gained a higher percentage of passes than the pupils of more privileged communities. The children who have passed through the schools are at once placed in good situations and are eagerly sought for as trustworthy servants.

This is a distinctly satisfactory outcome of the experiment, for hitherto educational work amongst the pariahs has been done exclusively in the interests of missionism, and it is a well-known fact all over India that "converts" are the least trustworthy servants of any. We have nothing but praise for the humanitarian zeal with which Christian missionaries have set themselves to elevate the downtrodden out-castes of India, but we simply bring before the notice of all wide-minded philanthropists the striking phenomenon that where this zeal has not been purely humanitarian but used for the purpose of "conversion" the result has been highly unsatisfactory, whereas in the Olcott experiment, where no attempt at "conversion" has been allowed, the outcome has been most encouraging.

But, as Colonel Olcott says, he is old and poor, and has done all he can; he has proved by experiment a way to better things for the pariah. It is now for others to continue the work; the task is too large for any one man to attempt; the welfare of the millions of pariahs of India is not in his keeping. It is hardly necessary to say that on reading the doings of our venerable President we find ourselves murmuring in stolid British fashion: "It's not so bad"—which stands for a page of adjectives in other languages. Those who would

help can send their help to H. S. Olcott, Adyar; even H. S. Olcott, India, will find the kind-hearted friend of the pariahs, and our venerable President.

G. R. S. M.

The Diabolisation of Ancient Gods

The Sin of Witchcraft: A Paper read at a Meeting of the Hitchin Society of Arts and Letters by the President, Mr. Alexander Pulling, on February 15th, 1902. (London: Nutt; 1902. Price 1s.)

The most important point in Mr. Pulling's very interesting paper on Witchcraft is his attempt to show that one phenomenon which has invariably accompanied the evolution of religions is the "diabolisation of ancient gods, priests and spirits." We have often pointed to this phenomenon and are glad to see it treated in a more detailed fashion. It is a fact of the greatest possible importance, which the student of religious origins and history should never for an instant allow to sink below the threshold of consciousness, and we associate ourselves entirely with Mr. Pulling when he says: "The incoming creed has assimilated with itself, and often adapted itself to, the more promising elements of that which it supersedes, but the ancient gods have on the triumph of the new religion been transformed into demons, and their rites of adoration and mysteries into dark practices—the exclusive spirit of the conquering creed repudiating all association with the remains of the old worship, which is thus converted into forbidden magic. Similarly, the priest or sacrificer of the old religion is transmogrified into the witch. He himself sees devils in the ancient gods evoked by his spells, but he adores them, sacrifices to them, and remains confident of their protection."

With regard to the somewhat unfamiliar use of the word "witch" in this paper, Mr. Pulling writes: "Witch (middle-English 'wicche') is both masculine and feminine, and is indiscriminately used of either sex: thus Bunyan speaks of Simon the Witch, meaning Simon Magus."

A number of interesting plates are referred to in the letter-press; we wonder whether the publishers have omitted to send us copies, or whether the plates were only exhibited at the lecture.

G. R. S. M.

Magazines and Pamphlets

Theosophist, September. In our last issue we were unable to do more than very briefly notice the contents of the September *Theosophist*. In "Old Diary Leaves" the Colonel describes Mrs. Besant's first visit to India in the year 1893, and the lecture tour which followed. It is not surprising to read that the greatest success attended her everywhere and that "as she became more and more steeped in the tide of love which surrounded her as she moved on from place to place, she seemed on each successive occasion to be aroused to greater fervour." In "The Philosophy of Kant," Dr. Anderson gives a brief *résumé* of that philosopher's teaching as set forth in the *Critique of Pure Reason*, and concludes that the great influence exerted by Kantian philosophy upon modern thought is due to its "appeal to morals" when reason fails to satisfy. Anna M. Stoddart concludes her series of articles on "Paracelsus," and G. Krishna Shastri contributes a paper entitled "Prof. Max Müller on the Esoteric Doctrine," in which the Professor's views are summed up in the phrase, "Prof. Max Müller seems to think that there is no esoteric doctrine." Dr. Thirlwall continues his elucidation of "Yoga," and Alexander Fullerton's "Immortality" is concluded.

The Vâhan, October, contains a short account of the meeting of the North of England Federation under the presidency of Mrs. Besant at Harrogate. In the "Enquirer" G. R. S. M. replies to a question as to how the diagram of the Heavenly Man can be obtained, and as to "what are the letters of the ancient name for which the name of Jesus is a substitute."

Revue Théosophique Française, September, opens with a valuable contribution from Mr. Bertram Keightley on "The Different Systems of Yoga," being the first of three lectures delivered by him at the French headquarters in February of this year. The following articles are continued: Mrs. Besant's "Thought Power: its Control and Culture"; "Present-day Theosophy," by Dr. Pascal, who, we are glad to learn, has made good progress towards complete recovery; Mr. Leadbeater's "Some Misconceptions about Death," and H. P. B.'s *The Secret Doctrine*. We congratulate our contemporary on the quality of the food offered to its readers.

Théosophie, Belgium, remarks on the benefit derived from Mrs. Besant's visit: "As had been foreseen, Mrs. Annie Besant's visit

proved a great blessing to all who had the happiness of seeing and of hearing her. Let us hope that the great impulse which she has given us may stimulate in us the sentiment of duty and of sacrifice—the two dominant notes of her whole life."

Sophia (Spain) consists mainly of the usual translations, the two original contributions being furnished by D. Luis Phathelet and Pedro González-Blanco.

The New Zealand Theosophical Magazine contains an excellent short story by "Michael Wood," entitled "The Island of the Wild Swans." Marian Judson contributes a good article on "The Brotherhood of Man," in which she points out that "the true aim of life is not that we should become perfect individuals, but that by attaining this perfection we may do our part in the making of a perfect whole. . ." A. Dremeur writes on "Mystic Experiences," and "Philalethes" on "Vibrations and the Senses."

Theosophy in Australia has an article by H. W. Hunt on "Occultism" which is well worthy of perusal by all who seek to fit themselves for progress along the lines indicated. In "Are these Things Possible?" W. G. J. takes up Mrs. Besant's statement in "Thought Power" regarding the advantages to be gained from devoting "a fixed ten minutes a day to thinking on a Theosophical teaching," and recommends his readers to make the experiment. "Aphorisms," by W. A. M., and "A Memory," anonymous, conclude a good number.

Teosofisk Tidskrift, August-September, prints an interesting lecture delivered by R. Eriksen on "The Meaning of Life," at the annual meeting of the Scandinavian Section held in 1902. A. K. contributes a lecture delivered at the Convention of 1901, on "Death and Life after Death," and translations of answers from *The Vâhan* conclude the number.

We have also to acknowledge: *The Lotus Lodge Journal; Teosofia* (Italy); *Sophia* (Santiago); *The Theosophic Messenger; The Brahmavâdin; The Prasnottara; Little Journeys*, Bellini; *The Indian Review; Light; Rosa Alchemica; The New York Magazine of Mysteries; The Arya; The Dawn; East and West; The Light of Reason; Mind; The Light of Truth; La Nuova Parola; Modern Astrology; The Psycho-Therapeutic Journal; Wings of Truth.*

G. S. A.

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ON THE WATCH-TOWER

WE have recently witnessed a very interesting parade of the militia of the orthodox Protestant churches in England. The troops were full of martial ardour and declared their intention to die for the cause; it was, however, a motley array, and could not have given its leaders any great confidence in its ability to cope with modern conditions of warfare, seeing that the rank and file were still armed with bows and arrows, flint-locks, and at best a "brown bess" or two. The occasion of this demonstration of indignation was a lecture by Dr. Fremantle, the Dean of Ripon, on "Natural Christianity," delivered in London at the beginning of November, to a meeting of the "Churchmen's Union." The reporter's summary of the Dean's lecture was published as follows:

The Dean of Ripon's "Heresy"

> The fault of those who had written on natural religion was that they had assumed a contrast between this and revealed religion. The Bible was in the fullest sense human and natural. The Bible culminated in Christ, and

Christ had been viewed in past times in an unnatural light. Disputes had made Christ's life unreal to us, and it seemed to him that we were hampered still by the wrong processes of the past. Taking the moral supremacy of Christ for granted, they were met on the threshold of two Gospels by what seemed a prodigy—the birth of Christ from a Virgin. His own belief was that they might safely leave that out of account and treat it in exactly the same way as the words "descended into hell" were treated.

Outside the first two chapters of St. Matthew and the first two chapters of St. Luke the Virgin-birth was absolutely non-existent in the New Testament. The natural inference was that it was unknown to the writers of the New Testament, except to those who penned those four chapters. And might it not be that they arose from a misunderstanding?

As to the miracles, was it irreverent to believe that our Lord Himself could not have made a distinction between what modern science would recognise as death and the many forms of swooning, syncope, or hysteria, which sometimes deceived the wisest in modern times, and that when He bade His disciples to heal the sick and raise the dead He was speaking of a process very different from that which would be accepted in these scientific days as the raising of an actual body to life? But many of the so-called miracles, such as demoniacal possession and its cure, were quite natural, although he admitted that if some of the references in the Gospels were taken literally they were contrary to nature as we knew it. He had never been able to think of the Resurrection as a violation of natural law.

* * *

His Quasi-Apologia

WHEREUPON the religious and conservative press arose as one man and fell upon the courageous lecturer. Never since the days of Colenso has there been such a hurly-burly. The Bishop of London repudiated such teaching as heretical, and lamented that it should have been uttered in his diocese; the Dean himself was inundated with an avalanche of protests and entreaties. Whereupon he published in the *Ripon Gazette* "a sort of a kind of" an apologia, to the effect that the reporter had not given the context; that the rest of the paper . . . and so forth and so on. As to the "immaculate conception" and "resurrection," the Dean's position is given as follows in his own words:

That there are difficulties in some matters connected with the manifestation of God in Christ it would be untruthful not to admit, especially in those of the Virgin birth, in some of the "wonderful works," and in the Resurrection. But in the first of these, though the facts (1) that it is never mentioned in the New Testament except in the first two chapters of St. Matthew and St. Luke, and (2) that it was not a part of the creed of Nicæa, make it of less

authority (as in the parallel case of the words "Descended into Hell"), yet the accounts might be understood without any violation of biological law. The incarnation and divinity of our Saviour stand on the firm ground of what He did and thought, and what He has been to mankind. As to the last point, that of the Resurrection, the views of Bishop Horsley, of Dean Goulburn, and of Bishop Westcott, which have so often been urged by Canon MacColl, as well as by myself in Ripon Cathedral and elsewhere, were followed, namely, that the Resurrection was not a return to the mortal conditions of this life, but a manifestation of the spiritual state, and the "spiritual body." As to the "mighty works" of our Lord, in some cases we could see them to be instances of the power of a Majestic Presence and Personality over weakened and hysterical frames; and possibly other cases might be similarly accounted for. But since in all things, even the commonest, there is an element of the unknown, we must expect that this would be the case still more in the works of Christ Himself. If we could know everything no doubt all would appear quite natural according to the higher conception of nature, for which the writer is contending. This is brought out in the late Duke of Argyll's great work, *The Reign of Law*.

* * *

The Materialism of the Orthodox

As we see, the newspaper man was not so far out in his report, whatever Dr. Fremantle may mean by the enigmatical sentence "yet the accounts might be understood without any violation of biological law." This will doubtless for the moment mollify somewhat the materialists who boast themselves to be the orthodox. But the pity of it, that no one should have the courage to point out to the combatants that the "virgin birth" was no physical miracle for the disciples of the Lord, but is an eternal spiritual fact, a most marvellous fact, known to the mystic and the saint, though unfortunately materialised and historicised by the ignorant of the early Christian Name who were outside the inner communities. The common-sense of Christendom is with Dean Fremantle, but (and this is what he and his many co-labourers do not yet see) the only way out for them is the mystic way. The accounts as history cannot stand, but once accepted as "historicised" inner facts they become as clear as daylight to the spiritual. Paul taught this, "John" taught this, and all that host of "disciples of the Lord," "apostles," "brethren of the Lord," whom the materialists when they got the upper hand anathematised as heretics. With regard to the resurrection, it is difficult

to find a single scholar who does not agree with the view of Dr. Fremantle; but all this and vastly much more has been explained over and over again to our readers.

Since writing the above we have read the *Times*' reporter's letter in which he declares that he submitted his report to the Dean before publishing, a fact borne out by one of our colleagues who was present. This makes it bad for the *Ripon Gazette*, for we cannot suppose that the Dean wilfully departed in newspaperdom from the ideal he holds before him in the domain of the higher criticism.

* * *

Father John of Kronstadt

MANY years ago H. P. Blavatsky introduced the striking figure of Father John of Kronstadt to our readers and won for him golden opinions; his recent doings, however, should place him on a still higher pedestal of respect; not only is he a good and holy man, a true saint, but also he is a man of sound common-sense, as may be seen from the following curious paragraph from the St. Petersburg correspondent of *The Times* (October 28th):

> The ignorance and the religious fanaticism of the Russian peasantry are illustrated in a striking manner by the almost blasphemous veneration of which the famous Father John of Kronstadt, much against his will, is made the object. A short time ago a peasant in the government of Kostroma wrote a hymn in honour of Father John, placing him almost on an equality with the persons of the Trinity. The Kronstadt priest wrote a severe letter to the peasant rebuking him for his blasphemy, but this had no effect, so that he was compelled to go in person to Kostroma in order to put a stop to the growth of a sect which was being founded to worship him.
>
> This is only one instance out of many. During the services at Kronstadt voices are frequently heard exclaiming "Thou art holy, thou art holy; behold he has come down from Heaven." The reply of the priest is usually "How dare you speak so. I am only a sinful man like you. It is Satan who is speaking through your mouth in order to cause confusion among the devout. Who are you? Come out from the crowd." As a rule this command is not obeyed, and the police are unable to discover the fanatics. There are cases in which peasants openly maintain their conviction that Father John is the Christ, the reincarnation of the Divine Spirit. In particular, there is one aged pilgrim who holds fast to this belief in spite of all the efforts made to turn him from it and who, when he is arrested and threatened with punishment, declares with enthusiasm that he will gladly die for his Saviour. Portraits of Father John are frequently used as *ikons* and

are venerated in the same way. Several sects have been formed to uphold the doctrine of the divinity of the Kronstadt priest in spite of his vehement protests.

* * *

The Dukhobors

Of somewhat saner and sterner stuff is Father John made than is that fanatic of the Agapemonite community to whom our co-editor referred in the October number; wiser far is he than the leaders of those foolish Dukhobors whom we so mistakenly commiserated a few years ago as pure and saintly religionists oppressed by a tyrannical government. We have now had the Dukhobors for some two or three years in Canada, and find they are an absolutely impossible people. They were given land, welcomed and helped. After a twelvemonth or so religious mania possessed them; they drove away all their cattle, believing that God did not take pleasure in man submitting the animals to restraint; they then asked the Government to give them lands free of every possible restriction of any kind, so that they might have naught, as they imagined, between them and God; and finally, with women and children, without clothes and provisions, in the early winter, these poor deluded ones set off to march hundreds of miles to Winnipeg to meet the Christ. They met the Christ, it is true, but not as their poor fevered brains imagined; but in the shape of charity and help from the farmers, the careful protection of the mounted police, the transport of their women and children, and of their sick in litters. They were setting out to "Christianise the world," so they thought. The crusaders again, and with like results! Imagine what it must have been in similar circles when in the early days they thought that every moment the Christ was coming—a *material* Christ of course, for *that* has always been the trouble throughout the Christian centuries.

* * *

The Signs of the New Age

We are glad to notice in the November issue of the *Contemporary Review* an article on "The Newer Dispensation," by E. Wake Cook, written in a spirit of catholicity which is refreshing. The *Newer* Dispensation, according to the writer, has been gradually advancing upon us "in spite of the conservatism of the Churches,"

since the beginning of the *New* Dispensation, "and we have now materials which, if they could be summed up and united by a great religious genius, would give us a Newer Dispensation as far in advance of the New as that was above the Old." Mr. Cook thinks this "Spiritual Renaissance" is running in three streams, and the one to which his present paper is chiefly devoted is Christian Science, of which movement he gives an appreciative but not unduly biassed review. He refers, however, to our own movement as one which "flows from the mingling of Eastern with Western thought . . . . a more cheerful Theosophy which is likely to play a part in the Religion of the future. It has already given us as a doctrine of existence, a vast scheme of Spiritual Evolution, besides which the Darwin-Spencer scheme is a bagatelle and falls into place as a mere detail of this stupendous conception"—an opinion which might have fallen from the lips of our Vice-President. But the final section of the article gives the best indication of the broad outlook which the writer takes, and nothing could be more completely in accord with the views which from time to time have been set forth in this REVIEW. It runs thus:

> With Christian Science thus unexpectedly reinforcing Christianity just on those points dropped by the Churches, and lifting Christians to a higher platform; with Theosophy re-vivifying and enriching Western thought by the wonders of the East; with Spiritualism demonstrating a future life, and the existence of latent faculties and powers, and giving a meaning to life never before discerned; with Physical Science opening up new vistas into the Infinite, new wonderlands, and giving us glimpses of the awful potencies we are subduing to our service; with all this we have a movement of unprecedented significance. And although the different parts of the advancing army may sometimes wage internecine war, it is fratricidal, as they are all complementary to each other and to the older movements. The broadening and deepening of the Religious Consciousness by this Spiritual Renaissance and the wondrous revelations of Physical Science mark a stage in our development as much in advance of the New Dispensation as that was in advance of the Old. All the diverse and apparently conflicting movements have yet a strange underlying tendency to unity, and are manifesting a vaster meaning hidden from the worker by the dust of progress. [E.]

* * *

THERE is something to be learned by those who aspire to be

healers of the soul by a study of the principles which guide the healers of the body. In his address to the medical students of the Liverpool University, Sir Frederick Treves took the confession of faith of Sir Thomas Browne, and contrasted it with that of the doctor of the present day. The attitude towards the symptoms of disease has entirely changed we learn. Then, they were regarded as the work of a malignant entity, an influence which was outside the body and quite distinct from it. It followed that every symptom of disease was regarded as wholly noxious, and as needing to be stamped out by unconsidered violence.

Religio Medici

Now, these same symptoms are recognised as of beneficent intent, as the course of "appendicitis" demonstrates. A perforation occurs in the little tube, and an acrid poison finds its way into the cavity of the abdomen; the manifestations which follow are termed the symptoms of peritonitis. They are distressing and urgent, but they are all benevolent in intent, and are the outcome of Nature's vigorous effort to minimise the calamity and save the patient's life.

Might not personal vanity, or intellectual pride, also be a beneficent provision of Nature as a defence against the acrid poisons of envy, hatred and malice?

Many of the symptoms of disease, instead of being pounded out of the body by violence as wholly pernicious, should rather be regarded as means for guiding the physician in the treatment he should adopt. Might there not be a word of wisdom here for those ascetics who regard the natural wants of the body as hideous vices, and the pursuit of happiness as the unforgivable sin?

* * *

The second great element in the Religio Medici concerns the relation of the physician to his patient, and here there is probably little divergence between the old faith and the new. Two and a half centuries have not served to modify the basis of right doing, and the few tenets professed by Sir Thomas Browne will find acceptance at the present day. They range under three heads:

The true Disciple of Æsculapius

In the first place the doctor must be strong, and his strength must depend on the fullness of his knowledge, and upon a fine and cultivated sense, a quick perception, a ready judgment, and a delicate susceptibility. The sick man in his weakness looks to his doctor for the supporting hand and the strong arm; he is moving in the dark and he needs to be led; he is haunted by apprehension and his fears must be allayed.

The second need is absolute fidelity; all those who profess to attend upon the sick undertake a solemn trust. The fullness and simplicity of the confidence of the sick man are the measure of the scrupulous honesty with which it must be received.

The third necessity of the doctor is that he must be kind; he must be a man of wide sympathies, and possessed of that rare qualification which enables him to put himself in the patient's place. Genuine sympathy cannot be assumed, or if assumed its artificiality is too apparent to deceive even a child.

Such is the ideal held up by the first surgeon in England for the guidance of the healers of the body. But as the value of the soul transcends that of the body, so does the responsibility of the soul-physician transcend that of the ordinary doctor. The former may well lay to heart the motto given by Sir Frederick to his students, "*Fortiter, Fideliter, Feliciter.*"

[A.]

* * *

We deeply regret to announce that Mme. Meulemann, who was in a very real sense the heart of our movement in Holland, passed away in sleep on November 24th. As we have only just received the telegram at the very last moment before going to press, it is only possible to announce the sad news—sad for us, her many friends and lovers, for the form in which we loved her is taken away. Our profoundest sympathy is with our Dutch colleagues. But she is not dead, nor does she sleep; she was too strenuous a labourer to abandon the work she loved better than life, now that she is relieved of the burden of her suffering body.

THE EVOLUTION OF CONSCIOUSNESS

(CONTINUED FROM p. 227)

The Third Life-Wave

The middle of the third Root-Race had been reached; the nervous apparatus of animal man had been built up to a point at which it needed for its further improvement the more direct flow of thought from the spiritual Triad to which it was attached; the Group-Soul had completed its work for these, the higher products of evolution, as the medium by which the Life of the Second Logos protected and nourished His infant children; it was now to form the foundation of the causal body, the vessel into which the down-pouring life was to be received; the term of the antenatal life of the Monad was touched, and the time was ripe for his birth into the lower world. The mother-life of the Logos had built for him the bodies in which he could now live as a separate entity in the world of forms, and he was to come into direct possession of his bodies and take up his human evolution.

We have seen (vol. xxx., p. 457) that the Monads derive their being from the First Logos, and the down-flow of their life into the spiritual Triads—causing the vortices of activity which catch up into union with themselves the upward reaching stream of life from the lower planes and form in that union the causal bodies—is called the third Life-Wave, and is properly related to Him as its source.

The causal body once formed, the spiritual Triad has a permanent vehicle for further evolution, and when Consciousness becomes able to function freely in this vehicle, the Triad will be able to control and direct far more effectively than ever before the evolution of the lower vehicles.

The earlier efforts to control are not, however, of a very intelligent description, any more than the first movements of the body of the infant show they are directed by any intelligence,

although we know that an intelligence is connected with it. The Monad is now, in a very real sense, born on the physical plane, but still he must be regarded as a babe, and must pass through an immense period of time before his power over the physical body will be anything but infantile.

Human Development

And this is clearly seen if we look at man as he was in his early days. Those long-perished Lemurians—if we except those entities who had already developed Consciousness to a considerable extent and who took birth in the clumsy Lemurian bodies in order to lead human evolution—were very poorly developed as to their sense organs; those of smell and taste were not developed, but were only in process of building. Their sensitiveness to pleasure and pain was slight.

In the Atlanteans the senses were much more active; sight was very keen and hearing was acute; taste and smell were more developed than among the Lemurians, but were still not highly evolved; coarse and rank foods were found perfectly tolerable and even agreeable, and very highly-flavoured articles of diet, such as decaying meat, were preferred to more delicate viands, which were considered tasteless. The body was not very sensitive to injuries, and severe wounds did not cause much pain, nor were followed by prostration, even extensive lacerations failing to incapacitate the sufferer, and healing very quickly. The remnants of the Lemurian Race now existing, as well as the widely spread Atlantean, still show a relative insensitiveness to pain, and undergo, with very partial disablement, lacerations that would utterly prostrate a fifth race man. A North American Indian has been reported as fighting on after the side of the thigh had been slashed away, and taking the field again after twelve or fifteen hours. This characteristic of the fourth race body enables a savage to bear with composure, and to recover from, tortures that would prostrate a fifth race man from nervous shock.

These differences derive largely from the varying developments of the permanent atom, the nucleus of the physical body. There is, in the fifth Root-Race, a fuller stream of life pouring down, causing and increasing with the greater internal develop-

ment of the permanent atom. As evolution goes on, there is an increasing complex of vibratory powers in the physical permanent atom, a similar increase in the astral atom, and again in the mental unit. As birth follows birth, and these permanent nuclei are put out on each plane to gather round them the new mental, astral and physical encasements, the more highly developed permanent atoms draw round them the more highly developed atoms on the planes to which they belong, and thus build up a better nervous apparatus through which the ever-increasing stream of Consciousness can flow. In this way is built up the delicately organised nervous apparatus of the fifth race man.

In the fifth race man the internal differentiation of the nervous cells is much increased, and the intercommunications are much more numerous. Speaking generally, the Consciousness of the fifth race man is working on the astral plane, and is withdrawn from the physical body except so far as the cerebro-spinal nervous system is concerned. The control of the vital organs of the body is left to the sympathetic system, trained through long ages to perform this work, and now kept going by impulses from the astral centres other than the ten, without deliberate attention from the otherwise occupied Consciousness, although of course sustained by it. It is, however, as we shall presently see, quite possible to draw the attention of Consciousness again to this part of its mechanism, and to reassume intelligent control of it. In the more highly evolved members of the fifth Race, the main impulses of Consciousness are sent down from the lower mental world, and work down through the astral to the physical, and there stimulate the physical nervous activity. This is the keen, subtle, intelligent Consciousness, moved by ideas more than by sensations, and showing itself more actively in the mental and emotional brain-centres than in those concerned with sensory and motor phenomena.

The sense-organs of the fifth race body are less active and acute than those of the highest fourth Race in responding to purely physical impacts. The eye, the ear, the touch, the smell, are less keen, and do not respond to vibrations which would affect the fourth race sense-organs. It is significant, also, that these organs are at their keenest in early childhood, and diminish in

sensitiveness from about the sixth year onward. On the other hand, while less acute in receiving pure sense-impacts, they become more sensitive to sensations intermingled with emotions, and delicacies of colour and of sound, whether of nature or of art, appeal to them more effectively. The higher and more intricate organisation of the sense-centres in the brain and in the astral body seems to bring about increased sensitiveness to beauty of colour, form and sound, but diminished response to the sensations in which the emotions play no part.

The fifth race body is also far more sensitive to shock than are the bodies of the fourth and third Races, being more dependent upon Consciousness for its upkeep. A nervous shock is far more keenly felt, and entails far greater prostration. A severe mutilation is no longer a question of lacerated muscle, of torn tissues, but of nervous shock; the highly organised nervous system carries the message of distress to the brain-centres, and it is sent on from them to the astral body, disturbing and upsetting the astral Consciousness. This is followed by disturbance on the mental plane; imagination is aroused, memory stimulates anticipation, and the rush of mental impulses intensifies and prolongs sensations. These again stimulate and excite the nervous system, and its undue excitation acts on the vital organs, causing organic disturbance; hence depression of vitality, and slow recovery.

So also in the highly evolved fifth race body mental conditions largely rule the physical, and intense anxiety, mental suffering, and worry, producing nervous tension, readily disturb organic processes and bring about weakness or disease. Hence mental strength and serenity directly promote physical health, and when the Consciousness is definitely established on the astral or the mental plane, emotional and mental disturbance are far more productive of ill-health than any privations inflicted on the physical body. The evolved fifth race man lives literally in his nervous system.

Incongruous Souls and Bodies

But we should here notice a significant fact, bearing on the all-important question of the relation of the nervous organisation to Consciousness. When a human consciousness

has not yet grown beyond the later Lemurian or Atlantean type, but is born into a fifth race body, it presents a curious and interesting study. (The reasons for such a birth cannot here be enlarged upon; briefly, as the more advanced nations annex the lands occupied by little evolved tribes, and kill them off either directly or indirectly, the people thus summarily evicted from their bodies have to find new habitats; the suitable savage conditions are becoming rarer and rarer, under the ever expanding flood of higher races, and they have to take birth under the lowest available conditions, such as the slums of large cities, in families of criminal types. They are drawn to the conquering nation by kârmic necessity.) Such persons incarnate in fifth race bodies of the worst available material. They then show out in these fifth race bodies the qualities that belong to the fourth or the third; and though they have the physical outer nervous organisation, they have not the internal differentiation in the nervous matter that only comes with the play on physical matter of energies coming from the astral and mental worlds. We observe in them the non-responsiveness to impressions from outside, unless the impressions are of a violent order, that marks the low grade of development of the individual consciousness. We notice the falling back into inertia when a violent physical stimulus is absent; the recurrent craving for such violent stimulus when roused by physical necessities; the stirring into faint mental activity under vehement impacts on the sense-organs, and the blankness when the sense-organs are at rest; the complete absence of any response to a thought or a high emotion—not a rejection but an unconsciousness of it. Excitement or violence in such a person is caused as a rule by something outside—by something coming before him physically which his dawning mind connects with the possibility of gratifying some passion which he remembers, and desires again to feel. Such a person may not be intent on robbery or murder at all, but may be stimulated into either or both by the mere sight of a well-dressed passer-by who seems likely to have money—money, that means gratification by food, drink or sex. The stimulus to attack the passer-by is at once given, and will be followed at once by action, unless checked by a physical and obvious danger, such as the sight of a policeman.

It is the embodied physical temptation which arouses the idea of committing the crime; a man who plans a crime beforehand is more highly developed; the mere savage commits a crime on the impulse of the moment, unless faced by another physical embodiment, that of a force which he fears. And when the crime is committed, he is impervious to all appeals to shame or remorse; he is susceptible only to terror.

These remarks do not, of course, apply to the intelligent criminal, but only to the congenital brutal and obtuse type, the third or fourth race savage in a fifth race body.

Clairvoyance

We have seen that astral organisation precedes and shapes the physical nervous system, and we have now to consider how this must affect the workings of Consciousness. We should expect to find that Consciousness on the astral plane will become aware of impacts on its astral sheath in a vague and unprecise way, just as in the minerals and the plants and the lowest animals, it became aware of impacts on its physical body. This awareness of astral impacts will long precede any definite organisation in the astral sheath that will evolve it into an astral body. And, as we have seen, the first organisation in the astral sheath is a response to impacts received through the physical body, and is related to the physical body in its evolution. This organisation has nothing to do directly with the reception, co-ordination and understanding of astral impacts, but is engaged in being acted upon by, and re-acting on, the physical nervous system. Consciousness everywhere precedes Self-Consciousness, and the evolution of Consciousness on the astral plane proceeds contemporaneously with the evolution of Self-Consciousness—these will be dealt with in the next sections—on the physical.

The impacts on the astral sheath from the astral plane produce vibratory waves over the whole astral sheath, and the unsheathed Consciousness gradually becomes dimly aware of these surgings without relating them to any external cause. It is groping after the much more violent physical impacts, and such power of attention as it has evolved is turned on them. The aggregations of astral matter before mentioned naturally share in the general surgings of the astral sheath, and the vibrations

mingle with those coming from the physical body, and affect also the vibrations sent down to it by the Consciousness through these aggregations. Thus a connection is established between astral impacts and the sympathetic system, and they play a considerable part in its evolution. As the Consciousness working in the physical begins slowly to recognise an external world, these impacts from the astral—gradually classified under the five senses as are the impacts from the physical—mingle with those from the physical plane and are not distinguished as being different from them in origin. So long as the sympathetic system is acting as the dominant apparatus of Consciousness, so long will the origin, astral or physical, of impacts remain as the same to Consciousness. Even the higher animals—in which the cerebro-spinal system is well developed, but in which it is not yet, save in its sense-centres, the chief mechanism of Consciousness—fail to distinguish between physical and astral sights, sounds, etc. A horse will leap over an astral body as though it were a physical one; a cat will rub herself against the legs of an astral figure; a dog will growl at a similar appearance. In the dog and the horse there is the dawning of an uneasy sense of some difference, shown by the fear often manifested of such appearances by the dog, and by the timidity of the horse. The nervousness of the horse—despite which he can be trained to face the dangers of a battle field, and even, as with Arab mares, learn to pick up and carry away his fallen rider through all the alarming surroundings—seems chiefly due to his confusion and bewilderment as to his environment, and his inability to distinguish between what later he will learnedly call "objective realities," against which he can injure his body, and "delusions," or "hallucinations." To him they are all real, and the difference of their behaviour alarms him; in the case of an exceptionally intelligent horse the nervousness is often greater, as he evolves a dawning sense of difference in the phenomena themselves, and this is yet more disquieting.

The savage, living more in the cerebro-spinal system, distinguishes between the physical and the astral, though the latter to him are as "real" as the physical; he relates them to another world, to which he relegates all things that do not behave in the way he considers normal. He does not know that, with regard

to these, he is conscious through the sympathetic and not through the cerebro-spinal system; he is conscious of them—that is all. The Lemurians and early Atlanteans were almost more conscious astrally than they were physically. Astral impacts, throwing the whole astral sheath into waves, came through the sense-centres of the astral to the sympathetic centres in the physical body, and they were vividly aware of them. Their lives were dominated by sensations and passions more than by intellect, and the special apparatus of the astral sheath, the sympathetic system, was the dominant mechanism of Consciousness.

As the cerebro-spinal system became elaborated, and more and more assumed its peculiar position as the chief apparatus of Consciousness on the physical plane, the attention of Consciousness was fixed more and more on the external physical world, and its aspect of intelligence was brought into greater and greater prominence. The sympathetic system became subordinate, and its indications were less and less regarded, submerged under the flood of the more violent physical vibrations. Hence a lessening of astral consciousness and an increase of intelligence, though there still remains in almost everyone a vague sense of non-understood impressions received from time to time.

At the present stage of evolution this form of clairvoyance is found in persons of very limited intellect; they have little idea as to its rationale, and little control over its exercise. Attempts to increase it are apt to cause nervous disturbances of a very refractory kind, and these attempts are against the law of evolution, which works ever forward towards a higher end, and does not move backwards. As the law cannot be changed, attempts to work against it only cause disturbance and disease. We cannot revert to the condition in which the sympathetic system was dominant, save at the cost of health, and of the higher intellectual evolution. Hence the serious danger of following many of the directions now published broadcast, to meditate on the solar plexus, and other sympathetic centres.

When the cerebro-spinal system is thrown temporarily into abeyance, the impulses from the astral sheath through the sympathetic system make themselves felt in Consciousness. Hence "lucidity" in trance, self-induced or imposed, the power of

crystal-reading, and other similar devices. The partial or complete suspension of the action of Consciousness in the higher vehicle causes it to direct attention on the lower.

When by the play of intellect and the perfecting of the physical intellectual apparatus, the organisation of the astral *body* begins, then the true astral senses, called the Chakras, or wheels, from their whirling appearance, are gradually evolved. These develope on the astral plane, as astral senses and organs, and are built and controlled from the mental plane, as were the brain-centres from the astral. Consciousness is then working on the mental plane and building its astral mechanism, as before it worked on the astral plane, building its physical mechanism. But now it works with far greater power and greater understanding, having unfolded so many of its powers. Further, it shapes centres in the physical body from the sympathetic and cerebro-spinal systems, to act as physical plane apparatus for bringing into the brain consciousness the vibrations from the higher planes. As these centres are vivified, knowledge is "brought through," *i.e.*, is grasped by Consciousness working in the physical nervous system. This is the higher clairvoyance, powers of Consciousness in the astral body intelligently exercised and self-directed.

In this upward-climbing, the powers of Consciousness are awakened on the physical plane, and are then severally awakened on the astral and the mental. The astral and mental sheaths must be highly evolved ere they can be farther developed into the subtle body, acting independently on the higher planes, and then building for itself the necessary apparatus for the exercise of these higher powers in the physical world. And even here, when the apparatus is ready, built by pure thought and pure desire, it must be vivified on the physical plane by the fire of Kuṇḍalinî, aroused and directed by the Consciousness working in the physical brain.

ANNIE BESANT.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

THE PIPER OF ELFAME

The moorland tracks were spongy with water; raindrops hung on bog-myrtle and whortleberry twigs. There were purple-brown shadows in the goyals; all sounds were muffled, yet there was no mist. The air was still, the distance clear and soft, the horizon distant. Upon the moor where two roads met there sat a man; his hair was grey, but he was not old, it had lost its colour in youth; his face kept the youthfulness his hair had lost, it looked as though it would never grow old; it was delicate, joyous, untouched by care or the fiend "worry." It had a boyishness at variance with his actual age, for he was past his thirtieth birthday.

He seemed to be waiting, but with no eagerness or impatience. He sang a folk-song of the West in a low voice, a mere sweet tuneful breath of sound; he watched a hawk hovering high above a round barrow thick with bracken which was changing colour. He touched a little blue flower growing in the heather, with a delicate recognition of its beauty; he did not pluck it.

At last he looked down the road, a man was walking quickly towards him; this man was upright of bearing, and swift of movement; he looked neither to the right nor to the left; he pressed on over the moorland regarding neither flower nor bird. He who waited stood up; when the newcomer came abreast of him he spoke:

"My good fortune!" he said, with an ease and friendliness uncommon in an Englishman addressing a stranger, a manner hitting the happy mean between stiffness and familiarity. "The gods are good to me because I treat their handiwork as I would wish mine to be treated. I am lost, and sat me down in peace in the hope of someone passing before sunset. Can you direct me?"

The other, he was a spare, harsh-featured man, with a worn face and tightly shut lips, answered:

"If I know where you are going perhaps I can. I looked at a map of the roads this morning, and I carry such things fairly clearly in my head."

"Is it possible? What a gift! I never dream of giving such things house-room in my head; but then its space is limited. I don't mind where I go as long as I get lodging somewhere. I have neither plans nor prejudices; a farmhouse barn would content me. But I want some shelter; it is too wet to sleep under the sky."

The man to whom he spoke—his name, Richard Tharme, was as harsh as his face—hesitated; at last he said:

"If you don't mind where you go, perhaps you had better walk with me. I do not know the villages, but I am going over yonder, and I daresay we shall pass a farm; or even perhaps—where I am going—someone might—if you were belated on the moor—or they would direct you to an inn."

"Yes, perhaps they would do so. I should scarcely venture to beg lodging of your friends for a stranger."

"Friends!" said Tharme bluntly and brusquely. "I'm not going to friends. I've a comrade here and there whom I quarrel with and stick to; but none in this soft, wet lazy-land. If you will take a guide who doesn't know his own way over well, I'll guide you."

"Thank you," said the other, walking beside him. "Say nothing against this land of the gods and fairies, I beg you. I was here six weeks ago; the place was a sheet of royal purple and gold. Look at it now! Some gold remains, where the gorse is a-bloom. The heather is dull brown and green; the bracken pale yellow and russet brown. Look at the sweep of the hills, and the dark tors; see the little waterfalls as white as milk flashing down the goyals. What breadth! what perfume! what freedom!"

"Freedom! There's a prison on this moor."

"For God's sake don't remind me of it, then! Look at the horizon line, and the sky pale above it—pale with fierceness of light, it looks. See the shining streak that runs all along."

"It's a sign of bad weather," said Tharme, who began to wish he had resisted his instinct to put lost wanderers in the right road. "You are probably an artist?"

He spoke as one who wishes to mention all extenuating circumstances.

"No; you must not form so high an estimate of me. I only like to look at things."

"At beautiful things?" said Tharme with a little sneer.

"Of course. No man in his senses looks at ugly ones; but there is really very little ugliness."

"Do you think so?" said Tharme drily. "What of the people who have to look at ugliness—or go blind?"

"I think most people who say they are compelled to see ugliness are lunatics who like it. Of course some people don't distinguish ugliness from beauty. I knew a woman who painted jam-pots and sauce-bottles with Aspinall's enamel, and stuck them about her room."

"She was perhaps blindly striving after the beautiful," said Tharme sarcastically. The real pitifulness which lurked in the half-comic story touched him, though he did not know why he should be touched; the man's tone nettled him. Tharme's past made the attitude of his chance acquaintance intensely jarring, especially to his present mood; a whole string of mind-pictures rose before him; all the unsuspected intricacies and subtleties, the joy and pain of the phases of life which this man seemed to put out of account. All that he knew was ignorance to Tharme, while all that was to Tharme the most poignant reality was unseen and unknown by the other.

"Perhaps she was," he said. "I never thought of that. Last week I was in a flat green country in the north; it was a grey misty day."

"Ghastly black-grey mist, with a dash of dirty yellow in it; I know those northern towns."

"No; there was colour in it, like the bloom on a plum; the clouds were the same colour, with pale flame striking through them, where the sun was hidden. I came to a winding grey road, with a nun in a blue gown and white cap walking along it; the road was bordered with poplars; they don't understand poplars in this country, as a rule. There was an old brown stone cross by that roadside; beyond it the road wound through flat green fields with the mist hanging over them; one field was like a long

horse-shoe, bordered with trees touched bronze by early autumn, that bronze—(it was the sort of day to bring out bronzes and greens)—made a background for a field of willow withies."

"Grown for basket weaving, I suppose?"

"I don't know. Very likely. But the willow green against the bronze, in the quiet plum-grey mist! It was a marvel of colouring! Do you know the purpose of colour?"

"I did not suppose it had any. A thing's red because it absorbs some light waves, and reflects others back from its surface."

"I'm not thinking of the mechanical process. Colour is the language of the gods; thus they translate the 'things unspeakable' to earth. They send divine ideas sweeping throughout the world for a few of us to interpret, a few to understand silently, and for many to feel without understanding. That's the whole purpose, meaning and office of colour in water and field, wood, plain, and mountain."

Tharme hesitated whether he ought to pity a lunatic or curse a babbling fool.

"You get fine colour in London, too," pursued his companion. "Wonderful effects down by the river; I've seen a street of wet mud turned to gold, early on a winter's morning. And at evening, too, from the bridges, I've seen the silver-grey water with fire roses glowing in it, in the half light; it is fine to see it, and to feel the throb of the city. It is glorious to have that sense of life at full tide."

"It depends on the quarter you live in."

"Do you think so? I see beauty in all. I see it in a street market lit with flaring naphtha lamps. If you are raised above it on the top of a 'bus, you see it well."

"You think people see things better when they're raised above them; perhaps you're right. But you must climb from the street to reach the roof."

"You are allegorising I think. I challenge your statement. Of course you must climb to the roof, but you'll see equally well if you mount your 'bus in Park Lane."

"Do you understand what you see?" said Tharme almost rudely. The one man was suffering; the other was enjoying the play of fancy, thought and speech. He answered gaily:

"You get the effect at any rate. What place is that far away over the moor?"

"The prison."

"They've no business to put it here."

Tharme had an impulse of unnecessary candour such as sometimes visits very reserved people.

"I'm on my way to it," he said. "My youngest brother lies dead there. I'm going to see his body."

"You should have told me you were in trouble. That must be a gloomy place in which to live as—" hesitatingly, for Tharme, though he spoke like a man of some education, had a rough method of pronunciation, and was very shabbily dressed—"as a—a warder."

"Or as a convict, which was my brother's case."

"I—I beg your pardon for introducing a subject which pains you. But, after all, there is something beautiful in—in—"

"In being a convicted criminal?"

"No; I was going to say—in being unjustly condemned."

"Doubtless. Very beautiful—save for the condemned. But that was not my brother's position; and if others had been born in the particular tide of the city's life in which he and I found ourselves, perhaps its glorious throbbing would have taken them where it took him."

"You mean me? Quite likely. But I observe it has not taken you there."

"Chance," replied Tharme, "and obstinacy. I forced my way up; forged ahead, and wrenched from fate better conditions. It was too late for *him* then; his fate was sealed when he was a boy. Yet he was a better man than I, more kindly, more generous. This is ugly talk, and it revolts you, no doubt. But it does not revolt you more than yours revolts me."

"We won't talk, then," said the other.

They tramped on in silence. It began to grow dusk; the clouds stooped suddenly and wrapped the moor in their soft clammy folds. The men walked through the mist, till Tharme spoke:

"I'm sorry," he said. "I'm at fault. I don't know where we are."

They stood still; the soft white mist drifted past them wave-like. There came towards them through the mist-waves a faint piping, thin and shrill.

"There's someone whistling. A shepherd perhaps," said Tharme listening. "Can you tell which way the sound comes? I can't."

The other listened.

"This way," he said promptly. "We must leave the road. My ear will guide me."

They walked a few paces over heather and soft, spongy earth. The mist lifted a little; the piping sounded close at hand, high, clear, and flute-like. Tharme's companion stood still:

"Do you see?" he said gasping.

Tharme peered through the mist.

"Yes," he said. "I see the man; he's sitting on a rock. I suppose the people who live here are used to this weather. Hullo, there! Can you direct us? We're lost in the mist."

"Common fate of man," said a mellow voice, with a curious lilt in it. "Which way do you wish to go? So many ways are right; it depends which way you have chosen."

"Where are we?"

"In Elfame."

"That doesn't mean much to me," said Tharme. He was now standing beside the piper; a slender youth with glittering eyes, pale face, and long fair hair on which dewdrops hung; on his head was a quaint peaked cap; he had a reed pipe in his hand.

"Which is the nearest village from this part of the moor?"

"I know nothing of any moor."

Tharme stared at him.

"Why, you're on it, man!" he said.

"So are you in Elfame," said the piper. "But you know as little of it as I of the moor. Ask your friend what he knows of the place."

As he spoke he put the pipe to his lips and sent ripples of sound into the mist.

Tharme turned to his chance travelling companion and

started. The man's face was white with a very anguish of joy; his eyes streamed tears and his mouth laughed; he broke into a rhythmic chant of rapturous words; he spoke of the hills and vales as ablaze with light; he told of voices singing and laughing, and the throb of harp-strings pulsing through the air; he told of tall, white, yellow-haired women, and men like a poet's dream of the sons of God; he told how they trod those hills and made them shine with the light of their feet; he sang of the ever-blooming blossoms in their hands and binding their brows; and he cried out concerning the perfume of the flowers that blew from them to him. Lastly he told of a great white tower upon the hill summit; from its windows rosy light streaming, within it a sound of laughter and song, and at the door a tall queen, with flame about her brows, and in her hand a blossoming rod that gave forth music. And the man strode up the hillside to meet the tall, wise queen, laughing and sobbing, and stretching out his arms into the mist.

Tharme heard his voice and saw him vaguely outlined through its lifting folds; on a sudden the voice stopped, and the man vanished. Tharme turned to the piper.

"You may be the devil," he said. "I don't know who you are; I never believed in him, nor in the good God who allows places like the one in which I was reared, and suffers children to be born in them. But whether you are the devil or not, you shall not pipe away my wits as you have done that fool's."

"My good sir," said the piper laughing, "I don't want your wits. I have enough for my needs, which is all devil or man can reasonably demand for immediate use. Why do you call your friend a fool?"

"He's no friend of mine," said Tharme. "But if you say you have not taken his wits, you're a liar. You have driven him mad with your piping, and you have murdered him, for he has probably fallen down a disused mining shaft, if there are any on the moor."

"By no means," replied the piper. "To-morrow at sunrise he will be sleeping on the hill summit, and he will tell you, if you ask him, of his dreams. He will write them down moreover, and the world will be the fairer because he has had a vision of Elfame."

"Visions are not real. There is no Elfame."

"Truly some have said thus," responded the piper. "But the wisest of them have affirmed that your city is equally unreal. I played once to a bishop who was lost in the mist, as bishops as well as laymen sometimes may be; the lamps of Elfame were lighted for him, but he thought my pipe the shrill croak of frogs, and the light of the wise queen a will-o'-the-wisp. Now on the other hand there was a man who escaped from the prison yonder who found his way to the very heart of fairyland. He stayed there two days and nights and then he was found by his jailers asleep on the hill. Three days thereafter he died in prison; they said he died of exposure, but they were wrong. He died because he had seen Elfame and was mad with longing for it."

"Will that poor wretch do the same?"

"No. He has power to tell his fellows concerning what he has seen. But when a man knows and cannot tell what he knows, he sometimes dies, or goes mad with dumbness and longing."

Tharme cast himself on the wet ground beside the rock, leaning on his elbow and looking up at the piper, who said:

"You are not afraid of the devil then?"

"Of you? No. Play me into Elfame if you can."

"Or if I dare, so your eyes say," said the piper, laughing. He toyed idly with his pipe.

"Play!" said Tharme imperiously.

"What good in that?" said the piper. "You would only see the ugliness of Elfame, if I piped you there."

"Is there ugliness in Elfame?"

"Assuredly," said the piper. "How else should there be beauty."

"But he did not see it."

"No; he did not look for it. He never looks for the ugliness of the city, much less for that of Elfame. He would live by a bog side and never see whether a lost traveller was struggling therein or no."

"Do you praise him for that?"

"No," replied the piper. "I do not praise or blame bird or beast for acting after his kind. Nor do I praise you because you see nothing but the folk who are fast in a slough.

He does not help those who are plunged in the mud; but he serves those well who stand on firm ground and do not wish to hear descriptions of the nature of morasses."

"Must there always be ugliness?" said Tharme with a sigh.

"So long as there is beauty. In the garden of the King of Elfame there is neither, so it is said."

"What is there, then?"

"That which is neither ugliness nor beauty, good or evil, pleasure or pain. Can you picture it?"

"No."

"No!" said the piper, and his pipe laughed and sobbed at one and the same time.

"Why should there be any of these things?" said Tharme. "If there is something which is none of them, why should we not have done without them all?"

"Divers reasons have been given," said the piper. "Whether they would satisfy you I do not know."

Tharme mused. The piper made strange music with his pipe.

"The people of Elfame," said Tharme, "if such there be, can have nothing in common with humanity."

"What do you mean by humanity?" said the piper. "It is a word that covers many kinds of people; so many that you could not find one word that should apply to all. If there were no such men as you, there would be none to drain the sloughs wherein your people sink and die, none to cry out on ugliness, and harry people's souls because of want and evil; and there would be no saints or sages who had climbed to their thrones in Heaven by the sinner's road. If there were not such as he, the folk who like the sweet songs of Elfame would grow dry and barren at heart, bewildered by the foulness you cannot choose but see."

"You are right, whoever you are. I see it eternally."

"It is but half; they see the other half, and the fairer. There are men who see only the weaknesses of the strong, the follies of the wise, and the sins of the saintlike. They wander in mist and darkness."

"They are to blame, are they?"

"You are of them, and should know. They have their use. Nor are they more to blame than those who blaspheme Truth by refusing to see ugliness because of the beauty that always hides in it; who close their eyes to weakness, evil and pain, who refuse to face the darkness that makes possible the light. These are dazzled by light, and see nothing clearly. A wise man sees Elfame and your city too; he knows the links that bind each to each; he knows the just measure of the beauty and ugliness that are shining in the sun or lost in the mist. Do not quarrel with your travelling comrade because he treads another road than yours. Make straight his path, so that when the ways are clean enough for him to walk them without shuddering he may bring the songs of Elfame to ring in the city's heart."

"The mist is lifting," said Tharme. "The wind is rising. There's the moon. Well! faery or human, whichever you be, you have talked with me as man to man. You have not fooled me."

"There was no need," said the piper gravely. "You can do it for yourself; I would wish peace upon you if yours were the way of peace."

The mist had vanished; a bright moonshine showed the sweep of the moors, and a pile of rocks on the summit of the hill. Tharme nodded to the piper, and turned to walk towards the distant prison. A shrill music crept after him, and danced round him as he went; he turned, and saw the piper standing on the hilltop cairn; his pipe was at his lips, and the high sweet notes were echoed from the sleeping tors. Tharme never heard how his chance travelling companion returned from Elfame; he never knew his name, so that when a year later he happened to see the book in which he told a portion of what he saw there, he passed it by unread. Besides, in any case he was too busy to read it, for he was striking and encountering great blows on the very verge of the Slough of Despond.

MICHAEL WOOD.

THE EARLIEST EXTERNAL EVIDENCE AS TO THE TALMUD JESUS STORIES*

CHRISTIAN tradition will have it that already as early as about 30 A.D. the followers of Jesus were most bitterly persecuted by the Jewish authorities. On the contrary, we know that Christians and Jews were undistinguished by the Roman authorities until the closing years of the first century, and that, too, not only in Palestine but also among the Dispersion—a consideration which in the opinion of some critics tends somewhat to weaken the strength of the traditional line of demarcation which is regarded as having been drawn between Jew and Gentile Christians in the Diaspora by Pauline propaganda. Moreover, we are further assured by Talmud scholars that according to Jewish tradition Jews and Jewish Christians were not distinctly separated out till the reign of Trajan (98-117 A.D.), or even still later in Hadrian's time (117-138 A.D.).

It is impossible to reconcile these contradictory data; for though we may almost entirely eliminate the negative evidence of classical writers by the persuasion that the official Roman was ignorant or careless of the rights or wrongs of the matter, and contemptuously lumped Jew and Christian together as of the same family as far as their *superstitio* was concerned, the Christian and Jewish traditions appear to be in straitest contradiction, even though we suppose that the Palestinian Rabbis who first evolved the Talmud paid attention only to the state of affairs in the land of Israel proper and were not concerned with the Dispersion. It may indeed be that in the beginning the Tanäic Rabbis paid no attention to Gentile Christians of any grade in Palestine, but regarded them as Heathen, and the vast majority of them as *Amme-ha-aretz*, entirely outside the pale of Jewry and its privi-

* This series of studies began in the June number.

leges; it may be that they were only concerned with born Jews who were abandoning the externals of the Law and introducing into Jewry what the Rabbis considered to be polytheistic views which set at naught the rigid monotheistic commandments of the Torah. But even so, if the testimony of Paul as to himself is genuine, there was the bitterest persecution almost a century before the Talmud indirectly admits it.

Now in spite of the brilliant critical ability of van Manen and his school I am still inclined to regard the majority of the Pauline letters as largely genuine, and therefore as being our earliest historical witnesses to Christianity. From these we learn that already upwards of a generation before the fall of Jerusalem, which immensely intensified the propaganda of more liberal and spiritual views throughout the nation, there was bitter persecution on the part of the Jewish authorities against heresy, and that among the victims of this persecution were the followers of Jesus. We do not have to deduce this from enigmatical sentences or confused traditions, but on the contrary we have before us what purports to be not only the testimony of an eye witness, but the confession of one who had taken a leading part in the persecution. In his Letter to the Galatians (i. 13) Paul declares that before his conversion he was engaged in persecuting and "wasting" the "Church of God." If this declaration of the great propagandist is a statement of fact, and not a rhetorical embellishment, or a generous exaggeration in contrition for previous harshness (begotten of zeal for the "tradition of the fathers") towards those with whom he was now the co-believer, it is in straitest contradiction with the opinion of these Talmudic scholars who assert that Jews and Jewish Christians continued together in comparative harmony till the reign of Trajan.

The graphic details of this persecution as given in the Acts, and its far-reaching character, as suggested by the furnishing of Paul by the authorities with letters against the heretics even among the Dispersion at Damascus, may presumably be set down as a later Haggadic expansion, or the ascription of circumstances of a later date to Pauline times.* But

* Otherwise we have to account for the existence of a "Church" at Damascus at a date when, according to canonical tradition, the first Church at Jerusalem had hardly been formed.

whatever was the exact nature of the "havoc" in the time of Paul, at the time of the redaction of the Acts (130-150 A.D.) it was still a lively remembrance that there had been much persecution at the hands of the Jews, that is to say most probably from the Mishnaic Rabbis and their adherents—a fact confirmed by the Talmud, which in a number of passages allows us to conclude that during the first thirty-five years of the second century the great Akiba himself, who was so zealous for the Law, and the virtual founder of the Talmud method, was the most strenuous and implacable opponent of Christianity. And if there was persecution, there must have previously been controversy, and controversy of the most embittered nature, and if bitter dispute then presumably scandal and slander.

We are certain then that the strife was at fever heat in the first quarter of the second century, just prior to the compilation of our four canonical Gospels; the "common document" (as we saw in a previous paper) shows further that it was in manifestation some half century prior to the redaction of these documents, say somewhere about 75 A.D., while if we can accept the testimony of the Letter to the Galatians as that of a genuine declaration by Paul himself, we must push back the beginnings of the struggle another half century or so.*

Seeing, then, that few reject this testimony, as far as most of us are concerned there is nothing *à priori* to prevent the genesis of the original forms of some of these Talmud stories going back even to some 30 years A.D., while for others we can at best only push their origin back stage by stage with the evolution of Christian dogma—that is to say with the externalising and historicising of the mystic teachings of the inner tradition. As

* In this connection it would be interesting to determine the exact date of Paul's conversion, but this is impossible to do with any precision. The various authorities give it as anywhere between 28—36 A.D., the 28 limit making it almost coterminous with the earliest possible date of the crucifixion according to the canonical data. This early date, however, allows no time for anything but a sudden and unorganised outbreak of official fury directed against the followers of Jesus immediately after his execution (according to canonical tradition), and such a sudden outbreak seems out of keeping with the extended "persecuting" and "wasting" of the "Church of God" referred to by Paul. But was the "Church" of tradition as imagined by the scribe of the Acts (viii. 3), the same as the "Church of God" in Paul's living memory? Did the latter then possess the identical story related a century later in the canonical Gospels? And if so, why does Paul seem to be almost entirely ignorant of this story in spite of lengthy acquaintance with that "Church" while wasting it, and in spite of subsequent conversion?

Christian popular propaganda gradually departed from the sober paths of prosaic history and simple ethical instruction, owing to the externalising of the exalted and romantic experiences of the mystics and the bringing of the "mysteries" to earth by historicising them, so did the Rabbinical opponents of this new movement confront its extravagance with the remorseless logic of material fact.

For instance, the Christ (said the mystics) was born of a "virgin"* ; the unwitting believer in Jesus as *the* historical Messiah in the exclusive Jewish sense, and in his being *the* Son of God, nay God Himself, in course of time asserted that Mary was that virgin ; whereupon Rabbinical logic, which in this case was simple and common logic, met this extravagance by the natural retort that Jesus was therefore illegitimate, a bastard (*Mamzer*).

Round this point there naturally raged the fiercest controversy, or rather it was met with the most contemptuous retorts, which must have broken out the instant the virginity of Mary as a physical fact was publicly mooted by the simple believers of the general Christian body. This particular dogma, however, must have been a comparatively late development in the evolution or popular Christianity, for the "common document" knows nothing of it, the writers of the second and fourth Gospels tacitly reject it, while some of the earliest readings of our Gospels distinctly assert that Joseph was the natural father of Jesus.† For the *Mamzer* element in the Talmud stories, therefore, we have, in my opinion, no need to go back further than the first quarter of the second century or so as the earliest *terminus a quo*.

For most of the other main elements, however, we have no means of fixing a date limit by the criticism of canonical documents ; all we can say is that as early as 30 A.D. even circumstances were such as to lead us to expect the circulation of stories of a hostile nature.

From the persecution in the time of Paul till the redaction of

* The spiritual birth, by which a man becomes "twice-born"—the simple mystic fact that so puzzled the Rabbi Nicodemus, according to the writer of the fourth Gospel.

† For the latest study of this subject see F. C. Conybeare's article, "Three Early Doctrinal Modifications of the Text of the Gospels," in *The Hibbert Journal* (London ; 1902), I. i. 96-113.

the Acts a full century elapses, from which we have preserved no witnesses that will help us concerning anything but the *Mamzer* element. And even when, following immediately on the period of the Acts redaction, we come to the testimony of Justin Martyr,* in the middle of the second century, we have to be content with generalities, though fortunately (in this connection) such generalities as put it entirely out of doubt that a state of affairs had long existed such as presupposes the existence and wide circulation of similar stories to those found in the Talmud.

From the general testimony of Justin, no matter how we may discount it by his demonstrable blundering in some points of detail, we are certain that the separation between Jews and Christians had for years been made absolute, and if we can trust the repeated statements of this enthusiastic apologist, we must believe that the stages of the separation had been throughout marked by a bitterness and persecution of a quite mediæval character.

In his first *Apology* Justin seeks to rebut the objection that the one whom the Christians call "*the* Messiah" was simply a man born of human parents, and that his wonder-workings were done by magical means—the main contention of the Talmud Rabbis;† this he does by appeal to prophecy (c. xxx.). Developing his arguments Justin naïvely admits that the Christians base themselves on the Septuagint Greek translation‡ of the Hebrew prophetical writings; nevertheless he accuses the Jews of not understanding their own books, and is surprised that his co-believers are considered as foes and enemies by the Jews because of their interpretation of Hebrew prophecy—a point, we may remark, in which modern criticism practically sympathises with the Rabbis. Nay, so bitter were the Jews against them, that whenever they had had the power they had not only punished the

* The dates of Justin's genuine writings are variously conjectured, but the general opinion is that they may be placed 145-150 A.D.

† Lactantius (*Institt. Div.*, v. 3,) also at the beginning of the fourth century, informs us that the Romans still regarded Jesus as a magician, and that the Jews from the beginning had attributed the wonder-doings to magical means.

‡ In connection with the origin of which Justin commits a ludicrous blunder, when he makes Herod a contemporary of Ptolemy, the founder of the Alexandrian Library—an anachronism of 250 years!

Christians but also put them to death—a charge he repeats in several passages;* declaring that in his own day the Jews were only deterred from doing so by the Roman authorities.† For instance, in the recent revolt against the Romans led by Bar Kochba (132-135 A.D.), Justin declares that this popular Messiah specially singled out the Christians for torture if they refused to deny that Jesus was the Messiah and utter blasphemies against him (c. xxxi.). It is to be noted, however, that Eusebius and others‡ state that Bar Kochba punished the Christians (that is to say, Jewish Christians resident in Palestine) for political reasons, because they refused to join their fellow countrymen against the Romans, and not on theological grounds. If, nevertheless, in spite of this conflict of testimony, we are still to believe Justin, it is of interest to remember that R. Akiba, the founder of the Talmudic method, and the Rabbi who is represented in the Talmud as the greatest opponent of Christianity, threw all his great influence on the side of Bar Kochba, acknowledged him as the true Messiah and paid the penalty of his enthusiastic championship with his life.

From Justin's *Dialogue with Tryphon* we derive still further information, the interest of which would be greatly increased for our present research if the identification of Justin's Tryphon with the R. Tarphon of the Talmud, the contemporary of Akiba, could be maintained.§

In addition to the general declaration that the Jews hate the Christians (c. xxxv.)—a state of affairs summed up in *The Letter to Diognetus* (c. v.), which some still attribute to Justin, in the words "the Jews make war against the Christians as against a foreign nation"—we have some important details given us which, according to the fancy and taste of the reader, can either be set down as embellishments begotten of *odium theologicum*, or be taken as throwing historic light on the state of affairs and temper of the times which originated the Talmud Jesus stories.

Thus in ch. cxvii., speaking of Jesus as the "Son of God,"

* See *Dial. c. Tryph.*, xvi., cx., cxxxiii.

† *Ibid.*, xvi.

‡ Eusebius, *Chron.*, and Orosius, *Hist.*, vii. 13; *cf.* note to Otto's *Justini Opera* (Jena; 1847), i. 79.

§ But see Strack's *Einleitung in den Talmud* (3rd ed.), p. 80.

and addressing the Jew Tryphon, Justin adds, "whose name the high priests and teachers of your people have caused to be profaned and blasphemed throughout the earth." If this accusation was true in Justin's time, it can only refer to the spreading far and wide of inimical stories about Jesus; at that time stories of this kind were spread everywhere throughout the Roman empire, and the source of them was attributed by the Christians to the Jewish priestly aristocracy and especially to the Rabbinical doctors, in other words the Mishnaic Talmudists of those days and earlier.

Moreover Justin twice (ccxvii. and cviii.) categorically asserts that after the "resurrection" the Jews sent out a specially elected body of men, some sort of official commission apparently, "throughout the world," to proclaim that a godless and lawless sect had arisen from one Jesus, a Galilean impostor, whose followers asserted that he had risen from the dead, whereas the fact of the matter was that he had been put to death by crucifixon and that subsequently his body had been stolen from the grave by his disciples (c. cviii.).

The genesis of this extensive commission may with great probability be ascribed to the imaginative rhetoric of Justin playing on the germ provided by the floating tradition, that Paul was furnished with letters of repression against the heretics when he set forth for Damascus, as stated by the compiler of the Acts. A commission to disprove the dogma of the physical resurrection would not have been necessary until that dogma had gained a firm root in popular belief, and this we hold was a late development (the vulgar historicising of a mystic fact) though somewhat earlier than the dogma of the immaculate conception; but even so it would appear to be a somewhat absurd proceeding to send out a commission to deal with this point only.

There may be, however, some greater substratum of truth in Justin's repeated assertions (cc. xvi., xcvi. and cxxxiii.) that it was the custom of the Jews publicly to curse those who believed on "the Christ" in their synagogues; and to this he adds that not only were the Jews forbidden by their Rabbis to have any dealings of any kind with Christians (c. cxii.), but that they were distinctly taught by the Pharisee Rabbis and the leaders of their

synagogues to revile and make fun of Jesus after prayer (c. cxxxvii.).

In fact Justin will have it that all the preconceived evil opinion which the general public cherished against the Christians was originated by the Jews (c. xvii.), whom he accuses of deliberately stating that Jesus himself had taught all those impious, unspeakable and detestable crimes with which the Christians were charged (c. cviii.)—an accusation which in no case can be substantiated by the Talmud passages, and which we may presumably set down to Justin's rhetoric.

But, whether or not Justin can be believed in all his details, and no matter how we may soften down his statements, there still remains strong enough evidence to show that in his day the bitterest hostility existed between Jews and Christians, or at any rate between official Judaism and that type of Christianity for which Justin stood. Since Justin attributes all the scandalous stories about Christians,* and all the scoffing at the most cherished beliefs of Justin and the popular Christianity of his day to the Rabbis, it is evident that what the Jews said was the very antipodes of what Justin believed, and that, as may be seen from the retort of the stealing of the body, the greatest miracles and dogmas of popular Christianity were met on the side of the Rabbis by the simplest retorts of vulgar reason.

The evidence of Justin, therefore, taken as a whole leaves us with a very strong impression, nay, for all but irreconcilables, produces an absolute conviction, that in his time, taking our dates at a minimum, stories similar to, and even more hostile than, the Talmud stories were in widest circulation; while Justin himself will have it that they were in circulation from the very beginning of things Christian. So far, however, we have come across nothing but generalities; we have failed to find anything

* In connection with which it is of mournful interest to note that Origen (*C. Cels.*, vi. 27) says that when "Christianism" first began to be taught, the Jews spread about reports that the Christians, presumably in their secret rites, sacrificed a child and ate its flesh, and that their meetings were scenes of indiscriminate immorality; that even in his own day (c. 250 A.D.) such charges were still believed against them, and they were shunned by some on this account. The curious vitality of this slander is remarkable, for not only did the general Christians of those days charge the "heretics" of the Christian name, to whose assemblies they could not gain access, with precisely the same crime of ceremonial murder, but even up to our own days in Anti-semitic Eastern Europe it is still the favourite vulgar charge against the Jews—a strange turning of the wheel of fate!

of a definite nature which we can identify with some distinct detail of the Talmud stories.

To do this we must mount some quarter of a century, and turn to the fragments of Celsus preserved to us in the polemic of Origen, who wrote his refutation of Celsus's attack on the Christians somewhere towards the middle of the third century. Origen in his preface (§ 4) tells us that Celsus himself was long since dead, and later on he adds more precisely (i. 8) that Celsus lived about Hadrian's time (emp. 117-138 A.D.), and later. The most learned of the Church Fathers, however, seems to have blundered in this respect, and though there is still dispute as to the exact date, modern criticism, basing itself on *data* supplied by the passages cited by Origen from Celsus's *True Word*, is generally of opinion that Celsus survived till as late as 175 A.D. In any case Origen wrote a full seventy-five years after Celsus had withdrawn from the controversy, and though we may place the writing of the statements of Celsus as late as 175 A.D., we have also to allow for the possibility, if not the probability, that the memory of this sturdy opponent of Christianity may have reached back some quarter or even half century earlier.

Celsus in his treatise rhetorically throws many of his arguments into the form of a dispute between a Jew and Jesus (Pref. 6, and i. 28.) This Jew declares that the extraordinary things Jesus seems to have done were effected by magical means (i. 6), and Origen later on (iii. 1) says that this was the general accusation brought against the miracle-workings by all Jews who were not Christians. This is one of the main elements of the Talmud stories.

From a quotation from Celsus (i. 26) we further learn that the Jews asserted that "a very few years" had elapsed since the dogma of Jesus being the "Son of God" had been promulgated by the Christians, doubtless referring to the dogma of the "virgin birth," for the passage can hardly mean that Jesus began his teaching only a few years prior to the writing of Celsus's treatise.

Developing his argument, the Jew goes on to say (i. 28) that the dogma of the "virgin birth" was an invention, the facts of the case being: "that Jesus had come from a village in Judæa, and was the son of a poor Jewess who gained her living by the

work of her own hands; that his mother had been turned out of doors by her husband, who was a carpenter by trade, on being convicted of adultery; that being thus driven away by her husband, and wandering about in disgrace, she gave birth to Jesus, a bastard; that Jesus on account of his poverty (had to work for his living and) was hired out to go to Egypt;* that while there he acquired certain (magical) powers which Egyptians pride themselves on possessing; that he returned home highly elated at possessing these powers, and on the strength of them gave himself out to be a god."†

In this passage from Celsus we have precisely the main outline of the Talmud Jesus stories, and therefore an exact external proof that in his day at any rate (whenever that was, whether 150-175 or even 125-175) stories precisely similar to the Talmud stories were the stock-in-trade Jewish objections to Christian dogmatic tradition.

And if more precise proof is still demanded we have only to turn over a few pages of Origen's voluminous refutation to the passage (i. 32), where the Church Father again refers to the quotation from the Jew of Celsus given above, and adds the important detail from Celsus that the paramour of the mother of Jesus was a soldier called Panthēra, a name which he also repeats later on (i. 69), in a sentence, by the by, which has in both places been erased from the oldest Vatican MS., and bodily omitted from three codices in this country and from others.‡ Now this is precisely the name given in some of the Talmud stories; in them Jesus is called Jeschu ben Pandera (or Pandira), or Ben Pendera simply.

But before we leave Origen it may be useful to note one or two scraps of information which he has let fall in the controversy, and which are of importance for us in our present investigation.

* Can this possibly be based on some vulgar version of a well-known Gnostic myth of those days? Jesus went down as a servant or slave into Egypt; that is to say, the Christ or divine soul descends as a servant into the Egypt of the body. It is a common element in the early mystic traditions that the Christ took on the form of a servant in his descent through the spheres, and in many traditions Egypt is the symbol of the body, which is separated by the "Red Sea" and the "Desert" from the "Promised Land."

† The last two paragraphs are again quoted by Origen (i. 38).

‡ See notes on both passages by Lommatzsch in his *Origenis contra Celsum* (Berlin; 1845).

Referring to the historicised mystery of the descent of the Dove at the Baptism, Celsus puts the argument into the mouth of his Jew (i. 48), that there is no testimony for this except the word of one of those who met with the same punishment as Jesus. To this Origen replies that it is a great blunder on Celsus's part to put such an argument into the mouth of a *Jew*, for "*the Jews do not connect John with Jesus*, nor the punishment of John with that of Jesus." Now in the first place it is to be observed that Celsus says nothing about any "John," and in the second that Origen gives us clearly to understand that the Jews denied that John the Baptist, who was a well-known historical character, had anything to do with Jesus. This is an important piece of evidence for those who believe that the Baptist element, which does not appear in the "common document," was a later development. Can it be that Celsus had in mind some early form of the Baptism story, in which some other than John the Baptist played a part?

Elsewhere Celsus, in speaking of the betrayal of Jesus, does not ascribe it to Judas, but to "many disciples" (ii. 11), a curious statement if Celsus is repeating what he has heard or read, and is not merely guilty of gross error or of wilful exaggeration.

But indeed Celsus categorically accuses the Christians (ii. 27) of changing their gospel story in many ways in order the better to answer the objections of their opponents; his accusation is that some of them, "as it were in a drunken state producing self-induced visions,* remodel their gospel from its first written form in a threefold, fourfold and manifold fashion, and reform it so that they may be able to refute the objections brought against it."

This may be taken to mean either that the Christians were engaged in doing so in Celsus's day, or that such redacting was habitual. If, however, we are to regard the "threefold" and "fourfold" of Celsus as referring to our three and four canonical

* Lit., "coming to appear to themselves"—εἰς τὸ ἐφεστάναι αὐτοῖς. This very puzzling sentence is translated by F. Crombie (*The Works of Origen*, Edinburgh, 1872, in "The Ante-Nicene Christian Library") as "lay violent hands upon themselves," which does not seem to be very appropriate in this connection. But ἐφεστάναι is the usual word used of dreams and visions, and I have therefore ventured on the above translation. Celsus probably meant to suggest that these Christian writers were the victims of their own hallucinations; those who understand the importance of the vision-factor in the evolution of Christian dogma and "history" will thank Origen for preserving this expression of his opponent, though they may put a construction on the words that neither Celsus nor Origen would have agreed with.

gospels, and his "manifold" as referring to the "many" of our "Lukan" introduction, it is difficult to imagine that this was going on in Celsus's time unless his memory went back some fifty years or so. It is, therefore, more simple to regard the statement as meaning that the external gospel story had been continually altered and reformulated to meet objections, in brief, that the latest forms of it were the product of a literary evolution in which mystic experiences played a prominent part.

We thus see that the testimony of Celsus, an entirely outside witness, not only strongly endorses the general testimony of Justin, but also adds convincing details which conclusively prove that the Jewish Jesus stories of his day were precisely of the same nature as those we find in the Talmud, and though we cannot conjecture with any certainty what may have been the precise date of any particular story, we are justified in rejecting the contention of those who declare that the Talmud stories are all of a very late date, say the fourth century or so, and in claiming that there is nothing to prevent most of them going back to the middle of the second century, even on the most conservative estimate, while some of them may go back far earlier.

Advancing another generation we come to the testimony of Tertullian, which is exceedingly important not only with regard to the Talmud Jesus stories, but also in respect of a far more obscure line of tradition preserved in the mediæval *Toldoth Jeschu*, or *History of Jesus*, as we shall see towards the close of our researches. Writing somewhere about 197-198 A.D., in his *De Spetaculis* (c. xxx.), in a highly rhetorical peroration in which he depicts the glorious spectacle of the second coming, as he imagines it, when he shall see all the Heathen opponents of the Christians, philosophers and poets, actors and wrestlers in the Games, tossing on the billows of hell-fire, the hot-tempered Bishop of Carthage bursts out that, perhaps, however, after all he will not have time to gaze upon the tortures of the Heathen, but that all his attention will be turned on the Jews who raged against the Lord. Then will he say unto them: "This is your carpenter's son, your harlot's son*; your Sabbath-breaker, your

* See also Jerome, *Ad Heliodorum* (Tom. IV., P. II., p. 12, ed. Bened.), and compare Theodoret, *H. S.*, iii. 11, as cited in Oehler's *Tertulliani quæ supersunt Omnia* (Leipzig; 1853), i. 62, n.

Samaritan, your demon-possessed! This is He whom ye bought from Judas; this He who was struck with reed and fists, dishonoured with spittle, and given a draught of gall and vinegar! This is He whom His disciples have stolen secretly, that it may be said He was risen, or the gardener abstracted that his lettuces might not be damaged by the crowds of visitors!"

All these elements appear in order in the mediæval *Toldoth*, and the carpenter's son and the harlot's son appear in the Talmud stories. We have thus exhausted our external evidence till the date of the final redaction of the Mishna, 200-207 A.D., beyond which it is of no advantage to go.*

It may, however, be noted that the Pandera story must have had the most extensive circulation of all of them, and must presumably have further had some element in it, as far as the name was concerned,† which was so difficult to ignore, that it finally became incorporated, though confusedly, in Christian tradition. Thus we find Epiphanius (324-404 A.D.) stating (*Haer.*, lxxviii. 7), in the genealogy of Jesus, that Joseph was the son of a certain Jacob whose surname was Panther; while John of Damascus, in the first half of the eighth century, in giving the genealogy of Mary, tells us (*De Fid. Orthod.*, iv. 14) that Joachim was the father of Mary, Barpanther the father of Joachim, and Levi the father of Barpanther, and therefore presumably Panther himself.

But enough has already been said for our purpose, which was the very simple one of disposing of the flimsy and superficial argument that the Talmud Jesus stories must have been entirely the invention of late Babylonian Rabbis, and that Mishnaic times were utterly ignorant of them, as being too close to the supposed actual facts, which unthinking apologists further presume must have been known to all the Jews of Palestine. We now pass to a consideration of the stories themselves.

G. R. S. MEAD.

* See, however, Richard von der Alm (*i.e.*, Friederich Wilhelm Ghillany), *Die Urtheile heidnischer und jüdischer Schrifsteller der vier ersten Jahrhunderte über Jesus und die ersten Christen: Eine Zuschrift an die gebildeten Deutschen zur weiteren Orientirung in der Frage über die Gottheit Jesu* (Leipzig; 1864), a continuation of his *Theologische Briefe an die Gebildeten der deutschen Nation* (3 vols., Leipzig; 1863).

† Gerald Massey—in his *Natural Genesis* (London; 1883), ii. 489—states that Porphyry (233-305 A.D.), another entirely outside witness, gives the name Pandera as "Panzerius"—presumably in some fragment quoted from his famous *Against the Christians;* but I have been unable to verify this unreferenced statement.

DOCTOR AND SAINT

By the Poet

A Dialogue

Myself when young, did eagerly frequent
  Doctor and Saint, and heard great argument
About it and about: but evermore
  Came out by the same door wherein I went.

"ETHICS is a progressive science," remarked our Philosopher, in her most doctorial tone.

"O dear," sighed the Saint, "that seems to mix up things so dreadfully; it leads to the 'sliding scale' of morality."

The Philosopher snorted, absolutely snorted.

"What would you propose then? The same rule of thumb for saint and villain?"

"No," replied the Saint, hesitatingly. "*I* don't propose anything, I haven't sufficient brain power to formulate rules for anyone, but"—fondly—"I have a conscience."

"I see," said the Philosopher. "So, in the case of the 'Schools' *telling* you that two and two make four, and if in some particular instance, Ethics should cry aloud to you that they ought, by every moral rule, to make *five*, you would—er."

"I don't know what I should do," declared the Saint.

"Perhaps I should go home and ask God to strengthen my poor weak brain."

"I don't think you would," struck in the Poet grimly. "I think you would be much more likely to stand in a corner and thank God you were not as other men are, *i.e.*, the Philosopher and myself."

The Saint smiled. These dialogues were of frequent occurrence. The Philosopher and the Poet had set themselves what appeared likely to prove an impossible task, that of piercing the

apparently impenetrable shroud of Ethics which enveloped this sweetly unreasonable Saint.

Said the Philosopher to the Poet: "I know what *you* would do."

"What?"

"Why. You would preen your plumage, flap your little wings and proceed to tell us that in *your* case two and two did actually *make* five. Because, as it was necessary, for artistic purposes, that the word should rhyme with 'strive,' and '*four*' did not rhyme with 'strive,' *ergo*, as the Beautiful is the only True, so two and two, by virtue of poet's license, did, could and should make five."

"Very likely," assented the Poet, with a fine carelessness. "And then, too, what joy it would give you to point to the Poet Decadent, deaf to that music of Philosophy which is supposed to rival Apollo's lute. The sort of creature to whom Tennyson allows the quality of 'fantastic beauty'

> Such as lurks
> In some wild Poet, when he works
> Without a conscience or an aim."

"Without a conscience," murmured the Saint (automatically, as it seemed).

"Do you know what will happen to you?" said the Philosopher, addressing the Saint severely. "Your apoplectic conscience will die, killed by pampering, and you will spend the rest of your life in a state of 'fantastic beauty' like our friend here (looking at the Poet) without one."

The Saint smiled. "Not in this incarnation, I think. I am not broad-minded, you know, like you and the Poet, but I can always see the next step, just the next, and no more."

"Good Lord!" exclaimed the Poet. "How hideously uninteresting. No horizons! No free-breathing; no nothing, but just that 'next step.'"

"I don't know," mused the Philosopher. "There are worse states of mind than seeing the next step, as certain even of your own poets have said," turning to the Poet:

> "Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
> The distant scene; one step enough for me.'

"Quote fairly," screamed the Poet.

"What?" said the Philosopher.

"Quote fairly," repeated the Poet. "Give us the context."

"I can't," said the Philosopher.

"Why?"

"I have no memory for detail," loftily.

"Then don't play with edged tools," said the Poet, "or the knife may cut you—though that is quite a detail. But the reason that the author of 'Lead, Kindly Light,' asks to have his feet kept, and only to be shown one step at a time, is because he has seen so much in his previous experiences that he is eye-sore and brain-sick. He has had, as it were, a debauch of vision, and is *ennuyé*. The cure now is the 'next step' treatment. He tells us so, plainly enough:

> I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
> Shouldst lead me on;
> I loved to choose and see my path; but now
> Lead Thou me on.
>
> * * * *
>
> Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
> The distant scene; one step enough for me."

"The true history of the conversion of a soul," murmured the Saint.

"Conversion of a fiddlestick," laughed the Poet. "The man was brain-tired and heart-sick and wanted rest and an anodyne. He found it in the ever-welcoming arms of the Holy Roman Church!"

Here the dialogue was interrupted.

C. F.

LIKE the Roman soldiers we have stripped from Him the carpenter's clothes, and put upon Him the purple rags of wonder working imperialism, and placed in His hand the sceptre of worldly ostentation, and in that guise we have bowed the knee to the purple and the sceptre, and doing homage to these things, we have cried, "Behold our God!" But now the time has come when we must take from off Him these tawdry trappings, and give Him back His workman's garments. Then we may find ourselves constrained to bow the knee again in purer homage, offered no longer to the clothes but to the Man.—BACON, *De Argumentis Scientiarum.*

A GHOST-THEORY

NATURE, as everyone knows, or should know, takes her slow, sure revenges; administrating not merely without favour, but with pure indifference, be the result what it may.

It is disconcerting perhaps, yet most salutary, to note how convincingly, at length, her "plain story" will "put down" opinions long held for valid; to find that so far from his getting ahead of the great Mother, to any real purpose, she has at one stride distanced her self-appointed steward; marching past him, with the key to her mysteries yet safe at her girdle. The whirligig of Time, indeed, for the most casual observer, brings about startling changes, not only in the physical world, but also, and more noticeably, in that of knowledge, or experimental belief.

Were the issues involved but visible at one glance these changes, or, as the case may well be, *reversals* merely, would doubtless astonish us still more—less on account of what would appear as contrasts than by reason of the fundamental oneness marking the stupendous whole. Shut in, as we are, however, from our very birth by narrowing walls of visible matter, and depending, as we must, chiefly upon the bodily senses for almost every external evidence of cause and effect, it is small wonder that we early regard as substance what, at best, is purely accidental, and at the same time fail to realise that the "miraculous," so-called, may have, and almost certainly has, entire affinity with the accepted course of nature.

That which strikes us as being novel, as having no recognised precedent, need not, for all that, imply any real infringement of settled law; it far more probably represents simply another, and a clearer, view of given phenomena that have been in active, though unobserved, exercise from time immemorial.

It is a familiar truism that modern science has led to the re-

adjustment of many a preconceived idea; that what may fairly be termed the spontaneous discoveries of any age more than keep pace with normal intellectual progress, is less generally admitted, though the significance of this last fact can scarcely be over-estimated.

The often cruel associations of primitive witchcraft, and the quasi-sublime enthusiasm of a Spinoza or Swedenborg, for instance, are but separate phases of one persistent intuition—an intuition that, while fluctuating as regards its practical results, age after age, yet at no single period has secured for its mysterious claims more than an arbitrary, inconclusive hold on the imagination.

And yet, notwithstanding the growth of general knowledge and the advance made of late years in the exact sciences, the vitality of this ever-baffling intuition has never, perhaps, been more in evidence than it is at present. Until yesterday, so to speak, it was usual to bestow merely a tolerant smile upon the old-fashioned belief in spectres, yet few up-to-date thinkers would now care to endorse, without reserve, Sir Walter Scott's sweeping dictum that "the increasing civilisation of all well-regulated countries has *blotted out* the belief in apparitions."

On the contrary, most candid minds would doubtless agree with Herbert Spencer, that "the propitiation of the spirits of ancestors is the first germ in all religion"; and would deduce from this that the revived spiritualism of our own day descends lineally from susceptibilities too closely bound up with general human consciousness to be lightly despised.

Here, however, it is sought merely to treat briefly of but one particular in connection with spectres, that would seem to suggest a fresh reading of an established tradition, that, *viz.*, which ascribes to the conventional *ghost* an air of deep, methodical reserve, if not of downright restraint.

Self-consciousness, as distinct from pre-determination, that is to say, does not seem to play any part in ghostly deportment; still less are spectres represented as showing the slightest interest in the behaviour of a chance spectator.

A shadowy form, wrapped in preternatural aloofness, is the usual description given of such appearances; the whole bearing

of the typical ghost agreeing in this respect with that of a somnambulist, and comparing even more closely with the effects of hypnotism.

Now, it is well-known that some hypnotists, besides possessing the power of influencing a subject, are also able to hypnotise themselves,—passing at will into a state of temporary unconsciousness. Is it not, then, at least possible that the preoccupation noticed in accredited spectres may be simply the result of self-hypnotism?—that, since the *will* when concentrated upon one's personality has been proved to produce in certain cases an hypnotic condition, the occasional tension of the mind at the supreme moment of so-called death may at times in like manner more or less permanently influence the bent of the disembodied form? The word *form* is here used advisedly; it being, in the writer's opinion, quite consistent with a belief in the immortality of the soul proper, to accept a theory recognising the existence of certain particles, or elements of humanity, that, underlying the visible structure of the living subject, are not *immediately* affected by its dissolution.

Upon these underlying particles the final effort of the true spirit, or intelligence, about to separate from its familiar instrument, the body, may conceivably make a relatively fixed impression; and it is at least thinkable that while during the body's life this elementary image, or form, remains unsuspected, beneath the tangible surface, it may yet after death, under certain conditions, not only become visible, but may haunt, indefinitely, places once inhabited by the living man.

Admitting that a ghost may itself possess a subjective value, by simply depriving it of all needless terrors the above hypothesis should, if anything, give new weight and prominence to spiritual realities.

Confronted as men are, at all seasons, by so grim a mentor as the individual conscience—that inviolate witness of God, standing in relentless condemnation of our former or later selves—we may well refuse to tremble before a mere empty shade; whether we can as easily afford to dismiss, out of hand, any theory that in the slightest degree tends towards a solution of life's graver problems, is another matter. "RHABDOS."

THE MAYOR OF MAN-SOUL

Almighty God had heard for a long time the great groanings that came from the City of Man-Soul, and He determined to come and shew Himself to the Mayor.

So He came plainly garbed in white and stood before the main gate, which was called Heart Gate.

Being so large, it was never used at all ; it was covered almost entirely with thick hard grey lichen, and the lock was choked with the creeping hands of the ivy. It was supposed to be kept for great occasions, but on consideration the Mayor of Man-Soul never thought anything really great enough to justify his use of it.

The Stranger knocked for some time, and then passed on until He came to a number of smaller doors which banged incessantly, swinging to and fro.

Crowds, like peasants on market-day, flitted incessantly in and out. No one would listen. At last a man came walking rather more slowly, and reading rolls of paper, and frowning as he murmured to himself the words he read.

The Stranger said : "Will you give a message to the Mayor of the City as you are going in ?"

And He traced a great Name on a piece of the rolls and told the student He wished for a personal interview with the Mayor.

The mysterious name was handed to the Mayor at last, after having been through many hands.

Now the Mayor was rather a scholar himself, and he said : "Dear me, this is very interesting—an ancient cursive hand-writing," and he took it away to magnify it. After a few days he said to the student, who was still waiting out of pity for the stranger without the gate : "I cannot make it out, it is the most remarkable bit of MS. I have ever seen !"

The student suggested that if he would see the stranger he

would probably learn all about it, and he added that the stranger looked very tired, that he was a stately and beautiful man, and worthy to have an audience.

"Tut, tut!" said the Mayor. "We never see people straight off like that you know, without investigating the case first. Now I think of it, there is a fragment of MS. in the city archives very like this bit; it is somewhere among the most ancient records, I'll go and have a look at once."

"And what shall I say to the stranger?"

"Oh, tell him to wait," said the Mayor.

The student came again about a week afterwards, hoping to hear that a private audience would be accorded.

After he had been kept waiting half the morning, the Mayor came in hurriedly, and exclaimed: "It's a most extraordinary thing! Would you believe it, the old MS. I have found—took me all the morning to do—but I'm quite an enthusiast in these things you know—well, this MS. record is in the very same writing as this new scrap. Really I could almost believe in some sort of collusion between the writers—and these words therefore—your stranger's name—you see, if you transliterate them after the newest method, would mean—'the Lord of the Inner World'—and my old MS., as far as I have been able to make it out, is all something about the Inner World—most extraordinary thing!"

And the Mayor hurried away, having ordered his carriage punctually for one o'clock, as he was going to lunch with a great city magnate, who must never be kept waiting.

So year after year passed, and the Mayor became more and more learned and powerful and popular, and the Stranger waited outside the gate with a peculiar expression in His eyes, as if He could see right down the little dark twisted streets and through and through the City of Man-Soul.

* * * *

At last the Mayor died, and the tradition remained in his family that a stranger had once come and brought a piece of writing and that no one knew what his name was.

But the Mayor's old nurse told the whole story to the Mayor's daughter, and she added it was rumoured that the stranger was still waiting outside the southern wall, and that a

student had once told her that he was the kindest of men to speak to but very sad, and he looked very wise.

So the Mayor's daughter went to seek the Stranger, and she found Him seated under the trees on the southern slope outside the City wall.

And she listened to Him as He told her of the building of Man-Soul ages ago, and of all the events of the City from the earliest times. And at last He told her who He was and why He had come, and how He had tried again and again to speak to her father, the Mayor.

And then He said: "Child, return into the City, for the sun is setting, and tell to others all that I have told you."

"Oh, but how can I?" she said. "No one would listen!"

"Ah, you have learnt that too," said the Stranger. "Then, child, you have little more to learn from Me at present."

And again He looked away down across the City of Man-Soul with a peculiar look, as if He could see right through the dark streets, and as if He had the power to wait to all eternity, without taking His eyes from it.

Then He said to the Mayor's daughter: "Return, and take with you this paper, on which are seven signs, and try and understand it, and give it your daughter to give to hers, and in a coming generation it shall be explained."

So she returned and kept her own counsel, and in due time she gave to her daughter a seven-times folded script.

X^{n-1}.

NOTHING is so firmly believed as that which a man knoweth least.—MONTAIGNE.

AND humanity is that hero who ever dies and comes to life again; who ever loves and hates, yet loves the most; who bends like a worm to-day, and soars to-morrow like an eagle to the sun—deserving to-day a cap and bells, to-morrow a laurel wreath, and oftener both together; the great dwarf, the little giant, the homœopathically prepared divinity, in whom that which is divine is indeed terribly diluted, but still there.—HEINE.

READINGS AND RE-READINGS: "ZANONI"

It was a misfortune for Lytton that he began writing at a period when his own particular instincts were no longer on all fours with the instincts of the time. By nature a Romanticist of the pre-Revolution period, he found himself with the old stock of Sentiment and Passion face to face with a world that grievously suspected them. Intellectually he could do nothing less himself, and were his denunciations of the French Revolution a trifle less vehement we might almost imagine that he was a full-blown rationalist. But Lytton was always as far from rationalism as from the genuine idealism of the preceding century. Both in his life and in his books he made desperate efforts at reconciling the two points of view, and at finding in one and the same thing both Passion and Respectability. In this, however, in the majority of cases he failed. Where we can regard his passion as genuine it strikes us as ridiculous, and where he aims at respectability it is absurd. And between these two stools he was always coming to the ground. The fault was not entirely Lytton's. He was born out of his due time, and Sentiment, Passion, Art and all the capital lettered abstractions so dear to him, were beginning to lose their charm.

In *Zanoni* the problem of Lytton's life and character is raised to its highest terms. It was in the writing of *Zanoni* that he first understood his own position in relation to the world. Hitherto he had lived from hand to mouth, as it were, unaware of whither he was sailing, or, it might be, drifting. But the attempt to analyse the character of Zanoni was really the attempt to analyse his own, and Lytton thus became conscious of the problem of himself.

Quite a number of people have taken *Zanoni* more seriously than perhaps it deserves. As always happens with men who dabble in pseudo-mysticism, clouds of mystery have been hung

about Lytton and his books. People whisper that he was a magician, or a profound student of occultism, or a Rosicrucian very high up, or something equally vague and equally mysterious. It would be interesting to have the opinion of a really sane, sensible student of occultism on the occultism of *Zanoni*. It is so easy by means of a few mystical quotations and the liberal use of capital letters and italics, to convince some people that one knows more than one cares to say, and Lytton was quite the man to enjoy himself thoroughly in the comfortable folds of legend and myth. At the same time, it is clear that Lytton had not only read widely, but that he had read deeply and sympathetically. How far he had lived in experience it is more difficult to say. Judging by his books he was a waverer both in study and in practice; he belonged so essentially to the weak period of English literature, so essentially to the ebb of a great movement, that it is impossible he should have been other than weak. It takes a great man to be even respectable in a weak period.

Zanoni first appeared in 1842. There had appeared, however, in the *Monthly Magazine* of the previous year an unfinished story by Lytton under the title of "*Z*icci." *Z*icci is simply another name for *Z*anoni, and the story is the first sketch of the later and completed work. What actually happened appears to have been this. Lytton began a sketch of a sort of Rosicrucian romantic demi-god and hero without knowing exactly what he was going to do with it. As he went on he got enamoured of the idea, and grew more and more dissatisfied with what he had done. He therefore dropped the writing of "*Z*icci" and reconstructed—or rather constructed—the story under the form of *Zanoni*. Some such evolution of ideas he himself relates in a cheaply mystifying form in the introduction to *Zanoni*. He there explains that in his first attempt at deciphering the strange manuscript he used the wrong key. In reality he had no use for a key in "*Z*icci" at all since there was nothing to unlock.

It is curious from a purely literary standpoint no less than from a mystical standpoint to compare the sketch of *Z*icci with the picture of *Z*anoni. "*Z*icci" is excessively florid and superficial, it is decorated up to the eyebrows with Lytton's own sentiment; it is full of the bombast of an idea not yet grasped.

The writer is obviously groping about in the dark, he writes rapidly in order to discover what it is he wants to write. But in *Zanoni* he had discovered his idea, he had found at last what he had blindly been groping for; and in *Zanoni* he set himself more seriously to work than before. A single example of the kind of change he made will serve as a sort of scale of transvaluation. In "*Zicci*" there occurs this delightfully romantic description of a leave-taking: "He dropped a purse, heavy with gold, into Gionetta's bosom—and was gone." In *Zanoni* the absurd expression is reduced to this quieter scale: "He dropped a purse into Gionetta's hand, as he spoke, and was gone." There are still very visible traces of the old romanticism left, which maketh, as the Apocrypha say, to speak of everything by talents; but the change from "*Zicci*" is very great, and is the measure of the change in Lytton's own ideas. In order to understand the genesis of *Zanoni* it is not only necessary to have read "*Zicci*" but it is even more necessary to know something of Lytton himself.

Like his great predecessor Byron, Lytton was enamoured of his own personality and took immense pains to stage it with becoming magnificence. His moods he dressed up as individuals, his whims as complete characters, and *Zanoni* may be read quite consistently as the interplay, not of individuals at all but of moods of Lytton's mind. Now there had occurred early in Lytton's life an episode which had produced a profound effect upon him. He had fallen in love with a young Irish girl, and she had been married to somebody else. After three years of married life she died, leaving tender messages for Lytton. This tragic episode produced in Lytton the melancholy from which for a long time he did not recover, and it was in this mood that he wrote *Falkland*—his "Sorrows of Werther" as he called it—and it was in this mood that he imagined the character of Mejnour. This early disappointment also led Lytton to imagine that he was no longer capable of love. "Love," he said, "is dead in me for ever." He mistook his fatigue of passion for the lack of passion; the occupations into which his mind was forced he mistook for its natural bent, and hence arose quite naturally the idea of Mejnour, the cold, passionless, pure intellect. But as time passed and Lytton recovered from the first great shock to his

nature, he began once more to take an interest in love. His temporarily disabled emotions recovered something of their former natural exaltation. No longer did he aspire towards the icy heights on which he conceived that Mejnour sat, but he felt now inclined to descend into the valley—"for Love is the valley, come thou down and find him." And this newly awakened mood, which marked the recovery of his emotional nature, he personified in *Z*anoni, the fellow-disciple of Mejnour, intellectual, but yet capable of passion. The idea of a conflict between these two moods was the notion upon which he struck when writing "*Z*icci," and it was this discovery that led him into the writing of *Zanoni*. For Lytton plainly saw that these two moods of his own mind were typical, or might be made typical, of a vastly greater application. Suppose that the Mejnour-mood were elevated to cosmical dimensions (and the Romanticists were fond of imagining this), and became the Path of Intellect, or the Path of Knowledge; and suppose the *Z*anoni-mood raised and translated (in Bottom's sense) into universal terms to represent, say, the Path of Devotion—then without further to-do we have the purely personal conflict in Lytton's mind, bounding out of its narrow cell and filling all the world. It is in some such way that admirers of Lytton have been willing to regard his work; and, let it be admitted, that it was in this way that Lytton not only regarded it himself but wished others to regard it also. For Lytton was by no means humble. Beaconsfield once said of Greville that he was the most conceited man of his acquaintance, and added by way of emphasis—"and I have read Cicero and known Bulwer Lytton."

No sooner had the idea of making the world his stage dawned upon him than he threw himself with ardour into the study of his subject. Temperamentally mystic, he now began that wide and minute reading which manifests itself upon every page of *Zanoni*. Certainly of most of the writers who have attempted mystical romance Lytton is the best equipped. It is marvellous that, living in his time, he should not only have come across so much but that he should have understood so much. With the strange exception of reincarnation, almost every one of our modern Theosophical teachings is to be found in more or

less explicit form in his books. There are numerous allusions, too, to magic formulæ, and to much, in fact, which our literature ignores. But having said so much, it does not follow that Lytton was therefore equal to the task he had set himself. The *Bhagavad Gîtâ* contains, we are told, the analysis of the various Ways, and doubtless to those who understand that profoundest of books, the crown of the yet unfinished work of all philosophy, the matter is clear, but it is certain that Lytton was as far as most of us from understanding the real Path, either of Intellect or of Love. What he did understand much better than most of us were the personal problems of the newly self-conscious; he saw also, as has been said, the relation that necessarily exists between personal and universal moods; but he was not experienced enough to make the universal moods clear either to himself or to his readers. But let us take some passages which bear out Lytton's own conception of the problem he was working at. From Mejnour's first appearance, it is plain that Lytton intends him to stand as the type of perfected knowledge—of, in fact, the Path of Wisdom. It is unfortunate that he should always have confused Wisdom and Knowledge, and used either word indifferently; but that is one of his limitations. On Mejnour's introduction we are bid remark "the icy and profound disdain on the broad brow of the old man." "Wisdom," he says, "contemplating mankind leads but to the two results—Compassion or Disdain"; and it is to Disdain that Mejnour, according to Lytton's first conception, had arrived. Again, Zanoni describing Mejnour, says—and the description may serve very well for Intellect, the Separator—"Thou who lovest nothing, hatest nothing, feelest nothing, and walkest the world with the noiseless and joyless footsteps of dreams"; and once more Mejnour's advice to Glyndon strikes the same note: "Thy first task must be to withdraw all thought, feeling and sympathy from others. The elementary stage of this knowledge is to make self, and self alone, thy study and thy world. . . . I live but in knowledge—I have no life in mankind." Now all this, if only Lytton could have kept it up, would have done very well for Intellect—though not for Wisdom—but Lytton, as we shall see, could not maintain his idea always at this state of clarity. His sound instincts pre-

vented him doing so. When Glyndon "fell" from these lofty heights into a less inhuman kind of existence the writer—as well as the reader—proceeds more happily and more freely.

As a parallel to such an idea of Mejnour, we have also, in the early scenes, a picture of *Z*anoni, as the union of Intellect and Emotion; or as, say, the Path of Devotion. There are such passages as these: "The heart," says *Z*anoni finely, "is never ignorant, because the mysteries of the feelings are as full of wonder as those of the intellect. . . . True love is less a passion than a symbol. . . . Is there no guilt in the knowledge that has divided us from our race? Is not this sublime egotism, this state of abstraction and reverie—this self-wrapt and self-dependent majesty of existence, a resignation of that nobility which incorporates our own welfare, our joys, our hopes, our fears, with others?" All that, though intensely personal, is at the same time a fine expression of the other side—of the claim of the Emotions to share in the Life. And were we to consider the above extracts alone it would be possible to consider *Zanoni* in the light of a universal problem, of definite and realised factors. But it is only by the suppression of a host of contradictions that such an allegory can consistently be found. For with all his insistence upon the iciness and indifference, the passionlessness and general torpor of Mejnour's heart, it is plain that the real Mejnour is something quite different. Lytton was not the man to be able to realise the life of pure intellect in and for itself—still less the path of Wisdom. He could speak of it only under the illusion of his own dormant passion; he could see it only in the colour of his own nature. And it is this incapacity to realise the intellectual life that makes of Mejnour in Lytton's hands a monster of frigidity in theory, but in reality a most fascinating, passionate devotee of truth and progress. It is interesting to set by the side of Lytton's conception of Mejnour the Mejnour of Lytton's creation. How, for example, does the following passage square with the iceberg theory that Lytton had in his mind? Mejnour is justifying his sacrifice of thousands of aspirants for the sake of a single success. He is inspired in this, he says, by "the hope to form a mighty and numerous race with a force and power sufficient to permit them to acknowledge to mankind their

majestic conquests and dominion—to become the true lords of this planet—invaders, perchance, of others—masters of the inimical and malignant tribes by which at this moment we are surrounded—a race that may proceed in their deathless destinies from stage to stage of celestial glory, and rank at last amongst the nearest ministrants and agents gathered round the Throne of Thrones."

Is that vision of the future that awaits us, that splendid idealism, quite consistent with Lytton's Mejnour? Such an ideal can be paralleled perhaps in the works of a real man, singularly like Mejnour in his apparent chilly isolation, and singularly like him too in his passionate devotion to humanity—Frederic Nietzsche; and the parallel is almost complete when one finds Mejnour saying of himself, "my art is to make man above mankind." Lytton's conception of Mejnour was as wrong as a man's comprehension of his own work can be; and those who seek in *Zanoni* the lofty allegory of the two paths of Intellect and Devotion with the hope of finding them distinctly marked, will find more evidence in Lytton's intention than in his book. For those who realise the essence of Romanticism and the character of its literature there remains, however, a considerable value—though on lower slopes—in the meaning already suggested. For them Mejnour will represent not an individual at all, but a mood of Lytton's mind, standing out for awhile on the background of an emotional temperament; a mood only dimly realised by Lytton himself, and utterly distasteful to his nature. Zanoni, too, is no individual but the symbol of the Mejnour-mood returning and becoming re-absorbed in the general colour of Lytton's mind—the intermediate type between Intellect as Lytton conceived it and Emotion as he felt it. The problem Lytton thus set himself to solve was in reality not the antagonism between Pure Intellect and Pure Emotion, but the reconciliation of two factors in his own personality which seemed to him mutually exclusive and destructive. Confronted by a personal experience of the aridity of what he mistook for intellect (though he misnamed it wisdom) and the apparent senselessness of emotion, which he conceived ordinarily as sensuousness, he set himself to solve the possibility of their union. And it is interest-

ing that he should have arrived in spite of all his vagueness at the right solution. Whatever may have been the quality of his intellect—and nobody can estimate it very high—his instincts or intuitions were sound. He felt that some union of Reason and Emotion was possible; he dimly realised that the union was possible only by sacrifice; and at last he awoke to the fact that the sacrifice was the sacrifice of the personal self; and *Zanoni* is the type of this sacrifice. There are some fine passages which make it plain how clearly at last this problem presented itself to Lytton when once he had put his preconceptions of Mejnour on one side. So long as he had in his mind Mejnour as the type of pure Intellect—to which he felt compelled to yield some formal reverence—he was bound to regard *Zanoni*'s sacrifice of intellect to love as a crime needing all his explanations, as a fall from great heights. But having once realised that the fall was no fall at all, that in fact his Mejnour was an impostor in whom he did not really believe, his sailing was straight. Here is *Zanoni*'s address to his own soul—a passage referred to by H. P. B. with approval: "Soul of mine, the luminous, the Augoeides . . . how long, too austerely taught that companionship with the things that die brings with it but sorrow with its sweetness, hast thou dwelt contented with thy majestic solitude?" The secret of the union of the two natures Adon-Ai explains to him thus: "When two souls are divided knowest thou not that a third in which both meet and live is the link between them?" *Zanoni* mistakes Adon-Ai's meaning, and imagines that it is a human child that is meant, but Lytton gets over that difficulty by making the child symbolic. At last *Zanoni* realises that it is only through death and sacrifice that the third can become; that it is by his death that the true union is to be attained; and looking back upon the intellect he was drawn to he says: "Even the error of our lofty knowledge was but the forgetfulness of the weakness, the passions and the bounds which the death we so vainly conquered only can purge away." He is still under the domination of the notion that emotion is weakness. Then he gradually rises to the true meaning of his act. "In this hour, when the sacrifice of self to another brings the course of ages to its goal, I see the littleness of Life compared to the majesty of Death." And Adon-Ai thus speaks to him: "Wiser

now in the moment when thou comprehendest Death than when thy unfettered spirit learned the solemn mystery of Life; the human affections that thralled and humbled thee awhile bring to thee in these last hours of thy mortality, the sublimest heritage of thy race—the eternity that commences from the grave; . . . through the portals of the grave lies the true initiation into the holy and the wise." And *Zanoni*'s last message to Mejnour, his dismissal of the passing mood that he had once imagined the permanent element of himself, is in these fine words: "Fare thee well for ever upon this earth. . . . . I go with my free-will into the land of darkness; but new suns and systems blaze around us from the grave. At last I recognise the true ordeal and the real victory. . . . Purified by sacrifice and immortal only through the grave—this it is to die."

It had been a long time coming about, and as is plain from even some of these last extracts Lytton was by no means certain that rationally the thing was right. However, the problem was solved, and *Zanoni* stands as a book in which the author, setting out to examine a problem of which he was not capable, actually succeeds in solving a profound personal problem which he himself would probably have despised.

A. J. O.

A MAN who loves to lead an animal life is an animal ruled by his interior animal heaven. The same stars (qualities) that cause a wolf to murder, a dog to steal, a cat to kill, a bird to sing, etc., make a man a singer, an eater, a talker, a lover, a murderer, a robber, or a thief. These are animal attributes, and they die with the animal elements to which they belong; but the Divine principle in man, which constitutes him a human being, and by which he is eminently distinguished from the animals, is not the product of the earth, nor is it generated by the animal kingdom; but it comes from God, it *is* God, and is immortal because, coming from a Divine Source, it cannot be otherwise but Divine. Man should therefore live in harmony with his Divine parent, and not in the animal elements of his soul. Man has an Eternal Father who sent him to reside and gain experience within the animal elements, but not for the purpose of being absorbed by them, because in the latter case man would become an animal, while the animal principle would have nothing to gain.—PARACELSUS, *De Fundamento Sapientiæ*.

FINER STATES OF MATTER

In the November number of this Review the endeavour was made to show, on broad lines of consideration, the substantial harmony of chemical teaching with occult knowledge of the septenary order of the different planes of nature. Students of chemistry will know that certain of the elements show characteristics which do not accord with the classification of Mendelejeff's "periodic system," and that these appear to offer, in these particulars, exceptions to its general rule—for instance, Copper is divalent, Gold acts as a triad, salts of Thallium and Lead have properties that one would hardly have expected from their position in the table, etc., etc. But these minor points, however accumulated, do not invalidate the general principle indicated by the table, as is well expressed in Tilden's summary of the matter.*

"That the periodic system of the elements stands for something which is actually based on natural physical relations no one can now be supposed to doubt. It brings into view a number of facts in the chemical history of the elements which would otherwise be less apparent, and it does undoubtedly support very strongly the idea that all the elements in Mendelejeff's and Meyer's synopsis belong to one system of things, and perhaps have common constituents, or may have arisen from a common origin."

Much additional light being thrown upon the questions broached in the last few lines by the results of recent scientific work; it may be interesting to tabulate those results, just as they are given, and to see how far they appear to parallel the broad lines of Theosophic thought. Any first views of things of this nature must necessarily be imperfect. The present idea is merely to throw them together in such form as may offer them con-

* Tilden's *A Short History of the Progress of Scientific Chemistry in our own Times*, p. 100.

veniently for consideration and correction by abler students who may care to accord them that measure of notice.

The "chemical history" of the elements, in a Theosophical sense, is a far-reaching enquiry, and some indication of that longer history is suggested by Mendelejeff's wonderful application of his "periodic system" to the extension of our knowledge.

In 1871 Mendelejeff predicted the properties of the then undiscovered elements Gallium, Scandium and Germanium, with what precision the following single example will show. The last element was to follow Silicon on the "negative" side of Group IV., and, no *name* having yet been decided upon, it was referred to as Eka Silicon under the symbol Es; when discovered it was called Germanium and symbolised by Ge.

Eka Silicon (Es)	Germanium (Ge)
Predicted by Mendelejeff, 1871	*Discovered by Winkler*, 1886
Atomic Weight about 72	Atomic Weight 72·3.
Specific Gravity 5·5	Specific Gravity 5·469
Oxide EsO_2, Sp. gr. 4·7	Oxide GeO_2, Sp. gr. 4·703
Easily obtained by reduction with Carbon	Easily obtained by reduction with Carbon
Dirty grey metal, fusing with difficulty	Grey-white metal, fusing at 900°C.
Oxidises when heated in air	Oxidises when heated in air
Chloride $EsCl_4$, probably boils below 100°	Chloride $GeCl_4$, boils at 86°
Will not be acted on by acids	Barely affected by acids*

The properties of the elements and of their compounds are here clearly seen to be a matter of precise and calculable law—a law definitely associated with the progressions referred to within each Group; their powers and their limitations are a fixed sequence within each type. In the larger aspect of the question the chemical history of the elements is that of the reincarnating elemental essence of the third elemental kingdom as it is built up into the succession of physical forms that we follow down these chemical Groups—of which there are "seven, each on his own lot." And the properties of Germanium, for instance, would appear to follow from and to be the development of the

* Corresponding particulars regarding Gallium and Scandium are given in Meldola's *Chemistry* (*Inorganic*), p. 173.

previous "incarnation" of that particular type of elemental essence—to be, in fact, the chemical karma of the case. Reincarnation and karma, as universal principles, must be as operative in the evolution of the chemical elements as in that of human consciousness and power; and in the former case their application should be more full and direct and discernible than in the higher kingdoms, wherein varying degrees of volition or choice introduce complex modifications of their working.

Recent developments of spectroscopic and physical investigation are approaching the discernment of these two fundamental principles as factors in nature, and if they are to be embodied in the thought of the time it matters little where and how they are most easily recognised.

Science is now very busy with the idea that the chemical elements do "belong to one system of things," with common constituents and a common origin. The evidences of the vacuum-tube and the spectroscope are leading to most interesting conclusions on these matters. Certainly the investigations are hardly out of their initial stages, and the conclusions drawn from them are little more than statements of the general view presented by evidence known to be incomplete. But this general view bears directly upon the problems of the constituents and the origin of these elements and of the system of things of which they are a part, and it may be presented in a form which seems to connect it directly with what we learn of the planes of nature and their relationship one with another.

We have been made familiar with the fact that cathode rays consist of streams of particles of extremely finely-divided matter, and that this latter results from the tearing or breaking up of the molecules of the gas in the vacuum-tube by the intense electric current driven through it. Perhaps it would be more accurate to describe the process as a tearing of fragments from the atoms of gas subjected to the current, for these fragments —*ions*, as they are called—are of much smaller mass than the chemical atoms from which they are torn, and of which they are constituents. These ions, in what may be called their free state, are observed to be in a highly electrified condition; they carry and can communicate negative electrical charges. Further, the

charges they carry can be approximately measured, and other data then permit of their mass being estimated as from the 500th to the 1000th part of the mass of an atom of Hydrogen—there being ions of various masses within about this range. Investigators appear to be in substantial accord on this point, though this determination necessarily involves considerations and calculations of no little complexity; so, for present purposes, the figures are accepted as they are given. In this connection one recalls the "scientific" views of things which were based on the assumption that all things knowable, our consciousness of them, and the wide universe itself, were comprised in what we should refer to as the three lowest sub-planes of physical matter; indestructible atoms were the beginning and the end of all. Nowadays, however, psychologists are recognising that human consciousness may play independently of the physical organism, and that its enormously-extended field reaches into undefinable states and regions and possibilities of knowledge; and, concurrently, physicists extend the concept of the Nature within which this consciousness lives and moves and evolves. The mere dealing with particles of matter so minute as to make Hydrogen atoms relatively gigantic structures forces the mind to picture a world which may extend as illimitably in the direction of the infinitely small as in that of the infinitely great. It is thus found that, whether from the side of consciousness or from the side of matter, "nature retreats within"—a direction hopeful for the further quest.

The importance of these ions, moreover, is in no direct proportion to their "mass." Ions provide the material of which the chemical atoms are built up, whilst they are also the vehicle of electrical energy and themselves initiate what we call the chemical activities of the "elements." Ions flow, impalpable, in ceaseless streaming, from all forms of matter—from wood, paper, gums and resins, as from minerals and crystals. They circulate through and radiate from metals much as water does through a living sponge. A few grains of Radium, at normal temperature, maintain an electrical disturbance for yards around, and quickly "burn" unwary fingers holding them. It has been computed that ions are normally freed in the atmosphere at the rate of twenty

of each kind, positive and negative, per second in each cubic centimetre of air ; and ions appear to be an accompaniment of light itself, sweeping from the sun in an immeasurable tide. They pour constantly from and through everything around, like rays of invisible light, and pervade all space about us. We are enveloped in ions, at every moment of our lives, as in a sea of strange activities—or as in another realm *within* the physical world, from which its matter is derived and its forces seem to flow. This is, roughly, the state of things pictured for us as the result of the study of the ions of cathode rays, Becquerel rays, and so forth. It is interesting, if only from the circumstance that, to many minds, facts of this nature must establish the *actuality* of much that we understand of the derivation and relationship and interpenetration of different planes in nature.

But when the spectroscope adds its subtle analysis to the evidence in hand, fresh facts arise which point to the possibility of grouping ions under *their* natural types just as Mendelejeff's table groups the grosser matter under *its* natural types. This possibility results from the records of what is spoken of as the Magnetic Perturbation of Lines—that is, the disturbance of normal spectral lines of given substances when the latter are vaporised in a strong magnetic field, as, say, between the poles of a powerful electro-magnet.

We are forced to think that under the sometimes enormous temperatures employed in these experiments, the chemical atoms of the matter under notice are more or less torn into ions, much as they are in the vacuum-tube, and that it is these ions which produce various lines of such high temperature spectra. When substances are so treated within an intense magnetic field, lines which normally appear single are seen as double lines—"doublets" or, in some cases, as triplets. These are the perturbations, various in character and magnitude, spoken of. Our chief point of interest in this intricate matter lies in facts of the following order: Whilst under these circumstances, certain of the lines characteristic of Magnesium are perturbed in a certain way and in a certain measure, certain *corresponding* lines in the spectrum of *Z*inc are affected in the same way and in the same measure when produced under the like conditions, and this is the case again with Cadmium

—all three metals belonging to Group II. of Mendelejeff's table. There is evidence establishing similarity of this nature among elements of other chemical groups, corresponding lines being similarly affected by the magnetic field.

From the facts of this order already accumulated the investigators are led to believe, or at least to suspect,* that the same ions (or ions, let us say, of the same type) are present in the atoms of Magnesium, Zinc and Cadmium, and that the elements which lie in the same *chemical* group are built up, in part at least, of the same kind or type of ions. It is thought that the differences between the elements of a Group arise more from the *manner* of association of the ions in the atom than from differences in the fundamental character of the ions of which their atoms are built.

If this is an approximately correct account of the relation of ions to gross physical matter we might prolong the Group-divisions of Mendelejeff's table upwards to represent the corresponding types of the ions of this subtler realm of which the physical world is thought to be but a consequence. The application of the ground-plan of the table to other states of matter obviously suggests a stepping over the edge of things into all the risks and perils of other planes, "dimensions," etc.—an adventure not to be lightly undertaken. The stages to be passed in that direction are not unfamiliar to us, and the question presents itself whether any of the facts now recorded by science are evidence of what we hold to succeed the three lower sub-planes of physical matter in the upward or inward direction. If we accept the definition of the mass of the ions we appear to skip intervening sub-planes and to be dealing with components of chemical atoms which belong to the astral realm. A Hydrogen atom comprises eighteen units belonging to the fourth sub-plane higher—or at its fourth depolymerisation—and this is the matter-limit of the physical plane. So if the ions really are, not the 18th part only but *anything like* the 500th to the 1,000th part of the mass of a Hydrogen atom, they fall beyond that limit; and this leads one to think of the elemental essence of the astral

* Sir Norman Lockyer's *Inorganic Evolution*, p. 114; and Dr. Preston's remarks quoted on p. 187.

plane, precursor of our chemical elements. If we then consider the careful description given in *The Astral Plane* of the permanent types of this elemental essence and its different sub-planes, we shall see that the order of Mendelejeff's table is a natural corollary, a physical replica, of characteristics of the plane above. The seven Groups of the table correspond with the seven types of elemental essence, and the seven Series of the table correspond with its seven sub-planes.

Should we, then, adopt the declared ion-mass and indicate the scientific statements under notice by prolonging the group-divisions and applying the order of the table a plane higher in the scale, we should, in any case, be representing what accords with facts. The risks and perils being thus reduced to a minimum, we may as well give this arrangement effect and turn to the consideration of what appears to be evidence of the four etheric sub-planes referred to as being skipped.

An immense amount of spectroscopic evidence is available which seems to shew that the molecules and atoms of elemental matter are continuously broken up, or dissociated, as they are subjected to higher and higher temperature—this term to include the action of electricity. As these changes take place the spectra alter correspondingly in character, and show marked differences in the number, the grouping, the intensity, and the position or colour of the lines produced. Some elements are easily vaporised, whilst others are exceedingly refractory, and the consequence is that their temperature-stages vary enormously and their successive dissociations have to be effected by very different treatment. Where laboratory means fail, evidences are afforded by the immeasurable temperatures of the stars, and in this way facts are accumulated from which it is deduced as a generalisation, that there are four distinct temperature-stages, four types of spectra resulting from them, four different states of matter in the case of our elementary bodies.* It is not possible, here, to particularise on the subject, but what it leads to may be judged from one example of the application of the idea to questions arising from the study of solar physics and chemistry.

We know that if a substance under observation is intensely

* *Inorganic Evolution*, p. 32, and the same author's *Studies in Spectrum Analysis*.

hot its spectrum-lines will be bright; if relatively cool, the lines may be dark; if it is rapidly approaching or receding from the observer the lines will be displaced towards the violet or towards the red end of the spectrum; and under variations of pressure the lines are otherwise affected. If the spectrum of a given substance is produced by its indivisible chemical atoms one would expect the lines of that spectrum to be *similarly* affected under these diverse circumstances, and one would expect *all* the lines to be present in each case. But this is not so. The question can be put to the test by noticing the presence or absence or variations of recognisable spectrum-lines as we look down through the half-a-million miles' depth of the solar atmosphere towards the luminous surface below. Favourable circumstances are here provided, for in the depths of this chromosphere we have immeasurably high temperatures, whilst in its outer regions it is *relatively* cool; and in the stupendous disturbances witnessed over sun-spot and in the up-rushing prominences, we see streams of matter displaced in all the conditions to which the different temperatures can reduce it. Thus spectra may be entirely modified and lines be variously affected, and long series of careful observations have been laboriously tabulated in order to decide whether and how the lines in a certain portion of the solar spectrum were affected under these varying conditions. The portion of the solar spectrum selected comprised 345 lines, representing twelve recognisable elements, including Iron, and the general results may be shown as follows:*

	Seen over spots only	Seen in prom. only	Over spots *and* in prom.	Unaffected
The 345 lines together	40	54	68	183
Iron lines alone	17	29	33	25

It is noteworthy that these Iron lines are affected in groups, as though one definite group arose from Iron at one level and temperature and another group from a different level or temperature. The types of spectra spoken of deal, among other things, with just such natural grouping of the lines. It has been forcibly pointed out that we can hardly explain this remarkable diversity in the behaviour of the Iron lines, except on the supposition that

* G. F. Chambers' *Handbook of Descriptive and Practical Astronomy*, p. 325.

Atom Gas of Astral Plane

Seven Vertical Divisions

the Gas in each constant to its own division

?

Astral

4 Etheric Sub-planes

Four Types of Spectra

due to dissociations of Chemical Atoms

?

Etheric

Series

Group I II III IV V VI VII VIII

1

2 Mendeleeff's Table of the Chemical Elements

3 Each Group a Chemical Type

4

5

6

7

Gases

Liquids

Solids

Iron really consists of *four* different substances which, at solar temperatures, are separated, and which belong to different temperature-strata of the chromosphere. Similar evidence applies to other elements, but this example must suffice. We are evidently dealing here, not with Iron as we know it terrestrially, but with *four* simpler constituents of Iron. Each of these simpler constituents must yet be highly complex, for, on the average, each produces twenty-six lines—that is, twenty-six different rates of vibration—and it is being surmised that each separate line stands for a unit of matter of *some* kind. When, then, we hear of the spectrum of some given element having more lines than there are ultimate physical atoms in its chemical atom this *may* possibly be evidence of units of matter still finer than that of the etheric states, though it would be rash to assume that this necessarily *is* so in any particular case. What we have here considered in connection with the Iron lines seems to justify our filling in the four etheric sub-planes, so far left blank, to complete our diagram. This now represents, on given scientific evidence, a continuity through different grades of matter from solids, liquids, and gases, through the four etheric sub-planes and into undefinable levels of the astral plane. A blank occurs over Mendelejeff's eighth Group—"the rejected"—which, one would think, must be related to the higher planes as are the other Groups. Discussions upon eighth divisions or states or "spheres" have usually been more provocative of questions than of intelligible answers, so question-signs figure in the space left as expressions of a thirst for information.

From what has been said it will be understood that the diagram presented is but a tentative endeavour to show the general trend of recent scientific discovery in these fields and its general harmony with Theosophic thought. The subject bristles with difficulties as to the interpretation of scientific evidence, the precise implication of its terms ("mass" for instance) and many other matters which can hardly be detailed. Apart from these points, however, the wider question arises as to whether any particular form of astral material is capable of affording the evidences upon which scientific views are based. Without necessarily founding any assumption upon the circumstance, one looks about

in vain for any definite reason why it should *not* do so. On the other hand, there are references in our literature to the effect that the ordinary burning of organic matter *does* free some of its etheric and astral constituents. Why, then, should not the enormous temperature and violent disruption of the electric arc and spark do the same? And inasmuch as visibility or invisibility may depend entirely upon the volume of matter involved, or upon the amplitude of the vibration of its particles, why should not such material produce luminous effects and photographic lines in the ultra-violet portion of the spectrum when "electrified" to a temperature of thousands of degrees? What we call Light can hardly be thought of as a physical-plane energy at all; it flows from the elsewhere and should be generable and modifiable by the related material. If atoms and their vestiges are continuously subjected to the destructive disruption of electrical discharges of enormous intensity one must, surely, get to astral matter at last; it is, theoretically, merely a question of pounding fine enough!

We may not succeed in learning much about this higher realm by the most refined means that physical science is likely to employ. But there does seem to be reasonable ground for thinking that perhaps the facts already before us at least evidence the *actuality* of the astral plane; that something of the order, and even the properties, of its material is inferred; and that we perceive the causal relation in which it stands to the world in which we dwell.

G. DYNE.

THE power of imagination is a great power in medicine. It produces diseases in man and animals and it cures them. But this is not done by the powers of symbols or characters made in wax or being written on paper, but by an imagination which perfects the will.—PARACELSUS.

STORIES FROM THE TRADITIONS OF ISLÂM

The Story of the Seeress

Ibn Hischam has related that the sister of the Christian monk Warakat, a deeply-learned woman and able to foretell the future, met the father of the Prophet, before his marriage with Amina, and told him she earnestly desired to be the mother of his first son. Abdullah, however, disregarded her and married Amina. Shortly afterwards he again met the seeress and she found favour in his eyes, but she in her turn rejected his advances.

"Oh Abdullah," she said, "the light which shone upon your forehead is gone. Behold Amina will bear you a son who is one of the predestined ones, and I desired that he should have been mine."

The Birth of the Prophet

Just before the birth of the Prophet a Spirit appeared to Amina and said: "You will give birth to a child who will be the Lord of this people. As soon as he is born say, 'I commend him to the protection of the Only One, that he may be preserved from the harm of the wicked,' and call his name Muḥammad."

Amina has also related that when the Prophet was born she saw a light all round him which spread to the sky and mingled with the rays of the stars, lighting all the land around so that she saw the distant palaces of Syria. And then she looked at the child and he was lying on his back with his forefinger pointing to the sky.

So she sent for the wise men who knew the traditions and the writings to ask what she ought to do. Among them there came from Hîra a Christian monk, Abdoul-Mesih, son of Amron the Ghassanide, a descendant of the Kings of Syria.

Men said that he was 360 winters old and had learnt divination from his uncle Satî'h the soothsayer in Yemen.

He had read many books and had heard that Isâ ibn Miriam had said that if he went away he would send unto them Manhamma (Syriac: Muḥammad), and that the time was now ripe. So she called his name Muḥammad.

His First Visions

It is related that he said: "The instructions came to me at first like true visions in sleep and like the rosy dawn of the morning."

Sometimes he said he heard the sound, as it were, of a small bell followed by the message, and he said: "It was very hard for me to hear it then, but when it has ceased I remember what it says."

Sometimes it came like an angel in the form of a man of glorious beauty, who appeared as if with his feet standing on the horizon.

Another tradition says that Gabriel came in the form of Di'hya the Kelbite, the most beautiful man among Arabs (*Chronique de Tabari*).

Yet another says that it was the beautiful Christian slave Djebr.

Some believe that the Prophet received instructions from the strange and semi-mythical Salman the Persian, whose story is given below.

Khadijah's Psychical Research

Whatever the truth of the case may have been, Khadijah determined to investigate these abnormal phenomena as far as her woman's wits, which were considerable, would take her.

She plied the Prophet with questions: Did he see it always? Did he see it with his eyes covered? Who was it? Why did it come?

Muḥammad insisted that it was Gabriel, the Messenger of God. So Khadijah went in search of the learned monk Warakat, who had read all the books of the Hebrews and knew the most ancient traditions. He also wrote himself in Hebrew what God wished him to write.

He listened with great interest to the stories of Muḥammad's birth and the testimony of the aged monk which Khadijah had treasured in her memory. Then she asked him abruptly: "Have you found the name of Gabriel in any of your books, and what *is* Gabriel?" Warakat cautiously replied: "Why do you ask me this?"

So Khadijah told him of the first revealings and of the wrestling with the angel, who had three times overcome him and three times told him to "cry (or testify) in the name of his God"; and how Muḥammad had three times protested and said: "How can I cry, I am not a prophet?"

Warakat said: "Gabriel is the great Namus (*i.e.*, one who reveals a secret message). He is the intermediary angel between God and the Prophets who brings them messages from God. It was he who went to Moses and also to Jesus, and if you are telling me the truth, your husband is the next one, as it is written.

"Long years have I waited for this hour! Would that I might remain and witness his ministry and his exile."

His Witness of Himself

The Prophet said once: "Verily I am the nearest man to Jesus in the beginning and the end, because there is no Prophet between me and Jesus, and in the latter part of the time, he will be my vicegerent and my successor."

He also prophesied that Jesus would come again and live to the age of 45, marry and have children and lead the nations. He would then be buried in the grave of Muḥammad.

"The Prophets are all brothers by one Father but their mothers are different, and the root of all their religions is the same. I have been sent in the first class of the children of Adam, age after age. I passed in the loins of my fathers until I came from the class from which I now come."

The Stranger in White

Omar has related that one day as they were sitting with the Apostle of God conversing about religious matters, a stranger in white entered swiftly and seated himself before the Prophet so that his knees touched his knees, and laying his two hands upon

the hands of the Prophet he gazed intently at him and said: "O Muḥammad, instruct me in Islâm."

None present knew the stranger, yet he had no stains of travelling upon his robe, which was exceedingly white, and his hair was black and glossy.

And the Apostle said that Islâm was to believe in one God—the All-Powerful—in the five calls to prayer, in the fast of Ramazan, and so forth.

When he had finished the stranger answered: "Thou hast spoken truly."

And the assembled company were much astonished because he first questioned the Apostle of God, and when he heard the answer he said it was the truth.

Then the stranger said: "Inform me of Iḥsan" (Rule of Life).

And the Apostle answered: "That thou worship God as if thou sawest Him, for though thou dost not see Him, know that He seeth thee."

And the stranger said again: "Thou hast spoken truly. Inform me about the Resurrection."

The Prophet answered: "I am as wise as the questioner."

When the stranger had asked about all the points of religious beliefs he arose and suddenly departed, and they all sat in silence for a long time. At last the Apostle said to Omar: "Did'st thou know who that person was?"

Omar said: "God knows best!"

And the Apostle said: "Verily it was Gabriel himself who came to instruct thee by means of his questions." (From the *Saḥih Muslîm*.)

(The Prophet's answer to "Gabriel" about the resurrection was therefore a skilful parry of a question which was not to be answered in public, not a confession of ignorance.)

His Rule of Life

Dreams

The Prophet used generally to say in the morning: "Have you dreamt?" and whosoever had would say so.

He said the truest dream was about daybreak.

Vigils and Nocturnal Devotions

The Apostle of God said once: "The most excellent prayers are those in the middle of the night. The most illustrious are those who say prayers in the night."

"Verily there are houses in Paradise in which the external parts are seen from the internal and the internal from the external, and God has prepared them for those who speak gently, feed the hungry, and say prayers at night when others are sleeping. . . . The time of God's being near His servants is in the latter part of the night after the middle of the night; therefore if you are able to be of the number of those who remember God at that time, be so!"

"When anyone of you goeth to sleep the Devil ties three knots upon his neck, and says over each knot: 'The night is long—sleep!' Therefore if a servant awake and remember God it openeth one knot, and if he perform the ablution it openeth another, and if he say prayers it openeth the other, and he riseth in the morning in gladness and purity; otherwise he riseth in a lethargic state."

Observing Dawn

The Prophet often spoke of the importance of observing dawn; it was one of the five calls obligatory to the Faithful. "Verily the recital at dawn is witnessed (by angels). Angels come about you both night and day." He, however, forbade Muslîms to pray while the sun was half above and half below the horizon lest they should be open to the charge of idolatrously worshipping the physical disc of the sun.

The Prophets' Beads

Someone once inquired of Ayesha how the Prophet performed his midnight devotions. She said: "Why do you ask me this? No one has ever asked me this before.

"When the Apostle wakes in the night for the first time he says: 'God is very great'—ten times; then: 'Praise be to God'—ten times; then: 'God is most pure,' 'Praise be to Him,' 'Pure is the most Holy King,' 'I ask pardon of God,' 'There is no God but God'—each of these ten times. Then he would

begin his prayers. He always rose when he heard the cock crow and washed, and then prayed. He would often stand for his meditation in the night so long that his feet were swollen and painful."

The Prophet said once that the Rule of King David was the best. He (the King) slept half the night, then he was awakened, and spent a third of the night in prayer, and he fasted every alternate day.

Women's Prayers

The Prophet did not forbid women to go to the mosques, but he said it was better *for them* to say all the prayers at home.

He also said: "And if a man wakes to meditate and does not waken his wife he will be punished, and if the wife cannot waken her husband let her dash cold water on his face, and the husband the wife."

His Personal Appearance

Ali said: "He was of middle height; his face pink and white, with lustrous black eyes and thick beautiful brilliant hair which fell to his shoulders. His face was entirely surrounded by a beard. He walked as if he were pulling up his feet out of the ground, as lightly as if he were flying."

Another has said: "I never saw anyone walk more quickly, you might say the ground was wrinkled for him. He lifted up his feet and stepped like one stepping on low ground, and you knew he had been along the road by the smell of musk."

Ali also said: "He had in his face so much gentleness that in his presence you were obliged to look at him, and he had a great charm of voice. . . . I never saw a man more beautiful than the Prophet—you might say the sun was moving in his face."

Another says: "I saw the lord once on a moonlight night and sometimes I looked at his beauty and then at the moon and he was brighter and more beautiful to me than the moon.

"When he was pleased his blessed face would brighten so that you might say it was a piece of the moon and then you knew that he was pleased."

The Story of Salman the Persian

One of the celebrated "Companions of the Cave" was the mysterious Salman, a close friend of Ali and afterwards worshipped as the Bâb by the Ansairieh: "And there is no Bâb but the Lord Salman il Farisee," is their confession of faith. (Farisee=Arabic for Persian.)

A Persian tradition says that his real name was Rúzbih (*R.A.S. Journal*, July, 1901), which is curious, as the Ansairieh say that in the time of Jesus the Bâb was Rozabah ibn il Merzaban, a Persian.

The vowels being alike in Arabic and Persian, neither language having an *o* in it, Rozabah would be equal to Rúzbih; and the word Merzaban is the same all but a dot on the *z* (or *d*) as the word Merkabah, which Bunsen says means an "Indian Essene." Therefore the name of the Bâb was—Rúzbih, son of the Essene (Rozabah ibn il Merzaban).

Now if this Persian led a continuous existence through many centuries, according to the Ansairieh theory of reincarnation, it would, of course, account in their eyes for the otherwise quite impossible length and number of events of his life as related by himself to the first traditionists of Islâm.

He came, he said, from the province of Isspahan, and was an enthusiastic Magian. Going one day by accident into a Christian church he was so much impressed by the service that he asked where was "the cradle of this religion." They answered, "in Syria." So he went to Syria and asked for the most learned theologian, and was sent to a Bishop, who instructed him.

When the Bishop died Salman remained with his successor, who was one of the most perfect of men; he had forsaken all earthly pleasures and longed only for the other world. When he was dying, he said: "By God I know no one who is of my faith now; men are all gone astray, they are falsifying and destroying the greater part of their religion. I know one man alone who is firm in his faith as I am. Go to him."

Salman stayed with this man till he died, then with a man of Nissibin, who sent him to a man of Amuria. When this last was dying he said: "I know no one now of the Faith, but the time is near when a Prophet will be sent with the faith of

Abraham. He will come in Arabia and wander into a land between two stony places where dates grow in between. He has unmistakable signs. If you can reach this land do so." After many more adventures Salman eventually met the Prophet, and recognised him by certain signs.

While relating the story of his wanderings to Muḥammad, Salman added that his friend in Amuria had described to him a certain neighbourhood in Syria, and had said: "Go to the man who lives between two woods and each year passes from one to the other; to whom also the sick hasten and he cures them all by his command. He will tell you about the doctrines you are seeking for."

"I went," said Salman, "to the place described, and found there many sick collected. At last he came to pass across from one wood to the other. The people pressed round him with their sick, all of whom he healed by his word. The crowd was such that I could not get near him until he was already passing into the other little wood, then I caught his arm, and when he turned and asked what I wanted, I begged him to teach me the Hanefite doctrine of Abraham. He answered: 'That which thou askest is not inquired after in these days, but the time is near when a dweller of the Sanctuary will be sent with this religion; go to him, he will teach it to you.' Then he went into the wood."

The Prophet said thereupon to Salman: "If you are speaking truly, you have met Jesus the son of Mary." (From Weil's *Ibn Ischak*, p. 103.)

A. L. B. HARDCASTLE.

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CAUSALITY

On p. 69 of *Studies in the Bhagavad Gîtâ* causality is spoken of as one of the "time ripples in the mighty ocean of Self." Is it possible for the "plain man" to apprehend in any degree the meaning of this statement?

I read in a learned book not long ago a piece of advice to students, the gist of which was that they should leave metaphysics alone unless they were prepared to go into the subject thoroughly.

This is all right if it means that one must not devour in haste an elaborate and miscellaneous collection of refreshments which one is unable to digest. But it is not all right if it means that we may not secure a minute portion of the feast, and chew it patiently at our leisure.

Metaphysics is for every man, not for the highly trained thinker alone; all our thoughts, desires, and actions are founded on metaphysical assumptions of one kind or another.

Now the chain of cause and effect is found in all consciousness and in all evolution as we know them. Consciousness is a series of states, of which each is a modification of a preceding state. And, on the other hand, the evolution of plants, animals, individuals, races, solar systems, is also a series of conditions in which the chain of cause and effect is evident.

Wherever we have matter in any form, we have this causality, this methodical succession of events, and so long as the Self identifies itself with its vehicles, it is entangled with this chain of necessity. It suffers and enjoys by means of the sheaths which it has not yet distinguished from itself.

"Prakṛiti is called the cause of the generation of causes and effects; Puruṣha is called the cause of the enjoyment of pleasure and pain."

Let us take as an example of a chain of causes and effects

the series of states of feeling through which a man passes in a day. Each one of these states is at once a cause and an effect; it is modified by each preceding state, and it modifies each succeeding one. None of these states can exist apart, each is essentially part of a series.

At each moment forces from without act upon this series. But these forces are not the cause of change. They are only the means by which the tendency to change can manifest itself. The cause of change is inherent in the series of states.

Events occur which tend to modify conditions of feeling, but they are the occasion of modification, not its cause; they produce no effect except in so far as there is a capacity to respond to vibration.

The man himself may also act upon the series of states from within, but here again he cannot cause changes, but only supply conditions which can give an innate capacity an opportunity for development.

In proportion as he learns to do this effectively, he realises himself as separate from the chain of necessity, and a spectator of it merely; vehicles, whether mental, astral or physical, can only grow according to their own nature and laws, and in order to supply the requisite conditions for growth he must understand his nature and these laws.

As he learns to understand them, he becomes gradually able to use the series of cause and effect instead of identifying himself with it.

The omnipresence of causality in nature is one of the modes in which the principle of identity shows itself. But it involves also the principle of diversity. A cause is *related* to an effect, and here we have unity. It is *contrasted* with an effect, and here we have separateness.

When "The Dreamer" postulates the impermanence of causality, he only implies that when cause and effect become one, it must disappear. From a metaphysical point of view causality can be but temporary, because it involves succession in time.

In the meantime, if we hope to aid evolution in the future, it seems important to study the generation of causes and effects in

some of their numerous forms. The form selected is of little importance provided persistent work is done.

But what *is* the relation between cause and effect? Is it a necessary one or only accidental? Why is it that when the same relations are given we expect the same effects?

This universal assumption upon which all sciences rest was ascribed by David Hume and by John Stuart Mill to the result of habit. But both these philosophers had lost sight of the principle of identity, and treated all phenomena as isolated facts.

The fact is that the principle of causality is a metaphysical theory which cannot be proved by any logical process. It is a relation, and like all other relations, involves the dual principle of the one and the many. It persists so long as we have *the many* as well as *the one*, and can only disappear when all other relations disappear in unity.

S. CORBETT.

THE LOST "CANON OF PROPORTION" REDISCOVERED

IN the first volume of *The Secret Doctrine* (3rd ed., p. 229), speaking of the "Great Initiator," H. P. Blavatsky writes:

It is under the direct, silent guidance of this MAHÂ GURU that all the other less divine Teachers and Instructors of mankind became, from the first awakening of human consciousness, the guides of human consciousness, the guides of early Humanity. It is through these "Sons of God" that infant Humanity learned its first notion of all the arts and sciences, as well as of spiritual knowledge; and it is they who laid the first foundation-stone of those ancient civilisations that so surely puzzle our modern generation of students and scholars.

Let those who doubt this statement, explain, on any other equally reasonable grounds, the mystery of the extraordinary knowledge possessed by the Ancients—who, some pretend, developed from lower and animal-like savages, the "cave-men" of the palæolithic age! Let them turn, for instance, to such works as those of Vitruvius Pollio of the Augustan age, on architecture, in which all the rules of proportion are those *anciently taught at*

Initiations, if they would acquaint themselves with truly divine art, and understand the *deep esoteric significance hidden in every rule and law of proportion.* No man descended from a palæolithic cave-dweller could ever evolve such a science unaided, even in millenniums of thought and intellectual evolution. It is the pupils of those incarnated Ṛiṣhis and Devas of the Third Root Race who handed on their knowledge, from one generation to another, to Egypt and to Greece, with its now lost *canon of proportion;* just as the disciples of the Initiates of the Fourth, the Atlanteans, handed it over to the Cyclopes, the "Sons of Cycles," or of the "Infinite," from whom the name passed to the still later generations of gnostic priests.

We have searched through the ten books of Vitruvius Pollio *De Architectura* in vain for this canon of proportion; though perhaps with greater labour it might be indirectly deduced by some determined student. It has always seemed to us that H. P. B., to whom we personally owe more than to any other, has in this case (as in many others) relied too much on what someone has said or speculated about the famous work of Vitruvius; but be that as it may be, the fact of a "canon of proportion" she asserted unhesitatingly and with a confidence manifestly born of evidence within her inner knowledge. She did not make this assertion depend on Vitruvius, but cited Vitruvius, as one whom she believed to be a witness on her side before a sceptical jury.

But even if after an exhaustive investigation of Vitruvius we should find that he ought not to be called into court, the statement of H. P. Blavatsky will still be found to stand firm, for as it appears this canon of proportion has now practically been rediscovered. *The Athenæum* for November 15th gives us the following report of a paper on "The Natural Basis of Form in Greek Art"—with special reference to the Parthenon, read by Mr. Jay Hambridge, at a meeting of the Hellenic Society on November 4th.

The investigation of the symmetrical forms found in Nature, both organic and inorganic, led to the discovery that (allowing for modifications of growth) a certain principle of proportion is rigidly persistent throughout. The examination of the proportions of crystals, and of the proportions and outlines of living forms, such as the flower of the grape, diatoms, radiolaria, butterflies (these being but a few instances out of a very large number), shows that the proportions and curves involved in these forms may be analysed by (1) a primary series of circles which stand to each other in

a binary relation (1 : 2 : 4 : 8, etc.), combined with (2) a secondary series of circles derived by using as radii the sides of the triangles, squares, pentagons, or hexagons inscribed in the circles of the primary series. The proportions of symmetrical natural objects can all be expressed in terms of circles standing to each other in this relation, and the curved outlines of Nature can be analysed by a series of osculating circles which are similarly related. The same binary system, it was shown, can be used to analyse the proportions and curves of the Parthenon, down to the minutest detail. The use of this principle involves no abstruse knowledge of mathematics, but requires only the simplest geometrical methods. On this system, with a string and a stick and a sanded floor, proportions can be worked out which, if expressed arithmetically, would involve incommensurable qualities. The inference is that the Greek architect used some simple geometrical system of this kind and refined his curves by means of circles related to each other on the system already described. He was thus unconsciously following the principle on which Nature builds up her symmetrical forms; and the investigation of the proportions and outlines of numerous other works of art, such as Greek vases, shows that the works of the best period always approximate most closely to the same principle. The Parthenon is only the most striking and complete instance of the fact that the beautiful in art involves adherence (presumably unconscious) to the same law as underlies the beautiful in Nature.

The Greek architect and artist may have done these things "unconsciously," following a "rule of thumb," handed down from a remote antiquity; but who taught that rule of thumb to child humanity? Were the Teachers unconscious of the harmonies of Nature; or were they souls from a higher civilisation than the souls of this humanity?

In any case, those of our readers who are students of the geometry of Nature, curious concerning geometrical psychology, and lovers of the mysteries of the "Platonic" solids, will rejoice that that which was lost has been found, or at any rate a fragment of it.

G. R. S. M.

For out of olde feldes, as man seith,
Cometh al this new corn fro yeer to yere,
And out of olde bokes, in good feith,
Cometh al this new science that men ere.—CHAUCER.

REVIEWS AND NOTICES

The Kings of Egypt and their Deeds

A History of Egypt from the End of the Neolithic Period to the Death of Cleopatra VII., B.C. 30. By E. A. Wallace Budge, M.A., Litt. D., etc. (London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner and Co., Ltd.; 1902, 8 vols. Price per volume 3*s.* 6*d.*)

Messrs. Kegan Paul are to be sincerely congratulated for their courage and enterprise in adding these eight useful volumes to their instructive and exceedingly low-priced series of "Books on Egypt and Chaldæa." The preceding six volumes by Dr. Wallace Budge, the Keeper of the Egyptian and Assyrian Antiquities in the British Museum, and the two by Mr. L. W. King, his Assistant, have been already made known to our readers, and form the best introduction to a study of the languages and religions of these two great ancient civilisations which is at present obtainable. The low price of the volumes places them within the means of the most modest purse, and the rapidity with which they have been bought up shows that there is a wide-spread interest in the fascinating subjects with which they deal. That the student owes a deep debt of gratitude to these two scholars, and especially to Dr. Wallace Budge, who is responsible for no less than fourteen of the sixteen volumes which have so far appeared, goes without saying; that, however, the mystic will rise from their perusal without much satisfaction is to be expected with books which have no other concern than pure objectivism. The time has apparently not yet come for the mystic element in the tradition of the land of mysteries *par excellence* to be treated with any approximation to knowledge, and it is, therefore, kept so far in the background that it may be said to be almost excluded. And yet without some knowledge of this the religion of Egypt is almost entirely inexplicable, and in proportion as it is neglected we are presented with the mummified remains and lifeless externals of a cult which has left behind it to mark its once strenuous life monuments unrivalled in the known history of the world.

And if we have to notice this to us very serious omission in Dr,

Budge's otherwise most excellent work on Egyptian religion, much more is it noticeable in the eight volumes under notice, in which history is the theme, and history not in the sense of the social or religious conditions of the people, but in the good old-fashioned style of kings and battles. Indeed, we have somewhat too much of the "accidence and adjectives and names of Jewish Kings" side of things. Doubtless Dr. Budge is not to be blamed for this and cannot be expected to make bricks without straw; but when so many pages are filled with the identification of King-names as found in Manetho's lists, imperfectly preserved in quotation by later writers, with the names on the monuments, the attention of the ordinary reader is inclined to flag.

The great utility of Dr. Budge's history is that it enables us to see how much actual material we have so far got on which to base our speculations; and though it is very considerable compared to what was accessible, say some fifty years ago, it is nevertheless heart-breaking to see a vast stretch of some 5,000 years represented, except at certain periods, by ghastly blanks or at best the name of a King or two the records of whose deeds have vanished. And even when we have the records of the doings of the Kings, we feel we know nothing of the people and their deeds, their hopes and fears. What, for instance, should we know of France a hundred years ago, if we had preserved only the titles of Napoleon and a list of his battles; or of our England of to-day, if we had nothing but the long titles of the King and a record, say, of the hospitals whose incomes he is striving to increase? For this is mostly what we get in Egyptian history as at present made known to us: the names of Kings and their titles; their battles and conquests; their buildings and restorations of pyramids, tombs and temples.

Nevertheless, it is very necessary to have the tracings out of a chronological and political backbone in the first place, so that we can gradually reconstruct the skeleton, and finally reclothe it to some degree with flesh and blood. Dr. Budge has necessarily much to say on the "Neolithic" race which preceded the dynastic Egyptians, the recent "finds" of whose graves scattered over so wide an area have produced so many speculations. Dr. Budge regards them as an African non-negroid race enjoying a comparatively advanced stage of culture, living in huts made of reeds and mud, but unacquainted with the art of writing or of working metals. The Egyptians of history were, according to Budge, an Asiatic race, "the followers of Horus," coming from Southern Arabia, who invaded the Nile lands about

4,500 B.C. They were builders and workers in metals and had a civilisation and a script closely connected, directly or remotely, with those of Babylonia. They easily conquered the Africans, who gradually amalgamated with them. Dr. Budge is somewhat scornful of those who half a century ago refused to give Egyptian civilisation an older date than 2,500 B.C., but we cannot but think that his 4,500 years will have to be pushed back when the evidence of some new finds will clamour for recognition. So, too, with the question of the "origin" of Egyptian civilisation; the evidence at present accessible seems to justify the moderate conclusions of the Keeper of the Egyptian and Assyrian Antiquities, but we should be foolish to accept this as an acquired fact of science, when future discoveries may throw entirely new light on the subject.

Where Dr. Budge does best service is when he exposes the fallacies of those who have approached the study of Egyptian history with the Hebrews on the brain, and reduces the Hebrew Egyptian question to its proper proportions; in the preface to the sixth volume, moreover, he apparently gives the death-blow to Prof. Cheyne's theory of a "Jerahmeelite" kingdom in Southern Palestine, which he has brought into such prominence in the *Encyclopædia Biblica*.

On the other hand, Dr. Budge is never tired of insisting that the Great Pyramid was built for a tomb and for nothing else, and so with all pyramids, and this, to use his own words at a different valuation, "in spite of chambers with sliding roofs which admitted the invader to hollows filled up with masses of stone, and so took him out of the right path, and passages which led nowhere, and wells which contained nothing and ended nowhere." But indeed the question of the pyramids has not yet been settled either by "all competent authorities" or by incompetent amateurs, and we can possess our souls in patience till discovered fact replaces theory.

Dr. Budge, however, is no slave to the accepted order of things on his own ground, for he introduces a startling innovation into Egyptian chronology by transferring the kings known by their Rā names as the Antefs from the XIVth dynasty, to which they have hitherto been assigned, to the XVIIth dynasty. This we must leave to the specialists to decide; to the lay mind it appears to make not much difference in the paucity of our knowledge.

No doubt by this time our learned author is tired of learning from his reviewers that he has been ill-advised to use sixteenth century translations of Herodotus and Diodorus; "B. R.'s" translation of

Herodotus is no doubt charmingly quaint from a literary point of view, but it is grossly inaccurate, and if Dr. Budge desires his *History* to be of service to continental scholarship it is handicapped in this particular, for "B. R." is somewhat of a strain even for a German professor.

We, however, must end as we began with thanking Dr. Budge for his labours; of their utility there can be no doubt, and Budge's *History of Egypt* will at once take its place among standard works on the subject, and be the latest authority until a new authority appears. But when an author has written a book on *Egyptian Magic* and therefore must be supposed to know at least as much about it as the proverbial "lecturer," it is strange to find him commenting so naïvely on a magical incident in his *History*.

King Rā-Ȧpepi at Tanis in the Delta wanted to pick a quarrel with Seyenen Rā, the King of the South at Thebes. He, therefore, after consulting his chief magicians, sent a message to him to this effect: "Let one hunt on the lake the hippopotamuses which are on the lake of the city, so that they may let sleep come to me both by day and night." On this Budge comments: "The writer of the romance wishes to indicate that the hippopotamuses on the lake at Thebes made so much noise, both by day and by night, that Rā-Ȧpepi could get no sleep in Tanis, and we may readily agree with the magicians who composed the message that the King in the South would not know how to answer it, because he would probably think that Rā-Ȧpepi had lost his senses, for by no natural means known in those days could the King in the Delta be disturbed by hearing the plungings and splashings of hippopotamuses in swamps some six hundred miles away." We are not a magician and have never written on the subject; but "sympathetic magic" was known before Marconi's wireless telegraphy, and perhaps "hippopotamuses" on the "lake," not in the "swamps," may be other than the pachydermata known to zoology.

G. R. S. M.

A Useful Introduction to Theosophy

Diene dem Ewigen! Was nützt die Theosophische Gesellschaft ihren Mitgliedern? (Berlin: Schwetschke und Sohn; 1902.)

Under the title "Serve the Eternal," the author, who is one of the oldest pioneers of Theosophy in Germany, gives in a condensed but very attractive form a complete *vade mecum* for the pilgrim-soul of the would-be disciple. It is a manual for mystics rather than an exposi-

tion of theosophical teachings. The writer, however, uses the word "theosophist" in the sense in which many would use the words occultist, neophyte or mystic; hence he says: "not every member of the Theosophical Society is a 'theosophist.' Those only can be thus named who firstly have recognised the *goal* of the evolution of their egos, and secondly that they can and must each and all *attain* this goal; and thirdly have clearly recognised the *ways* and the *means* to this attainment, and fourthly have *begun* to walk in this way, and of set purpose to apply these means" (p. 7).

Theosophy can now be summed up in seven words: "The Eternal in all is the Self" and this ideal existed long before S. Paul used the word (1 Cor., 2, 7); it lived in Ancient India, in the Greek and Egyptian mysteries and in the sacred customs of many another time-honoured nation. It is the ideal of Eckhart, Tauler, Böhme and Angelus Silesius; it was spread by secret societies such as the Rosicrucians and Freemasons. To-day the follower of it is not persecuted, he is laughed at; but that is not a reason for us to make a secret of it if it is ours. For this reason the Theosophical Society was publicly founded, and it demands of its members an acknowledgment of this ideal and efforts after the practical realisation of it. Now how does the Society help its members, and what good does it do in upholding the ideal? It helps those who are ripe for the task. It expounds the deeper aspects of the world-riddle only to those who can grasp that riddle and steadily fix the eye of the mind upon it. The Thing-in-itself—the ultimate reality—is found by the evolution of self-consciousness. Those who have consummated this work and become the "first fruits," the great exemplars, are worshipped as gods in all the great religions.

Such are Osiris, Horos, Hermes Trismegistos, Kṛishṇa, Buddha, Zarathustra, and above all Jesus. That all men are equal is notoriously untrue, why then can we not believe in the Victorious Ones who have won at last the prize for which all are trying to fit themselves? But the best way to feel certain that the Immortals exist is to try and make *oneself* one of them.

The author then takes us rapidly through the main teachings of the Ancient Wisdom. The fact of repeated incarnations of every ego, he says is recognised by all nations, all races and in *all* times. (This may be so, but the present reviewer for one would be very glad to have chapter and verse, or even an oral tradition for it.) Lessing, Herder, Goethe, Schiller, Jean Paul Richter, Schopenhauer and many

modern celebrities have incidentally acknowledged their belief in it. Even in Kant there are passages suggesting it.

The next point is the importance of distinguishing between the personality and the individuality. Upon this follows inevitably the problem of responsibility, of the moral sense which hangs in its turn upon the instinctive longing for those things which belong to eternity and hence is in itself an earnest of our immortal life. The man with an awakened moral sense and the hope of immortality has now begun to tread the first steps of the inner life. A belief in spiritual things is the Way, the Truth and the Life.

The Master for any soul is the spiritual power most operative at any given moment. The person is always the mask. The *Master* as the *Spirit* is confined to no one *person*. There may be one or many of such *persons*, but it is "the same Spirit." "The person *quâ person* is never the Master himself" (p. 42).

The Spirit alone is the Wisdom and the Power, the Love and the Peace. For the Master there is no favouritism and no privileged people. "Where two or three are gathered together in the Spirit of the Master there is the Master among them." And the Spirit of the Master is a Presence of Peace.

This was what Böhme meant by the verse which he wrote in a friend's note-book: "Look at Time in the Light of Eternity! Only in so far as thou hast the Eternal in thy mind's eye, only in so far as thou sowest eternal things, only in so far as thou liftest thyself above all strife, only in so far as thou givest room to Peace within thee, only so far hast thou the power and the wisdom and the blessing of the Divine Masters—not otherwise!"

This spiritual communion must be won by each one for himself.

Merely joining the Theosophical Society, although this is a highly significant and important step, will not give the higher blessing. The pupil must raise *himself* to the Master's level. Then the author gives an account of the ways and means of this self-culture, with a digression on the misuse of occult powers, on dangers subjective as well as objective, the only safeguard against the former dangers being the absolute control of the thoughts by a conscious action of the will. With developing powers the desire to serve naturally arises in heart and stronger still the desire to merge self in the One Self. "If I lose myself I find myself," is the cry of the devout soul, and leads to its own fulfilment.

If we might suggest a fault in this little book it is in the notes

being put at the end. A busy man opening it at random for a good thought, as well he might, is confronted with runaway 1's and 2's attached to some word and looks down the page in vain for the meaning of them. By the time he has found the note he has probably lost his place and the thread of the thought and forgotten the number. In a large book which you have to "sit up to table" to consume with the help of a paper-cutter and a book-marker, it is more excusable, but even then not acceptable. There is also no table of contents, but then the headings, different on each page, are most felicitously chosen.

A. L. B. H.

The Little Genesis

The Book of Jubilees or the Little Genesis: Translated from the Editor's Ethiopic Text and edited, with Introduction, Notes and Indices. By R. H. Charles, D.D., Professor of Biblical Greek, Trinity College, Dublin. (London: Black; 1902. Price 15s.)

Students of Jewish pseudepigraphic and apocalyptic literature owe a deep debt of gratitude to Dr. Charles for the excellent texts, translations, introductions and commentaries which he has been giving them for the last ten years. We have already acquainted our readers with the admirable work done by the Professor of Biblical Greek in Dublin's famous centre of learning on *The Book of Enoch*, *The Book of the Secrets of Enoch*, *The Apocalypse of Baruch*, *The Assumption of Moses*, *The Ascension of Isaiah*, and in his admirable volume *A Critical History of the Doctrine of a Future Life in Israel, in Judaism, and in Christianity*, and, as we have said before, by this time it is recognised on all hands that Dr. Charles is *facile princeps* in his special line of research. *The Book of Jubilees* (so-called from its chronology, which follows the system of a Sabbath of Sabbaths of years, or forty-nine years), or *The Lesser* (? Detailed) *Genesis* (so-called not because of its shortness, for it is longer than canonical Genesis, but because of its greater elaboration of detail in true haggadic style), is the last contribution to the elucidation of Jewish apocryphal literature from the pen of this distinguished scholar. It is marked by all the thoroughness which has characterised the rest of Dr. Charles' labours and is a monument of exceptional learning and painstaking industry. Some six years ago Dr. Charles published a tentative translation of this very curious monument of Jewish scripture-making in *The Jewish Quarterly*, and now explains

that the delay in publishing it in book-form was not owing to the difficulty of revising and polishing the translation, but rather to the fact that his notes and commentaries had got into such a hopeless tangle when he treated the book as a product of the first century A.D. (as was generally supposed to be the case) that he was brought to a complete standstill, and could not understand the reason of his failure until he was led by studies on another line to come to the conclusion that *Jubilees* was of a far earlier date, in fact about 135-105 B.C. Once this key was found, everything fell naturally into place and difficulty after difficulty was solved. And indeed it seems that Dr. Charles has made out a case for this date which is strong even in its weakest elements. This being so, *The Book of Jubilees* assumes a far greater importance than it ever possessed previously for all students of the evolution of Jewish religion, and by it we can further establish definite date limits for portions of such famous apochryphs as *The Book of Enoch* and *The Book of Noah*. But what is most interesting to us (and for this speculation Dr. Charles is not responsible) is that we have before us a document that might very well have by a slight divergence of the wheel of fate been included in the Bible, for when we see such a book as Chronicles (a haggadic tendency-writing of the second century, which wrote up Kings and Samuel in the interests of later priestly views) included in the canon, and observe that *Jubilees* treats the matter of Genesis and Exodus in precisely the same fashion in the interests of a still later priestly view than that of the Chronicles' redactor in revising Kings and Samuel, we see the making of scripture in the workshop and the continuation of the same industry by the same firm, attended with very great success, but by some strange freak of fate failing to find a place among the permanent exhibits.

The Jubilees' writer was thoroughly ashamed of many of the crudities of the Ezra redaction of Genesis and Exodus and re-wrote the whole matter to suit the views of his own day and circle; Jewish enthusiasm was at the top of the wave in the palmy days of Maccabæan conquest and the ambition of the priestly fanatics was boundless. The whole spirit of the writer is further characterised by a detestation of all non-Jews, which fully justified the strictures of the classical writers of the first century and throws a flood of light on the nature of zealotism and the mania of exclusiveness that tickled the vanity of Israel and diabolised the gods of all other nations. Exceedingly interesting also is this document for students of later Talmudic develop-

ments, for it presents us with earlier forms of haggada and halacha which the Rabbis of mishnaic times were compelled to modify. An acquaintance with the literature of this period also shows us how erroneous is the general Jewish persuasion of later days that the "oral tradition" had been handed down unchanged. Of great importance also are the readings of the Bible texts, which often approximate more closely to those preserved in the Septuagint translation of the Pentateuch (*circa* 250 B.C.) than to those of the far later Massorah of the fourth or fifth century.

In brief, a study of the Jewish apocrypha is of as pre-eminent importance for the history of the evolution of the religion of Israel as the study of Christian apocryphal literature is for the evolution of general dogmatic Christianity, and Dr. Charles is doing yeoman service for an age that seeks to attain to a truly scientific appreciation of values which have hitherto been entirely falsified by tradition. The next work we are promised by this well-equipped scholar is a text and translation of *The Testament of the Twelve Patriarchs*, but we might suggest to Dr. Charles that we are without a representative English work on *The Sibylline Oracles*, one of the most fascinating of these pseudo-prophetical and pseudepigraphical phases of literature. Years ago we attempted some essays on the subject in this REVIEW, but have never ventured to publish them in a more permanent form because they were far too slight for the purpose, though not slighter than the few other attempts which exist in English on the subject; which means to say that the existence of this lacuna in our literature is somewhat of a reproach to English scholarship. G. R. S. M.

OLCOTT'S BUDDHIST CATECHISM IN GERMAN

Der Buddhistische Katechismus von Henry S. Olcott, Präsident der Theosophical Society, etc.; 35 (2. deutsche) Ausgabe mit besonderem Vorwort des Verfassers. Autorisierte Übersetzung nebst Erläuterungen von Dr. Erich Bischoff. (Leipzig: Th. Griebens Verlag; 1902. Preis *M*.2.20.)

COLONEL OLCOTT is to be congratulated on having Dr. Erich Bischoff as the translator and useful annotator of the thirty-fifth (the second German) edition of his now famous *Buddhist Catechism*, and he is to be further congratulated on the excellent way in which the firm of Griebens at Leipzig has printed it and turned it out. Indeed, we have seen no better edition of the work in any other language. This is a thirty-fifth edition of our President-Founder's useful compilation,

not a reprint or a thirty-fifth thousand, but a genuine edition, for this little catechism has been translated into no less than twenty different languages, and may be said, without the faintest risk of contradiction, to have been the busiest instrument of Buddhist propaganda for many a day in the annals of that long somnolent dharma. And this too without forgetting the great claims of that truly inspired gift to the Western world, *The Light of Asia*. Colonel Olcott's *Catechism* has this advantage, and it is a great one, that it is duly approved by the head of the Buddhist Sangha in Ceylon, the venerable H. Sumangala, and authorised as a text-book in Buddhist schools; it therefore presumably represents the orthodox teaching of that particular circle of the Sangha; whether or not the Tibetan Lamas or the Chinese or Japanese Bonzes would endorse it as well it is impossible to say, but, as far as it has been found practicable to get an opinion, it has been approved, and that is a great point in its favour; it is decidedly a feather in Colonel Olcott's cap that he, a Westerner, has been able to draw up a simple statement of this great religion that meets with the cordial endorsement of the highest official of Singalese Buddhism and a great Pâli scholar (in the oriental sense) like Sumangala. With *Der buddhistische Katechismus* before us our thoughts are naturally turned to the sublimely grand Dharma of the Buddha and all that it has meant and still means, in spite of the natural obscurations it has suffered at the hands of systematisers and dogmatists, and in spite of its capture by monkdom; its truly virile beginnings, its rejection of all biblical authority, its appeal to reason, are elements which should endear it to many thinking minds in the Western world to-day, as a phase of religious experience that deserves the closest study. And yet, strange to say, of late years the study of Buddhism in our ranks has receded into the background and we seldom see a paper published on this enormous volume of human experience. Perhaps it may be that it was felt to be unwise to give any colour whatever to the at one time popular misconception that all the members of the Theosophical Society were Buddhists, esoteric or otherwise, that the Society was only a cloak for Buddhist propaganda, and the settled policy of its leaders was to "convert" Christians to the Dharma. But that absurd misconception is a thing of the past; we are now said by many to be, in the West, at any rate, "turning" Christians, and we are to end up by being Roman Catholics. This is of course equally absurd, both accusations emanating from the ignorance which cannot understand the

Theosophical position of religious equality, and the recognition of all the great faiths as legitimate children of one Holy Family.

Nevertheless, we, for our part, regret and regret deeply that more attention is not paid by our students to the admirable Dharma of that truly Enlightened One, and we say it advisedly that the least the learned Buddhists of Ceylon can do to repay the debt of gratitude they owe to Colonel Olcott and other members of the Theosophical Society who have worked for them is to bestir themselves to throw some light on their own origins and doctrines. G. R. S. M.

Theosophy in a Dutch Novel

The Deeps of Deliverance. By Frederick van Eeden; translated from the Dutch by Margaret Robinson. (London: Fisher Unwin; 1902. Price 6*s*.)

This book is not pleasant reading. It is a psychological study, rather perhaps a study in psycho-pathology; and "cases" are usually only of interest to the student and to those who are suffering, or think they are suffering, from the disease of which the symptoms and progress are described. Unluckily—or luckily it may be—there are more people suffering from the disease of Hedwig Marga de Fontayne than there are afflicted by any one physical disease that flesh is heir to, for her ailment is disharmony between the higher and the lower selves, the pain and discord born of the struggle between the sensuous and the spiritual nature. Through such pain and suffering the transition is made, as the author puts it, "from self to Self, from the temporal self to the Ego, the eternal, which alone *is*"; but it does not follow that detailed descriptions of the symptoms can be read without a sympathetic nausea. Dr. van Eeden's method recalls the recent Scandinavian school, his realism is of a similar kind, and, as a mere matter of taste, however effective that realism may be as a piece of descriptive pathology, it jars on one's æsthetic sense. But as to the purpose of the book—the moral as it used to be called—there can be no two opinions as to the "higher life" the author wills to set forth. W. H. Dircks, who writes a preface to Miss Robinson's translation, attributes "a good deal of the inspiration" of the book to Tauler and his school of mysticism; and unquestionably there is much compressed mystical teaching with which many theosophists will heartily sympathise, and more particularly that large class of souls (not necessarily theosophists) whom Professor James, in his excellent book so recently reviewed in these pages, calls the "twice-born."

The story—that is the outward acts which a newspaper might

chronicle—is commonplace enough. Hedwig falls, and falls deeply, drinks the bitter cup to the very dregs; madness, morphia and the streets are her portion. But it is in the story of her regeneration that we find the unconventional, for in the methods and teaching of her saviour —Sister Paula—we have a treatment which, it seems to us, nothing but a practical knowledge of occultism—real occultism—could suggest. It is utterly unlike any of the ordinary methods of the district visitor, the parish priest, or Sister of Mercy of any branch of Christianity with which fiction (or experience) has familiarised us. One is much tempted to quote Sister Paula *in extenso*, but though occupying a very small proportion of the novel the history of Hedwig's rebirth is much too long for the space at disposal for this review. One can only say in brief that Sister Paula teaches the Evolution of the Soul and Dharma in such fashion that one can readily believe her a theosophist. She puzzles Hedwig with certain "dark sayings," and then illuminates them in simpler phrase. One of these sayings is: "It is harder to die to virtues than to vices; nevertheless, the one is not more necessary than the other to arrive at perfect union with God." Another runs: "At the beginning of the spiritual life we need most patience to endure our neighbours; as we advance we need our patience most to endure ourselves, and finally we need most patience to endure God." Hedwig is at one point told: "Words are full of snares. It is sometimes as difficult to discuss good things as to make lint with tarred hands. Do not think too much in words. Try to think also sometimes in colours or music." From this, and other things, we may judge that Sister Paula, like Hedwig herself, came into conscious touch with life's inner planes. And Hedwig passed into that higher life which her biographer says "is rather concentration, the bringing together of past and future, of All into One, than evolution or transition from one to another—rather a quietness full of increasing inward power than movement in this or that direction." And so she found a pearl of great price though she searched for it with a muck-rake. E.

The Vedânta and the Fourth Gospel

An Eastern Exposition of the Gospel of Jesus according to St. John being an interpretation thereof by Sri Paránanda by the Light of Jnána Yoga. Edited by R. L. Harrison. (London: Hutchinson; 1902).

We are of course not to expect in such a book as this any contribu-

tion from the critical side of the subject. Neither Paránanda nor Miss Harrison have the equipment necessary for the undertaking, and both seem to be unacquainted with the enormous literature connected with Johannine exegesis. But what is remarkable is that, setting this on one side, the general explanations are put forward in a form worthy of careful consideration; if we may say so, the exegesis of the Vedântin author is of quite a Heracleonic nature, that is to say, in many things agrees with the interpretations of that little-read but highly instructive Gnostic writer, the first known commentator on the Johannine Gospel. It is of course a matter of no surprise to us that this should be so, for the standpoint has been long a familiar one to theosophical students, but it is a matter of congratulation that Miss Harrison should have managed to give the gist of the expositions of her Vedântin teacher in a so comprehensible form, and to have avoided as many pitfalls as she has. G. R. S. M.

The Teachers of Theosophy

La Sagesse Antique à travers les Âges. By Dr. Th. Pascal. (Paris: Librairie de l'Art Indépendant, 10, Rue Saint Lazare; 1902. Price 1*fr.*)

Under the above title our esteemed colleague has collected and published a series of useful lectures, which he has from time to time delivered. In the first lecture Dr. Pascal deals with the Great Teachers of Humanity during the third and fourth races and discusses the documentary and other evidence in favour of the system of races as put forward in Theosophical literature. Of the second lecture the Great Teachers of the fifth race form the subject matter, and a brief sketch is given of the functions which we are told they came to fulfill. Under the heading "Present day Theosophy," Dr. Pascal treats of the laws of Karma and Reincarnation, and in the concluding two lectures we are given a very admirable account of the Path of Discipleship and of the qualities to be acquired by those who would tread it. We are, however, glad to note that, while describing the splendour of the goal, our colleague warns his readers of the dangers besetting those who attempt, as it were, to force their development beyond the powers which they have acquired. "Let us, then,"—he says, "patiently follow nature. Let us help those who are around us and press forward the wheel of evolution and of progress without concerning ourselves about powers which, under existing circumstances, can but lead to disaster and to misfortune." G. S. A.

Magazines and Pamphlets

Theosophist, November. In "Old Diary Leaves" Colonel Olcott continues his narration of Mrs. Besant's tour in India at the beginning of the year 1894. Then, as now, Mrs. Besant's time was crowded with work on behalf of the Theosophical movement, and were it not that she has recently told us that she never oversteps the limits of her powers we might wonder why she did not break down. It is only left for us to marvel at these powers. In his concluding article on "Human Progress and Philosophy," S. Stuart makes the following wise remarks, which those of us who fear lest the least little breath of discord may destroy the Society would do well to bear in mind: "But the truth seems to be, that there exists in mysticism and occultism a vital force which nothing can overset; and no efforts directed against it can do more than to weed out the weaklings from among its followers. These any cause is mostly better without; but those who remain will . . . be quite sufficient to keep alive its study and carry forward its principles. It can never perish, though it may be periodically obscured." Miss McQueen concludes her article on Shrî Kṛishṇa, and "Light on the Path" and "Yoga" are continued. P. Narayana Iyer writes on "Peace and Happiness," while D. Chamier and P. de Abrew respectively discuss "The Kabalah and its Doctrine" and "Black Magic or Demonology in Ceylon." In the *Supplement* our President-Founder notifies that, owing to the Vice-regal Durbar at Delhi, which some members of the Society have to attend officially, the date of the Convention, to be held at Benares, has been altered to the 25th of December.

Revue Théosophique Française, October. Dr. Pascal continues in this number his useful series of articles on "Present-day Theosophy," and deals with the various symbolisms which relate to the creation of a universe. The translations of Mrs. Besant's "Thought Power," of Mr. Leadbeater's "Some Misconceptions about Death," and of H. P. B.'s *Secret Doctrine* and *Glossary* are continued. In the "Echoes" Commandant Courmes refers to the then forthcoming inauguration of the new headquarters of the French Section by Mrs. Besant.

Théosophie, Belgium, contains the report of Mr. Leadbeater's lecture, delivered in November, 1901, on "Vegetarianism and Occultism." Mlle. Aimée Blech contributes a short article on "Karma"; and A. C. F. M. publishes some fragmentary notes taken of Mrs. Besant's recent lectures at Brussels.

Theosophia, Holland, has translations from H. P. Blavatsky, Mrs. Besant, A. Schwarz, and A. S. Falkner—this last being a translation of "The Vengeance of Heaven," which appeared in our June number of last year. M. Reepmaker's Convention lecture on "Good and Evil," delivered in September of this year, is well worthy of perusal. The number also includes a poem by H. Laan, entitled "H. P. B.: Thoughts inspired by her Portrait," to which the well-known photograph of H. P. B. is appended.

Theosophy in Australia contains a further instalment of W. G. J.'s "Three-fold Theosophy," this time with the sub-title "Religion." The following statement contains much that is applicable to those who at present are suffering from the searching investigations made by the Higher Criticism: "It is true that at first the removal of any one faith from the pedestal of sole exponent of Divine Truth, will, if that faith has been our own, tend to a casting off of all connection with religious avenues of Thought, and it must be said that many of us live through many years of the dark time when all is blank. . . . Even these phases end, however, and we most of us come back to look again at the familiar presentations of forever sacred things, our intervening dark time now enabling us to see in them Truths which belong to no one time or place. . . ." Other articles are: "The Melody of Life," and "At the Lunch Table."

The New Zealand Theosophical Magazine, October, is a bright number containing many wise sayings of the great men of the world. "F. T. S." writes on "The Brotherhood of Man"; and W. Denne Meers contributes the first instalment of a series of articles on "The Study of Man."

We have also to acknowledge: *Teosofisk Tidskrift; The Theosophic Gleaner; Teosofia* (Italy); *Sophia* (Santiago); *The Prasnottara; The Theosophic Messenger; Theosofisch Maandblad; Revista Teosofica; Lotus Lodge Journal; Bulletin Théosophique*, containing an account of Mrs. Besant's most successful visit to Paris; *Der Vâhan; Sophia* (Spain); *The Dawn; The Indian Review; The Ârya; East and West; Modern Astrology*, a good number; *The Central Hindu College Magazine; Anubis; The Light of Reason; The Humanitarian; The Pacific Vedantin; The Psycho-Therapeutic Journal; Light; Review of Reviews; Little Journeys*, Cellini; *Mind; A Dream of Realms beyond us*, by Adair Welcher; *The Philistine*. We have also received "What Theosophy does for us," an able address delivered by Mr. Leadbeater in 1900, at Buffalo, New York.

G. S. A.

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ON THE WATCH-TOWER

DEATH opens the gate of fame, and shuts the gate of envy after it; it unlooses the chain of the captive, and puts the bondsman's task into another man's hand.—STERNE.

The Passing of Mme. P. C. Meuleman

IN our last number we had only space to insert at the last moment a brief notice of the passing away of our beloved colleague, Mme. P. C. Meuleman, one of the first pioneers of Theosophy in Holland. We have to print a fortnight before publication in order to appear simultaneously in the United States and this country, and thus though early to press we are late in news.

It is no place in a Theosophical magazine to lament, as men are wont to lament and be sorry for themselves, when someone they love is, as the saying goes, "taken from them." It is indeed natural to feel this loss, especially when the one who has departed is a vigorous and strenuous worker, a friend and a helper; but such sorrow and lamentation are taken from us by the conviction that the worker, and friend and helper, is not removed to some long distance, but is still near at hand, as competent to

aid, nay, far more capable of helping, now that she is untrammelled by a suffering body, which even in health hindered much she desired to accomplish. We have always personally regretted our ignorance of Dutch, mainly because we desired to understand Mme. Meuleman when she set forth her thoughts and feelings in her mother tongue; though listening without understanding, nevertheless we have always before us the memory of one speaking like some ancient prophetess, impressive and fully persuaded that she had a message to give forth.

It is much to have won the love and respect of so many in a short lifetime, and that indubitably "Piet" Meuleman has done, not only in Holland, but also elsewhere where she has been known, and especially in England. It will never be forgotten that she was one of the foundation stones—we doubt if any will contradict us, if we say *the* foundation stone of Theosophy in Holland; that is a great privilege for any to have enjoyed, and it will surely be counted unto her for righteousness by Those who are far greater than ourselves.

Of personal recollections it would be out of place for us to write, for they are so very meagre when compared with the far fuller memories of our colleagues in Holland, who are devoting a special number of their magazine *Theosophia* to the loving memories of a life well spent; moreover, as we have already said, our intercourse was hampered by want of a common tongue. Nevertheless, in spite of this great drawback, there was much understanding between us and always affection and warm friendship. This much was ever certain, and it is the principal thing, that Mme. Meuleman loved first and best of all things in this world Theosophy, loved it so deeply that it entered into every fibre of her being; she is a colleague not of one life but for all time. May she then soon return visibly to continue her work, as we have not the slightest doubt she is continuing it unseen by us in our "waking" state, though not unseen for all the twenty-four hours of her unbroken day.

* * *

THE subject of totemism bulks so largely in the researches of our present-day anthropologists, who arrogate to themselves the posi-

Totemism

tion of being the only truly scientific students of the origins of religion, that it is extraordinary they have not yet hit on some explanation which contains at least a grain of probability in it. We have ourselves always supposed that totemism, which is certainly one of the oldest cults and customs, if not the oldest cultus which has come down to us from primitive humanity, must preserve the dim traces of some very patent fact in nature. There is no space in the paragraphs of "On the Watch-Tower" to do more than hint at the primitive idea underlying the debased remnants of totemism which remain for us to study in the customs of a few remaining tribes; but we are strongly inclined to think that it dates from a time when animals and men were more closely related than they are to-day. Totemism was presumably begotten of the fact that man possessed a nature in common with the animal, in brief that he had an animal soul, and in these early days a most strong and potent animal soul, far more plainly and openly allied to the animal than is now generally the case. This soul was of many types, more grouped than it is to-day, the blood ties of the clan were stronger far than in these days of "mixture of caste." In brief, primitive man was very closely in touch with the most developed species of the animal "group-soul" classification.

* * *

The Totemist's own Explanation

SUCH considerations, however, can have meaning only for students of Theosophical anthropogenesis, and our modern authorities would laugh them out of court as the figments of a disordered imagination. But let us hear what the Totem folk have to say of themselves, for a most important scrap of information has lately been added to the sum of human knowledge. Those famous anthropologists, Messrs. Gillen and Spencer, who have thrown such brilliant light on the customs and traditions of the Australian blacks, have lately returned from a year's laborious work among the aborigines of the Northern Territory of the great Australasian continent. They have added to their stock of information much of value, which will doubtless appear in book form at no distant date, but the most important item of knowledge which they have gleaned seems to us to be the blacks' own tradition of why they

totemise, and this we will reproduce from the interesting report of a lecture given by Mr. Gillen at Adelaide, and taken from *The Adelaide Register* of July 28th:

> Each tribe was divided into two or more classes, and a man of one class could only marry a woman of another. In addition to these the classes were divided into groups, bearing the name of a material object, which was said to be a totem. The Arunta natives believe that in the far-off days there were only half human beings descendant from animals or plants, and these were their ancestors. All who sprang from a kangaroo kept that animal as their totem. The head men of each were supposed to look after the dwelling of the totem, which was sacred ground, and a place of refuge for all offenders. All tradition was handed down by the head men, and thus the primitive race showed the origin of historical record.

* * *

THE introduction of plants somewhat complicates the matter, but the value of the information is that, as far as we recollect, it is the first time that the idea has ever been adumbrated in tradition outside of mythology. The importance of this idea is incalculable for the comparative science of origins; by this idea we do not mean that the crude statement of the Arnutas is to be taken literally, but that the fact underlying totemism is connected with the animal soul in man. For instance, take the most striking example of the so-called theriolatry or worship of animals of the ancient Egyptians. It is very evident that the high ideas of the conquering immigrating race in Egypt were superimposed on a substratum of aboriginal crude totemism. The subject is one of profound interest and deserves the most careful study, for it is intertwined with a host of problems which have so far been but a standing puzzle to all but the very few who have entirely emancipated themselves from the fear of modern opinion. But enough for the moment on this matter.

Theriolatry

* * *

THERE is a most instructive two-column report in *The Times* of December 9th, of Dr. Sven Hedin's account of his "Three Years' Exploration in Central Asia, 1899-1902," which he read to a crowded meeting of the Royal Geographical Society. Apart from the great geographical value of the labours of this

The most Recent Exploration in Central Asia

indefatigable traveller, it is of interest to read of the elaborate precautions taken by the Tibetans to prevent Dr. Hedin's visiting Lhassa. They treated him most kindly, but the proclamation of the Dalai Lama was emphatic and his commands strictly obeyed. "It is entirely unnecessary," said that high dignitary, "that any European shall enter into the kingdom of the holy books and spy out the land." The other point of greatest interest for our readers is that Dr. Sven Hedin discovered a number of Chinese MSS. and records which the well-known sinologist, Professor Himly, of Wiesbaden, declares to date from the third century A.D. So far these for the most part commercial records are of no special interest to the student of religion, but the recent "finds" of Dr. Stein near Khotan, on the southern fringe of the Takla-Makan Desert, lead us to hope that these are but the fore-runners of other and more important "finds." For as the leader writer of *The Times* puts it: "There is no reason to suppose that we have as yet done more than unearth the merest fraction of the treasures buried beneath the sand of the Central Asian desert." Such is our hope, but our prayer is for greater things still. May it be possible that these mysterious sands of Gobi hide for the discovery of the future treasures as rich as those of Egypt, nay immeasurably more valuable for the world than anything we have so far brought to light.

* * *

"Occultism" in Russia

THE Russian Court has always been more appreciative of things occult than the more Western courts of Europe. Some months ago sensational paragraphs appeared in the continental press concerning the doings of a certain M. Philipp in the highest circle of Russian nobility. Finally even the reserve of *The Times* was broken down, and its Vienna correspondent telegraphed as follows in the issue of November 24th:

> Certain sensational rumours which have been current in Vienna having now found an echo in respectable journals both here and in Berlin, it is scarcely possible to ignore them any longer. Indeed, their publication may have the advantage of provoking an authoritative denial. The *Neue Freie Presse*, which yesterday reproduced from a Berlin periodical an account of the alleged extraordinary influence exercised by a spiritualist named Philipp

at the Russian Court, to-day publishes fresh particulars from what it describes as a well-informed source. It says that M. Philipp, who was presented to the Tsar at the house of the Grand Duke Nicholas Nicolaievitch, now occupies quite an exceptional position at Court as occultist, spiritualist, and hypnotiser. It is even asserted by persons closely connected with the Court that no important decision is taken by the Emperor Nicholas without consulting M. Philipp, who advises the Tsar even on matters affecting his family life. His "psychic" treatment of disease, however, is said to have had an unfavourable effect upon the Empress in May.

The same journal's issue of December 11th contains a further communication which, as we suspected, identifies this Philipp with the "Philippe" of Lyons who is thought so much of by certain French "occultists." What truth there may be in the matter is not a matter of public knowledge, but no authoritative denial has been given to these rumours. It is instructive to notice the different attitude to such matters taken up in Russian court circles, for we know of great interest in such matters quite apart from these rumours, and the hostility shown to everything of the nature by the Imperial family in Germany; but we are not a society journal and do not desire to feed our readers on gossip.

* * *

The Lemming and Atlantis

It was reported at the recent meeting of the British Association at Belfast, in the Geological Section, that bones of the Arctic Lemming had recently been discovered in the Coffey Cave of Keishcorran Mountain, fifteen miles south-west of Sligo in Ireland. Everyone is familiar with the fact that the modern Lemmings of Norway exhibit, or used to exhibit, the instinct of periodical migration under very remarkable circumstances. At a certain season great hordes of these creatures travel in a south-westerly direction, and under the impulse of so deep-rooted and powerful an instinct that no obstacle can bar their way; arrived at the coast, they still press on and perish in the sea. What more natural than to suggest that this is a case of an instinct preserved from a period when these animals lived on a continent having an extension in a N.E. and S.W. direction, and on which they periodically migrated to and fro. Geological and botanical phenomena seem to indicate that at some former epoch there was a continuous land-surface between Scotland and Norway; the

resemblance between the floras of the two countries is especially striking ; we also know that Scotland and Ireland were once united ; the basaltic formations of Staffa and the Giants' Causeway are identical in character. On Map No. 2 of *The Story of Atlantis* we see an island-continent including within its shores both Scandinavia and the British Isles, the long axis of which lies in a N.E. and S.W. direction. There then we have the former home of the little Lemming, and, doubtless, a far more satisfactory one, where its numbers were not constantly decimated by annual drownings. At a still earlier period the southern portion of this island formed, in its turn, part of the Atlantean continent, on which, probably, the Lemming was first evolved.

[W. C.]

* * *

The Intelligence of Gastropods

We have heard many strange "snake" stories and "fish" stories, but here is a "snail" story that need not be ashamed of itself for startling novelty. The following paragraph is taken from *The Daily Telegraph* of October 14th :

Rather more than a year ago there was quoted in this column a striking instance of intelligence on the part of a land snail, reported by a British naturalist. M. Camille Spiess records in the French *Revue Scientifique* a case as remarkable. At the foot of the Jura, in the canton of Vaud, there lives a farmer who raises edible snails (Helix pomatia). He has as many as 50,000 of them at one time, in an enclosure surrounded by a wooden fence about 2ft. high. To prevent the escape of the molluscs the top of the fence is covered with a board, the edge of which is armed with sharp metallic points. Lately the snails have discovered the means to surmount this barrier. A number of them climbed the fence until they reached the top, and then, forming a sort of ladder, those behind passed over the shells of the others in front, and so all but one got safely over the top without being impaled on the metal points. "This simple story proves," says M. Spiess, "that the vineyard snail is not without cunning ; his behaviour in this case gives evi dence of a reasoning faculty such as we have never before encountered in his actions." One must go very low down the animal scale to reach the last trace of thought and will.

* * *

A Spider Story

The *Express* of December 4th gives us a spider story which we retail again for what it is worth. The last paragraph seems to be somewhat tall. If true, what has *that* to do with totemism ?—some one may ask.

An elderly lady who lives in her own house at Buttes Chaumont, Paris, and who is the daughter of one of the functionaries under the late Empire, has discovered that spiders are peculiarly appreciative of music. She has made great pets of them, and her house is full of spiders of all kinds, on whom she spends her time and fortune.

Her protegées are lodged in a large, airy room, where she has provided every necessary support for their different webs. Her great favourites are immense black spiders, which, with their hairy legs and great bodies, look very repulsive to others.

When she is inclined to show off their capabilities for music she surrounds herself with a circle of water to keep off their too delicate attentions, and plays slowly, softly, and in a minor key on the harp. From all corners of the room the spiders run towards her, listening with evident pleasure; but should she strike up a noisy, gay, inharmonious strain they scamper back to their holes as though disgusted.

A curious fact in connection with this story is that the lady bears the birthmark of a spider.

One of our colleagues, who is an authority on spiders, smiled gravely when we submitted this paragraph to his notice. The main difficulty is that spiders have no ears, or rudiments of ears. What has all this to do with our "arachnoid ancestry"?

* * *

The Healer Schlatter

We have received the following from a correspondent; and as we know that some of our readers knew Schlatter personally, and at least one of them had much to do with him, we should be glad if they would communicate with us on the subject.

The October Review has just come to hand, and I notice a reference to Schlatter, the "divine healer," which appears to me to show less than the Review's usual accuracy. It is hardly correct, I think, to say that America hunted Schlatter to death. Great distances and much uncertainty enveloped the ultimate fate of this man, whose "resurrection," announced more than once, helped to augment the bewilderment of the public mind. But it is, I think, pretty certain that Schlatter underwent no persecution except that of popular curiosity, which, in conjunction with his religious ideal, drove him to seek retirement in a desert, and his disappearance ensued in due course.

SUN- AND FIRE-WORSHIP IN MODERN RUSSIA*

THE "Forsaken Country" (*Zapàdly Kraj*) is the strange name which the peasants of "White Russia" give to their province. In their primitive language the word *zapadny* ("West" country) does not exist, it becomes *zapàdly* ("forsaken"), and nature and life give them right in this to some extent.

The songs of their country are "forsaken" also; poor in verse and melody, with no half-tones (as in the "Chinese" gamut); they are sung in unison, and most of them are sad as death. In the creation of the Russian Saga, the mighty *Bylina*, the White Russian had no part, nor had he in the fierce warrior-songs of the Cossak in the South. Fairy tales alone have grown on this wild soil; folk-tales as thick and tangled as weeds.

The land itself was unceasingly bathed in the blood of ruinous wars; slavery, with poverty and natural meekness, effected the rest. The people are now free, but as for centuries their mind and soul were paralysed, their views of the world and life have remained what they were in Nestor's time, the days of the old chronicle-writers of ancient Russia. They were true to "Paganism" then; they follow it still. The poet A. N. Maikoff has preserved for us the fervent exhortation of one of the early Christian church fathers to those unsubmissive "Heathen":

"O ye forlorn souls in darkness," it runs. "The idols are fallen and ye are still the slaves of dæmons! The elements ye call gods, the sun and the fire! To the fire ye pray and call it Svarogitch. Ye still appeal to Perun and to Yarila (Spring). Ye wrap a virgin in flower-garlands and she goes into the fields, and ye run about her with water libations, dressed up in skins of beasts. Charms ye know, many in number; the winds ye

* *Survival of the Ancient Cult of Nature in White Russia*, by A. E. Bogdanovitch, Grodno; 1895.

name 'Children of Stribog';* the dawn a woman sitting on the waters, on the ocean, in reddening palace of gold and of silver; for Svarogitch ye use charms!"

In 1,000 years the "Heathen" have not much changed, and it is to the god of the fire the modern cult—half-unconscious and hidden under the superficial paint of Christianism—is still chiefly dedicated.

In old Lithuania (Litwa, part of "White Russia") virgins named Waïdelotki maintained a perpetual sacred fire at the feet of the statue of Perkun, the fire called Znitch, which some scholars believe to be an independent deity, a name of the Eternal Father. So also our Russian ancestors considered the sun and fire as brothers entitled to one worship, the twin sources of warmth and light and of life. For the White Russian the fire is the guardian of the home, the very principle of the family life. In very remote parts of the province each family has its *own* fire, carefully preserved and carried to any new dwelling the household may choose. The greatest sin is to insult the fire; and its revenge is feared, for the "*jija*," as the children there call it, "bites" and inflicts on the culprit a malady of the face—the *vognik*. To cure this, three hot coals are taken out of the brightest part of this fire and are passed three times over the stricken place, and then thrown back to the flames with the words "Return thence whence thou camest," while the patient kisses the fire-place thrice.

When little children cry and cannot sleep at night, they are supposed to be tormented by the *notchnitgy* (the night-fairies)—small, dark spirits of the night. Only fire, principle of light, can triumph over them. The child is therefore wrapped in a corner of the mother's dress, and as she swings him before the hearth, she sings: "The day comes; it sends the night-fairies away; it sends to us the day-fairies; it takes away all the pain. In the fire, in the fire . . . chuh!"

To the fire is also offered the first-fruits of the fields, and of course the most important part is played by the fire in marriage ceremonies. On entering the house of her future husband, the bride first goes up to the hearth and salutes it, touching it with her hands. On Easter Day no spark of the household fire is

* See "Tale of Igor's War," TH. REV., March, 1900.

allowed to go out of the house or to be lent. On the week of St. Thomas so-called (the week after Easter) the "fire-marriage" is celebrated, but who the fire-bride is, is now impossible to discover. The whole house is made clean, and offerings of butter and fat thrown into the fire.

Water is next to fire a special object of worship; they call it Queen Water. In the time of the ancient Slavs, the warriors of Prince Siraldslav, after the burial of their comrades fallen on the battle-field, threw into the Danube little children and cocks. White Russia, to this day, keeps up the cult of the "lake" and the "source." The water, as much as the fire, is to be guarded from insult and from evil influence.

But the most respected element is the earth. An oath given by one holding earth in the hand or in the mouth is the most solemn and terrible of pledges. To such an one every White Russian will accord implicit belief. It is said that before great calamities the earth moans at dawn. Even to stones a cult is paid; there are many stones on the barren plains of White Russia which are reputed to possess magical force. In the village Perejir, near Igoumen, are two stones called Dzemian and Maria, renowned for their healing power; "Maria" is specially famous, *ex-voto's* are hung all round it, and cart-loads of offerings have been brought to it. . . To such stones the legend generally attaches that they were men turned into stone for sin. A curious fact is that some of them bear the trace of a human footprint. The weird respect inspired by these stones extends to the arrows and spears of the stone-age found in these parts and called "Peroun's arrows."

Woods and hills are among the objects of minor worship, and the "Calling of Spring"—the graceful ceremony to which we shall shortly refer—always takes place "on a mount" (*na yuron*). In these woods is found the weed of "St. John"; it can bloom and be plucked only on St. John's eve, and is believed to give its owner magical powers, just as does also the "bursting-weed" which, if hidden *under* the skin of the right hand, opens any lock and any door.

To these popular deities and charm-givers belong also the snake. In White Russia the serpents have a "Serpent Tzar," who wears a golden crown and crawls at the head of his subjects;

his crown is formed of small golden horns. If you meet such a "procession" of snakes, you should throw down a present of "bread and salt," and spread a linen cloth for the Serpent Tzar to pass over, and he will thank you by leaving on the sheet one of these little golden horns. This serpent-horn bestows exceptional wisdom on the lucky possessor, and enables him to read thoughts, explain difficulties, and triumph over all obstacles. No poison can hurt the possessor of so potent a talisman. In Indian legends the Râjâ of the Nâgas can bestow like powers.

The most powerful charm, however, is thought to consist in the sound of certain words and syllables; all spoken charms of White Russian have a peculiar rhythm. The power of these sounds can be communicated to objects also, the words being spoken over water, bread, wine and so on. The power can also be "given to the wind," and in this case it is "black" magic for it brings evil to the person against whom the wind is directed; it may also sometimes bring misfortune on the magician himself.

A characteristic feature of this psychic folk-lore is the study of dreams. The same word ("*trizna, triznit*") is used for death and dream. When a man stricken with fever begins to rave, one must take him by the little finger of his hand, and, gently stroking the hand itself, question him. He will answer any question fully and with the greatest sense.

The "soul," in the eyes of the White Russians, is to the body as vapour is to water. Many affirm that they have seen, at the moment of someone's death, the soul rising out of the mouth as a cloud of vapour. The "soul" can take on endless forms and any image, and also make itself invisible. At the side of the dying they place a cup of clear water and a clean linen cloth for the "bath of the soul" as soon as it is liberated. After death the soul stays near its earthly home for forty days. For six days it remains close to the house, and then three are spent in roaming over its fields. After this period it rises to heaven or falls down to hell, or remains on earth, going into a tree, or an animal, or even a man, who then suffers all his life till the sins of the returning soul are expiated.*

* This must be a confused reminiscence of ancient teachings on reincarnation. The number of days (40, 6, 3) seem also to be a relic of the sacred number 49.

The legends of vampirism are frequent, and most of them horrible; and it may be that to this day exponents of fourth-race magic (and even of third-race for all we know of the origin of the autochthones of these parts) still practise their awful arts among the timid, defenceless population.

Of its old gods White Russia now knows nothing. Peroun, god of the celestial fire, however, is still named when lightning flashes; the villagers believe that he holds in his hands two mighty mill-stones which he clashes together, and their sparks fall on earth as arrows of stone. He directs the darts chiefly against trees, for in these the evil one seeks refuge, and therefore is it that trees are so dangerous in time of storm.

Household gods, the *dymovoi*, or elemental of the herd, the *hlevnik*, who takes care of horses and cattle, and the rest, are still honoured all over the land.

Some rich homes are supposed to be served by the "golden serpent," the origin of which fabulous creature is as follows. If a black cock lives seven years, at the end of the seventh it produces one egg resembling the shell of a chrysalis. This is to be carried under the arm for three years, and then a small serpent comes out. If well tended and fostered it grows into a shining, golden, *flying* serpent, which will hunt for treasures and bring them to its master. Often in White Russia a villager in the fields will call out: "There goes the serpent," as some bright flash is seen far away. Scientific students of folk-lore seem to have no explanation for the possible origin of this belief; but some natives pretend that the "serpent" is a man who can travel through the air.

The rivers, mountains and woods have their usual population of nature-spirits, well recognised and feared. The only special poetical feature of White Russian belief is the legend of the "motherland" in the deepest centre of forests, where the Spirit of the Woods dwells, and whereinto disappear all sick and dying animals, which alone know the secret paths into its dark-roofed wildernesses of foliage.

The old gods are forgotten even to their names. The White Russian has scarcely ever heard of Hors, Svarogitch, Yarila and of Dajd-Bog, the "god of gifts"; he scarcely knows what

"Koliada" means, the day that began the new year in old times. But still he keeps up the traditional supper of seven dishes for Christmas Eve; he still goes round his house, dish in hand, and to his wife, who asks him on the threshold: "Who comes?" he still answers: "The God! He brings the *kontia*"*; and re-entering his home he still invites the household to partake of the supper. Sometimes, too, the "Frost" is invited to join in the feast, to win its mercy for the fields. Christmas, or rather the "Koliada," is the great season of all games and rites of fortune-telling and divination, but they are not original.

The chief feature of these Christmas and New Year festivities is the "dancing" games, played by girls and young men, and also by children, seemingly referring to marriage and to the coming spring; we say "seemingly," because the words of the songs which now accompany the dance are either commonplace or almost senseless, and give little explanation of the original meaning of these dances. The "Yatchur" dance, a children's dance exclusively, is a sort of round game, where a boy sits in the midst of a moving circle of little girls crowned with flowers, who, one by one, are drawn by him into the middle of the dancing and singing chain. Some songs refer vaguely to a sacrificial victim, and to an old man who is the sacrificer—may-be a reminiscence of the Lithuan "Druids," the ancestors of the country.

The sunniest, brightest rite of this half-Pagan folk is the "Calling of Spring," beginning on the 21st of March. The whole of the youthful populace of the village assembles in the farm-yards. Swings are erected, and there is a feasting on cakes in the form of birds, and singing "to lock out Winter, to call in the Spring"; these songs continue for the rest of Lent, when, after Easter, the snow gone, and the earth showing everywhere the first signs of green, the youths gather, at evening, on the hills, and "greet" the lovely season that has come, in the following song:

She comes, the Spring, she comes
On her golden horse, golden with silvery mane,
In her green vestments.

* The *koutia* is a dish of rice sweetened with raisins.

Her right hand casts the seed into the moist earth.
She brings us days of light,
Green herbs, and purple flowers,
Garlands of flowers for us.

Some time back the Spring was still received with all the rites of Pagan star-worship (so far as we know it). An old woman, who is still living, told the author of the essay from which we quote most of these details, that in her youth the feast was still observed as follows: The most beautiful girl of the village was elected to represent the Spring; she was crowned and covered with flowers, and set on a plough; the youths of the village took the place of the horses and made the whole round of the fields, round the fires lit in a circle all along the way, to the laughing rhythm of the "Song of Spring."

Easter itself is called the "Great Day,"* and numerous lesser rites are observed on each of the days that follow it and begin the period of field-work, in order to assure the harvest and propitiate the "saints" ostensibly of each day or epoch, who are really the substitutes of the forgotten gods, the servant deities of the rising Sun. Then comes the "Koupala," eve of St. John's day, on which the "Sun plays," *i.e.*, divides itself into several suns, which separate and join again in one, playing in the heavens. On that day, or night, herbs and flowers have a peculiar, magical power, especially the *koupalka* (*ranunculus acris*) which is supposed to foretell the future. A curious detail is that these herbs are brought on the following day to church, to be blessed. On that magic night the flowers speak, and even dance! But "Ivan Koupala"—this strangely-named feast-day, which blends the name of St. John with the name of the Pagan god of the Slavs—is chiefly consecrated to fire or light. In the evening a wheel is set up in the fields, on the top of a long pole, and set on fire, while the young people dance round the pole. When it is almost burnt out and the flames are low enough, couple by couple jump over them, to "purify" themselves, while the "Koupala" song rings out with the repeated cry: "*Souniyka, souniyka.*"

The last feast consecrated to the Sun is the "Rich Day,"

* Easter is also the "Great Day" of Russia's Christian religious life,

celebrated in autumn (but now no longer in all parts of the province as of yore). A sheaf of wheat, with a burning candle in it, is brought in turn, year by year, to each house in the village, and on the day of the feast of autumn is consecrated at mass said in the courtyard of the house, the "*bogatch*" standing on a table covered with white linen, and surrounded with samples of all the harvest grains. The round of all the houses is then made and the procession circumambulates the herded village cattle also. This is the autumnal feast of the Sun, just as "Koliada" in winter, "Koupala" in summer, and the "Spring-songs" in spring.

The fact that the "*bogatch*" is celebrated in every village on its patron saint's day seems to indicate that it is a survival of the cult of the Slav god "Dajd-Bog" (god of gifts, or protector). It is now, however, an almost unknown custom, and is seldom observed, killed out by "civilisation" as it pours into the still, monotonous life of the birch woods of the flaxen-haired Lithuanians.

The ancient Slavs knew of "white" gods and "black" gods; the White Russians still retain some belief in spiritual hierarchies and their servants on earth, good and bad. The gigantic image of Satan, however, is unknown to their poetry, and their "dæmons" are of small size. There is a legend of how these dæmons had a war in heaven with the angels, how the angels conquered and the dæmons fell, and falling broke legs and spine, and thus there are now arch-dæmons with humps and crooked feet. The chief dæmon of all was put in chains by the angels and hid in a mountain; his common name is "Zmok," which means the "dragon." In this legend of a very simple race, comes a poetic passage, almost identical with the thought of Dante:* "When the dæmon stirs, or in fury struggles with his chains, striving to break them, earth trembles and mountains open. The chain is thick, but each year the sharp sin of man makes it thin, thinner than a hair."

At Easter it is so thin that it almost breaks; yet still it keeps its hold on the evil. But with the first ringing out of the Paschal song: "Christ has risen!" it grows thick again. But

* "A chacune de ces délivrances la montagne s'ébranle comme s'est ébranlée la terre lors de la résurrection." (Pars xx., 21, etc., Klaczko, *Causeries Florentines*.)

one day sin will eat the chain quite away, and then the last thread snaps and the sinful world is doomed.

The legend of the creation is more simple. Water covered all earth in the beginnings of things; God ordered the Devil to dive down and get a handful of earth. The Evil One did so, but hid part of it in his mouth. God cast down the earth on the waters with a blessing, and the earth began to grow, covering the ocean with a flat surface. The earth in the Devil's mouth began to grow also, and he, falling down in paroxysms, threw it up in heaps; whence the mountains arose. From the Evil One came the noxious plants, and eating these, among the good seeds sent down for man by God, the good and useful animals turned into bears, wolves and other dangerous beasts. God then made man and breathed into him His breath; the Evil One watched for the moment when man fell asleep, and then breathed on him, and so the germ of evil passions arose in man.

The "good" and "evil" side, has each its servants among the men of earth: the *vedmak* and *vedma* (the "black magican," male and female), and the *charovnik*, *vorojbit*, *znahar* (the knower) —good, or at any rate not evil minded, magicians.

Some are "professionals" and know how to use the elements. Some people of special trades, as the keepers of wind-mills and of water-mills for instance, are *ipso facto* supposed to have magical power over the particular element which serves their trade, and to have a *netchistik* (impure) elemental of that element, at their disposition. All this is considered as lawful magic, as concerning Nature only and the benefit of man; but it has also an evil side, in which to attain to the "height" of power some blasphemous rites are supposed necessary. In the last century White Russia witnessed many *auto-da-fé's* of witches. Up to the present day there are reputed to be many *vovkolaks*, who, just as the witches, can turn into animals (wolves). They are larger than real wolves, with a great head and four eyes—two in front and two at the back of the head. This sends us back to the times of the first heroes of Slav Saga, to Volga Vseslavitch, who "ran as a grey wolf, flew as an eagle, turned into the fish of the sea"; but it was the great, benevolent and wise magic of the Past which taught the heroes; the poor survivors of Pagan Slavonia in these

lonely tracts, with blood of fourth-race men mixed with Aryan —they know only the cunning and ignorant "witch."

Such is White Russia. White Russia, the confused and half-conscious creed of which (mingled with outward rites of Christianity) we have tried to trace, is one of the least known, one of the most forsaken and also most ancient parts of the world. Its woods and its deadly swamps could perchance tell much of the tale which links the "Paganism" of the fourth race to that of the early fifth.

A RUSSIAN.

THE DOG, THE MAN AND THE SEER

I. THE DOG

THE Dog sat at his master's feet, blinking at the fire. He was wondering vaguely, as he basked in the genial rays, what amusement his master could find in staring at a book.

"I wish he would put that thing away, and take me for a run," thought the dog. "He usually goes about this time, but the chances don't look very bright this evening. He seems to have settled down for good now.

"However, you can never tell. Sometimes he jumps up quite unexpectedly and takes me out; another time, he goes off by himself. I don't mind much, so long as he stays at home to keep me company, but I hate to be left behind all alone.

"I have often wondered," he continued, scratching his ear meditatively, "why he goes away every day, and why he never takes me with him. But he is always at home on the days they call 'Sunday.' Those are the times I like. I can always reckon on getting a good run then, and besides it's not half so dull with someone about the house."

An irritation on the left shoulder here demanded immediate attention, causing a temporary interruption to the flow of thought.

"I only wish I could do as I liked, the same as he does,"

resumed the Dog. "Take the question of food, for instance. He has all kinds of things and can eat as much as he wants; none of your biscuits and gravy, which I get so tired of.

"Then I've often seen him go into a shop and pick up whatever he seemed to fancy. I used to try to do the same once, but soon found out that a dog only gets a kick for his pains. It's true you can sometimes find an old bone or bit of fish in the street. They don't seem to mind your taking *that*, for some reason.

"On the whole, my experience is that it's no good trying to get your own way while he's about. You have got to do what you're told, or else it means whip."

The Dog yawned and stretched himself.

"There's no sign of his moving, but still, it's rather pleasant here by the fire."

He was growing weary of his thoughts, the canine brain being more fitted for observation than reflection.

The problem of life, so far as it was revealed to him, seemed to be insoluble; so, after turning round several times, he finally settled down, tucked his nose under his leg, sighed heavily and went to sleep.

II. The Man

The Man sat in his arm-chair gazing moodily at his feet on the fender. Things had not gone well with him of late and the world seemed to be out of joint.

He was a business man and not usually addicted to contemplations of a speculative character, but, being in a pessimistic mood, he had been brooding over his misfortunes, and from these his thoughts had turned upon the broader problem of existence.

"Everybody has to earn a living for themselves somehow," he thought, "but all seem to have different chances and opportunities of getting on in the world. It's a perfect lottery.

"I know men, for instance, who just stepped into their fathers' business, and got into a comfortable position, without having any hard work or worry, to speak of. Others have influence behind them to push them on. Others again, whose parents are well-to-do, are able to live at home, and if they are only careful, can save up enough money in a few years to give themselves a fair start.

"I never had any such luck. My father died when I was at school, and every penny I possess I have had to earn, and keep myself into the bargain. It has been a hard enough job working up my little business, without any capital to fall back on. And now, just as I was beginning to find things rather easier, there come those confounded bad debts, one on the top of another. It's enough to take the pluck out of anyone.

"However, it's the same kind of thing all through. Some are born strong and some weakly; some clever and some stupid. Then look at the case of the youngsters in the slums. What chance do they have of getting on in life? It's true they go to the Board Schools and get an education of some sort, but no one bothers about them at home, and they just spend their time larking about the streets; no wonder they turn into Hooligans and public-house loafers.

"And yet the parsons talk about all men being equal in the sight of God. Where does the equality come in, I should like to know? Besides, what do parsons know about the difficulties of getting a living? They have a pretty easy job themselves. Their chief business seems to consist of preaching things for others to practise. It's not surprising they complain that people won't go to hear them, when they talk stuff like that.

"I can't see, either, that religious folk, who are always going to church, are any better for it. My experience is that they are just as ready as anyone to get the better of you in a bargain, if they can. But still, it's the proper thing to do, and looks respectable.

"It says somewhere in the Bible 'the righteous shall flourish as a green bay tree,' but the people who get on nowadays are the sweaters, money-lenders, company-promoters, and men of that kind. Then we are told to 'do unto others as we would be done by.' That idea may be suitable enough for a simple country life, but it's hardly practicable in a city like London, where no one cares a jot about anyone else, and you've got to 'do others, or they'll do you,' so to speak.

"The parsons, again, are always preaching about the God of Justice, and the God of Love, but they never explain the justice of all the suffering that goes on in the world. Where's the

justice, for instance, of a child inheriting a disease from its parents?

"No, I always maintain that when you come to apply these religious ideas to the actual problems of life, the whole system breaks down. However, it's no good bothering one's head about such things. It's best just to take life as you find it. 'What can't be cured, must be endured.'"

This stoical conclusion being the only solution of the problem which his conceptions afforded, the Man rose wearily and went to bed.

III. The Seer

That low man seeks a little thing to do,
Sees it and does it:
This high man, with a great thing to pursue,
Dies ere he knows it.
That low man goes on adding one to one,
His hundred's soon hit.
This high man, aiming at a million,
Misses an unit.
That, has the world here—should he need the next,
Let the world mind him.
This, throws himself on God, and, unperplexed,
Seeking shall find him.

—Browning.

In a cheerless garret sat a pale and weary man. His clothes were shabby and threadbare, yet his features bore an air of intellectual refinement in striking contrast to the poverty of the surroundings.

He had not been successful in life. Endowed with the instincts of a scholar and recluse, necessity had driven him out into the world to earn his daily bread; but, lacking interest in the kind of work which this demanded, he had been met by failure at every turn.

Nature had designed him for a philosopher; he was a mystic, a Seer. But there is no money in philosophy, and the world does not understand mysticism.

Year by year had he laboured in the search for knowledge, toiling far into the morning hours. Night after night had he

spent in endeavouring to give expression to his inmost conceptions, but he could induce no one to publish his message, there being no demand for such work. Ofttimes had he sought to speak his thoughts to men, but could find none to hearken or understand.

And yet his life had not been altogether joyless, though its pleasures he could seldom share with others.

Old bookshops were to him a constant source of joy. How many hours had he spent in hunting through their hoards, now and then to bear off a long-sought volume to be added to his store.

At times he wandered through the galleries where are treasured the relics of a bygone time; and here he loved to trace the growth of art and thought from age to age.

At other times he stole into the Abbey, and from a quiet nook drank in the organ's harmony. 'Twas then his thoughts would soar above all worldly cares, and mingle with the music as it rose and fell.

In such wise had the burden of his life been lightened.

* * * *

Of late he had been trying to sell books on commission, but no one wanted to buy. For the past week he had earned little or nothing, and had scarce been able to obtain food sufficient to keep body and soul together.

To-night he returned to his lodging, tired, hungry and disheartened. The room was cold and dark. There was no fire, but he lit a candle to serve instead.

"Another fruitless day," he murmured as he sank down into a chair. "And to-morrow will bring the same weary round, the same refusals, the same rebuffs. I have almost lost hope now. . . "

"I suppose I was not born to succeed," he resumed after a pause. "The weakest are bound to go to the wall. One cannot be surprised that, when life resolves itself into a mere struggle for existence, men should ask whether it be worth living."

He sat for a time lost in thought with his head resting on his hands.

Presently he looked up and his eye wandered to the shelf which contained all that remained of his treasured books. He

rose, and selecting a volume, sat down to seek solace in its pages.

For many years Browning's Poems had been to him as a Bible. In times of trouble he had often sought and found comfort therein, and he knew they would not fail him now.

He turned to "Abt Vogler" and repeated the well-known lines, until he came to the beautiful passage embodied in the closing verses.

> And what is our failure here but a triumph's evidence
> For the fulness of the days? Have we withered or agonised?
> Why else was the pause prolonged but that singing might issue thence?
> Why rushed the discords in but that harmony should be prized?
> Sorrow is hard to bear, and doubt is slow to clear,
> Each sufferer says his say, his scheme of the weal and woe:
> But God has a few of us whom He whispers in the ear;
> The rest may reason and welcome; 'tis we musicians know.

As he read, trouble and weariness were forgotten. He seemed to be no longer alone in an unsympathetic world. He was in communion with a friend and comforter.

With mind uplifted, he turned to his favourite poem, "Rabbi ben Ezra," which had been a never-failing source of inspiration. He read it once more, lingering over the lines he loved best:

> Not on the vulgar mass
> Called "work" must sentence pass,
> Things done, that took the eye and had the price;
> O'er which, from level stand,
> The low world laid its hand,
> Found straightway to its mind, could value in a trice.
>
> But all, the world's coarse thumb
> And finger failed to plumb,
> So passed in making up the main account;
> All instincts immature,
> All purposes unsure,
> That weighed not as his work, yet swelled the man's amount.
>
> Thoughts hardly to be packed
> Into a narrow act,
> Fancies that broke through language and escaped;
> All I could never be,
> All, men ignored in me,
> This, I was worth to God, whose wheel the pitcher shaped.

Verse after verse touched some responsive chord of his being and set it pulsating with a song of hope, so that the wondrous lines seemed to throb with a message which even they had never conveyed before. All feelings of despair were banished, and his mind was filled with an overwhelming sense of peace.

For thence—a paradox
Which comforts while it mocks—
Shall life succeed in that it seems to fail:
What I aspired to be,
And was not, comforts me:
A brute I might have been, but would not sink i' the scale.

Then welcome each rebuff
That turns earth's smoothness rough,
Each sting that bids nor sit nor stand but go!
Be our joys three parts pain!
Strive and hold cheap the strain;
Learn, nor account the pang; dare, never grudge the throe!

"What frail creatures we are," he thought, "and how easily cast down by worldly troubles. Yet we need but to be reminded of the true purport of existence to obtain relief from the burden."

He fixed thee 'mid this dance
Of plastic circumstance,
This Present, thou, forsooth, would'st fain arrest
Machinery just meant
To give thy soul its bent,
Try thee and turn thee forth, sufficiently impresse d.

"Would that all could read this message and understand; but how many are absorbed in the affairs of the world. They have eyes and see not. Life to them is a matter of to-day and to-morrow.

"If only men could realise the present to be but a period of preparation for the future, how different would be their aims, how different might the world become."

He laid down the book still lost in his reverie. His mind was in a state of exaltation.

And as he sat thus, the meagre chamber was illumined with a soft and pearly light. Then the narrow walls opened, revealing a vista of dazzling brightness.

As he gazed in wonderment, myriads of radiant forms appeared floating in the trembling ether, peopling the heavens as far as eye could reach. The distant strains of heavenly music fell upon his ears.

And in that moment the doors of mystery were opened, and a vision of the Perfect Life revealed.

The vision faded, and, prostrated with exhaustion, the Seer sank into a deep slumber.

* * * *

Ere the cold light of dawn stole over the sleeping city, the soul escaped from the bondage of its earthly life, and was borne to the higher sphere, which in thought and fancy it had often sought—for in eternal realms many aspirations which have failed on earth find due fulfilment.

H. TWELVETREES.

OF ATHEISME

THE Scripture saith; The fool hath said in his heart there is no God: It is not said; The fool hath thought in his Heart: So as, he rather said it by rote to himselfe, as that he would have, then that he could thoroughly believe it, or be persuaded of it. For none deny there is a God, but those, for whom it maketh there were no God. It appeareth in nothing more, that Atheism is rather of the lip, than in the Heart of Man, then by this; That Atheists will ever be talking of that their Opinion, as if they fainted in it, within themselves, and would be glad to be strengthened, by the consent of others: Nay more, you shall have Atheists strive to get Disciples, as it fareth with other sects: And, which most of all, you shall have of them, that will suffer for Atheisme and not recant; Whereas, if they did truly thinke that there were no such thing as God, why should they trouble themselves?—BACON.

HE who has no wound on his hand, may touch poison with his hand, poison does not affect one who has no wound; nor is there evil for one who does not commit evil.—DHAMMAPADA.

THE TALMUD 100 YEARS B.C. STORY OF JESUS

In 1891 Dr. Gustaf H. Dalman, of Leipzig, printed a critical text of all the censured passages in the Talmud, Midrashim, Zohar and Liturgy of the Synagogue, referring to Jesus, and to this H. Laible appended an introductory essay,* in which most of the passages were translated.

In 1893 A. M. Streane published an English version of this essay, for which Dalman translated the remaining passages, and to which Dalman, Laible and Streane contributed additional notes, the English edition thus superseding the German.† From lack of any other work in which a version of all the passages may be found, the non-specialist must perforce be content with this Dalman-Laible-Streane translation, though a comparison with other translations of single passages makes one hesitate to accept its entire accuracy, and Streane himself admits in his preface (p. vi.) that occasionally some Talmud expressions with regard to "our Blessed Lord" have been modified.

I am, therefore, glad to be assured by a learned Talmudist that Streane's version, in spite of these drawbacks and its very ungraceful diction, is on the whole sufficiently reliable for all general purposes. I, however, retain throughout the Hebrew or Aramaic form "Jeschu," which Streane has replaced by the familiar Jesus, because I hold with Krauss‡ that Jeschu is a "genuine Jewish name," and not a nickname invented in despite by the Jews (as charged against them by Christian writers) to escape writing the form Jeshua (Joshua, Jehoshua§), which

* *Jesus Christus im Thalmud . . . mit einem Anhange: Die thalmudischen Texte mitgeteilt* von G. Dalman (Berlin; 1891), in "Schriften des Institutum Judaicum in Berlin," nr. 10. A second edition appeared in 1900.

† *Jesus Christ in the Talmud*, etc. (Cambridge; 1893).

‡ Krauss (S.), *Das Leben Jesu nach jüdischen Quellen* (Berlin; 1902), pp. 250-253.

§ Lit., "The Lord will save."

Christians maintain was the proper Hebrew name of Jesus, thus showing forth by the very name that he was the "Saviour"; least of all that the name *Jeschu* was originally begotten of a cruel letter play based on the initials of the words of the imprecation "*I*mmach *Sch*eme *V*ezikro" ("May his name and memory be blotted out!"), as persistently charged against the Jews by their mediæval Christian opponents, and finally (under stress of hate and ignorance) accepted and adopted by Jews themselves in some of the later forms of the Toldoth Jeschu.* Jeschu, I hold, was simply the original Hebrew or Aramaic form of the name, as may be seen from the Greek transliteration Ἰησοῦς (Jesūs), or the Arabic 'Isā.

Let us, then, first of all turn to what, from the chronological point of view, is the most extraordinary passage, a passage found not once but twice in the Babylonian Gemara.†

"The Rabbis have taught: The left should always be repelled, and the right, on the other hand, drawn nearer. But one should not do it . . .‡ as R. Joshua ben Perachiah, who thrust forth Jeschu with both hands. What was the matter with regard to R. Joshua ben Perachiah? When King Jannai directed the destruction of the Rabbis, R. Joshua ben Perachiah and Jeschu went to Alexandria. When security returned, Rabbi Simeon ben Shetach sent him a letter to this effect: 'From me, Jerusalem the holy city, to thee, Alexandria in Egypt, my sister. My spouse tarries in thee, and I dwell desolate.' Thereupon Joshua arose and came; and a certain inn was in the way, in which they treated him with great respect. Then spake Joshua: 'How fair is this inn (Akhsanga)!' Jeschu saith to him: 'But, Rabbi, she (Akhsanga=a hostess) has little narrow eyes.' Joshua replied: 'Thou godless fellow, dost thou occupy thyself with such things?' directed that 400 horns should be brought, and put him under strict excommunication. Jeschu ofttimes came and said to him, 'Take me back.' Joshua did not trouble himself about him. One day, just as Joshua was reading [?reciting]

* See the Vienna Toldoth MS. Compare with this Pessach's invention as given in my paper "The Talmud in History" (September number).

† *Sanhedrin*, 107*b*, and, in almost identical words, *Sota*, 47*a*.

‡ The words omitted by Streane are "as Elisha who repelled Gehazi nor.'

the Shema,* Jeschu came to him, hoping that he would take him back. Joshua made a sign to him with his hand. Then Jeschu thought that he had altogether repulsed him, and went away, and set up a brickbat and worshipped it. Joshua said to him: 'Be converted!' Jeschu saith: 'Thus have I been taught by thee: from him that sinneth and maketh the people to sin, is taken away the possibility of repentance.' And the Teacher [*i.e.*, he who is everywhere mentioned by this title in the Talmud] has said: 'Jeschu had practised sorcery and had corrupted and misled Israel.'"†

This famous passage, if taken by itself, would of course fully confirm the hypothesis of the 100 years B.C. date of Jesus. The arguments for and against the authenticity of its statements embrace, therefore, practically the whole substance of our investigation. Let us first of all consider the face value of these statements.

Jannai or Jannæus (John), who also bore the Greek name Alexander, was one of the famous Maccabæan line of kings, the son of John Hyrcanus I., and reigned over the Jews 104-78 B.C.

Though it is now impossible from the imperfect record to ascertain the exact state of Jewish domestic affairs, or the precise causes of the fierce internal religious struggle during the reign of this wild warrior king,‡ the salient fact dwelt on by Josephus in both his accounts is that Jannai for the major part of his reign was engaged in a bitter feud with the Pharisæan party, whom he had deprived of all their privileges. This Pharisæan party was practically the national religious party who resented the oriental despotism of their Hasmonæan rulers, and above all detested the usurpation of the high priestly office by Jannai. The Pious and Pure could not brook the sight of "a wild warrior like Jannæus discharging the duties of the high priest in the holy place," as Schürer puts it. Bitter internal strife intensified by religious fanaticism accordingly marked the first eighteen years of Jannai's reign. The Pharisees finally led a rebellion against the hated monarch, in which no less than 50,000 Jews are said to have

* The words: "Hear, O Israel," etc., *Deut.*, vi. 4*ff.*

† This formal charge is also found in *Sanhedrin*, 43*a*.

‡ See Schürer (E.), *A History of the Jewish People in the Time of Jesus Christ* (Eng. Trans.; Edinburgh, 1897), Div. i., vol. i., pp. 295-307.

fallen, and finally the leaders of the nationalist party fled to the stronghold of Bethome or Besemelis.* Jannai besieged Bethome and captured it. The prisoners were taken to Jerusalem, and there no less than 800 of them are said to have been crucified to make sport before Jannai and his wives and concubines, the wives and children of the wretched Pharisees having been previously butchered before their eyes. This atrocious act is said to have struck such terror into the hearts of the unfortunate "Rabbis" of the time, that no less than 8,000 of them fled, and during Jannai's life-time kept far from Judæa.† This happened about 87 B.C.

The greatest hero of those times, according to Rabbinical tradition, who still withstood the tyrant to the face and boldly berated him with the unaided weapons of Rabbinic wisdom, was Simeon ben Shetach, who is said moreover to have been the brother of Jannai's wife Salome. Many stories of his wise sayings before Jannai are handed on in the Talmud, though it must be confessed that they sound to modern ears somewhat puerile.

When Salome, however, succeeded her impious spouse, her policy with regard to the Pharisees was the direct antithesis of Jannai's cruel measures. "Salome from the beginning of her reign [78-69 B.C.] took her stand unhesitatingly on the side of the Pharisees, lent an ear to their demands and wishes, and in particular gave legal sanction again to all the Pharisaic ordinances abolished since the time of John Hyrcanus. During these years the Pharisees were the real rulers of the land."‡

As Josephus says: Salome "had indeed the name of regent, but the Pharisees had the authority; for it was they who restored such as were banished, and set such as were prisoners at liberty, and to say all at once, they differed in nothing from masters (of the country)."§

* For Josephus in his two accounts (*Bell. Jud.*, i. 4. 6, and *Antiqq.*, xiii. 14. 2 gives these two widely different names.

† Josephus, *ibid.*

‡ Schürer, *op. cit.*, *ibid.*, p. 309.

§ *Bell. Jud.*, i. 5. 2, and *Antiqq.*, xiii. 16. 2.

Pharisæan tradition, therefore, naturally depicts the reign of Salome as a golden age, and we are told with true oriental hyperbole, that "under Simeon ben Shetach and Queen Salome rain fell on the eve of the Sabbath, so that the corns of wheat were as large as kidneys, the barley corns as large as olives, and the lentils like golden denarii; the scribes gathered such corns, and preserved specimens of them in order to show future generations what sin entails"*—a somewhat preposterous proceeding one would suppose, unless the scribes of that time were gifted with prophetical clairvoyance to descry the subsequent evil days on which the Rabbis fell time and again.

I have been thus long in dwelling on the importance of Salome from a Rabbinical point of view for reasons which will appear more fully later on; for the present it is to be remarked that, if there is any historical basis at all for the passage under consideration, Joshua ben Perachiah was probably recalled by Simeon ben Shetach in 78 B.C., and presumably fled to Alexandria in 87 B.C. He must then have been a very old man, for he is said to have begun to teach as early as 154 B.C.,† an assertion, however, which I have been unable to verify. In any case Joshua ben Perachiah and Nithai of Arbela were the second of the famous "Five Pairs" of the Guruparamparâ chain of Talmudic tradition, while Simeon ben Shetach and Judah ben Tabbai form the third "Pair."

According to this "tradition of the fathers," then, Jeschu was regarded as having been originally the pupil of one of the two most learned "Rabbis"‡ of the time, nay, of *the* most learned, the "spouse" of Israel; not only so, but Jeschu was

* *Taanith*, 23*a*.

† Baring-Gould (S.), *The Lost and Hostile Gospels: An Essay on the Toledoth Jeschu, and the Petrine and Pauline Gospels of the First Three Centuries of which Fragments remain* (London; 1874), p. 56. This very uncritical writer does not give his authority, but probably it was Richard von der Alm, to whose studies we have already referred, and from whom Baring-Gould lifts all his information with regard to the Talmud Jesus stories and Toldoth Jeschu, though without any acknowledgment.

‡ I have put the title "Rabbi" in quotation marks when used of teachers of this period, because I have seen it stated by Jewish authorities that the term "Rabbi" was not so used till after 70 A.D. Unfortunately I have lost my references to this point. If there be any solid ground for the contention, it would, of course, be of great critical importance in considering the date of those passages in the canonical gospels in which the term appears.

apparently Joshua's favourite pupil. See the result of disregarding this counsel of wisdom, said the Rabbis of later days; there is the famous case of the great Joshua ben Perachiah, who was too stern with his disciple Jeschu, and with what disastrous results!

But, it may be said, why waste time in speculating on such a transparent anachronism. To this we reply: Even granting the anachronism *à priori*, without further enquiry—seeing that the literature of the times teems with many such ghastly anachronisms—the passage shows us clearly where Jewish tradition placed Jesus. For it he was a learned man, as indeed is invariably admitted in many other stories; whether or not he got his wisdom from the greatest Jewish teacher of the times or not, is another question.

It is further to be remarked that there is a striking similarity between the state of internal Jewish affairs in Jannai's time and the numerous hangings and burnings of Pharisees in the days of Herod (37-4 B.C.). In both reigns the national religious party was led in revolt by those learned in the law. The Pharisees stood for religion and religious purism against the aristocratic party of the hereditary Sadducæan priesthood, who were interested in the Law solely as a convenient instrument of custom whereby they could extort tithes and taxes out of the people. They were entirely indifferent to all those tendencies which had been and were still spiritualising the national religious literature, and presumably they were above all opposed to what they considered the innovating fanaticism of the mystic and disciplinary views held by such circles as the Chassidim and Essenes.

Both reigns are characterised by the triumph of the Sadducæan party, and by the ruthless murder of large numbers of the Pharisæan leaders, some of whom were indubitably in closest contact with Chassidim and Essene circles, nay, it is most probable that members of these circles, or of associations of a similar nature, were the directly inspiring sources of these religious revolts. It must then have been a bitter memory with the followers of these strict schools of discipline, the later "schools of the prophets," which were seeking to establish the rule of the Righteous and the consequent direct reign of Yahweh

on earth, that numbers of their holy ones and seers had been ruthlessly done to death by a Jannai or a Herod.*

Now, in similar mystic circles these prophets and seers, in one of their grades, were known as "little ones" or "children." A most interesting tradition of this designation is still preserved in the little-known *Codex Nasaræus* of the Mandaïtes, the so-called Christians of St. John. In the XIth Tractate of their Right-hand Genzâ there is a most beautiful story of the mystic Baptism. Jesus comes to Jôhannâ to be baptised. Jesus comes as a simple "approacher" seeking initiation into the mystic school of Jôhannâ. But Jôhannâ is not to be deceived, and immediately recognises Him as the Master, Mandâ d'Hajjê Himself, the "Gnosis of Life," by whose power Jôhannâ has been teaching and initiating all the long forty and two† years of his ministry.

It is too long to quote the beautiful story of how Jôhannâ, in giving the lower initiation of external (? psychic) baptism to Jesus, receives the true spiritual Baptism from Mandâ d'Hajjê Himself, when "He gave him the grip of the Rushtâ, and laid His hand upon him in Jordan; and He made him lay off his garment of flesh and blood; and He clothed him in a raiment of glory."

It is enough for our purpose to set down a few of the sentences put into the mouth of Jôhannâ: "Come in peace, Little One. . . . Now I go with thee, Little One, that we may enter the stream. . . . Come, come, Little One of three years and one day, youngest among his brethren but oldest with his Father, who is so small yet his sayings are so exalted."‡

* Whether in the former case their death had been the cruel and lingering torture of crucifixion is a point of importance only for those Talmudic scholars who argue that crucifixion was an utterly unknown mode of execution among the Jews. There was, they say, beheading, strangling, hanging, stoning and subsequent exposing of the body of the stoned on a post as a warning; moreover, to shorten the cruelty of the lingering death by stoning, the victim was first rendered unconscious by a soporific drink, but never crucifixion. In this connection, however, we must remember that it is said that Jannai remained a Jew in all things, and imposed Jewish customs on all conquered cities on pain of utter destruction, so that it may be doubted whether he "hellenised" solely in the mode of execution of his domestic foes.

† He apparently now passes on into the seventh "seven years."

‡ See "The Liberation of Jôhannâ," by Miss A. L. B. Hardcastle, in THE THEOSOPHICAL REVIEW, vol. xxxi., no. 181, pp. 20-25 (September, 1902); also Brandt (W.), *Mandäische Schriften aus der grossen Sammlung heiliger Bücher genannt Genzā oder Sidrā Rabba übersetzt und erläutert* (Göttingen; 1893), p. 195; Tempestini (F.), *Le Code Nazaréen vulgairement appelé Livre d'Adam traduit pour la première Fois en Français*, in Migne's *Dictionnaire des Apocryphes*, vol. i. (Paris; 1856); and Norberg

Seniority in the Essene and Therapeut communities, it must be remembered, was not reckoned by age, but by the number of years the brother had been a member of the order.

What, now, if we were to fuse these apparently totally unrelated scraps of information together? Might we not ask ourselves how many elements are to be sifted out of the traditional "murder of the innocents"; how many conflations of historical fact and mystic history before the "myth" was brought to birth in its present form? Can there be in it even some reminiscence of the 800 victims of Bethome? The Talmud Rabbis know nothing of Herod's wholesale murder of the children as recounted in the introduction of our first canonical Gospel; Josephus knows nothing of it; yet Joseph ben Matthai had no reason for whitewashing the character of Herod, had such a dastardly outrage been an actual fact, for he records his numerous other crimes without hesitation; and the Talmud Rabbis hated the memory of Herod so well that they could not have failed to record such a horror, had he been really guilty of it.

But to return to the words of our Talmud passage. The narrative is introduced by citing what is apparently some famous saying of Rabbinic wisdom. It must be remembered, however, that if Streane's translation is correct* the wisdom of the saying does not immediately appear on the surface, and we must take it in a symbolic sense as referring to such ideas as good and evil, sheep and goats, orthodoxy and heresy; "right" and "left" being the commonest of all symbolic terms, not only in Jewish and Christian but also in Egyptian, Pythagorean and Orphic mysticism.

As to the inn and hostess story, it is very evident that, if we are to take it literally, we have the veritable birth of a mountain out of a mole-hill. Why the whole orchestra of the Temple at Jerusalem, apparently, should be requisitioned to give world-wide notice of the excommunication of Jeschu, simply because he admired the eyes of a landlady (if that indeed be the meaning of the

(M.), *Codex Nasaræus, Liber Adami appellatus . . . latineque redditus* (Hafniæ, n.d., probably first decade of last century).

* Moses Levene translates more intelligibly from *Sota*, 47*a*: "The right hand of a man should always allure when the left hand repels." See "Jesus and Christianity in the Talmud," THE THEOSOPHICAL REVIEW, xxix. 316 (December, 1901).

original)* is passing non-oriental comprehension. To relieve ourselves, then, of the intolerable burden of the absurdities which the literal meaning of the story imposes upon us, I venture to suggest that we are here face to face with an instance of Deutsch's "cap and bells" element in the Talmud, and therefore make bold to offer my mite of speculation as to the underlying meaning.

Evidently the main point is that Jeschu was formally excommunicated for heretical tendencies from the school or circle over which Joshua presided. The 400 horns, trumpets or trombones may be taken simply to mean that the excommunication was exceedingly formal and serious. The reason for excommunication was plainly doctrinal. Now Jewish tradition invariably asserted that Jesus learned "magic" in Egypt. The kernel of this persistent accusation may perhaps be reduced to the simple historical element that Jesus went to Egypt and returned with far wider and more enlightened views than those of his former co-disciples, and in this connection it is to be remembered that many scholars have argued, from the strong resemblance between the general features of the earliest Christian churches of canonical tradition and those of the Essene communities, that Jesus was an Essene, or let us say more generally a member of an Essene-like body. I therefore venture on the speculation that the "inn" of our story may cryptically refer to one of such communities, which Joshua considered very excellent, but which Jesus considered to have a too narrow outlook from the standpoint of a more liberal view of things spiritual. It is also of interest to recall to mind that excommunication from the Essene community required the votes of no less than 100 brethren; can the 400 "horns" by any possibility refer to the voices or votes of some specially convened assembly for a very important and formal decision against one whose superior knowledge refused to be bound down by the traditional limitations ot the order? Perhaps also there are some who may ask themselves the question: Has the "birth" of the "little one" in the "inn" of the familiar Gospel story, any new meaning looked at by the light of these mystic and cryptic expressions?

* Levene gives the lady's eyes as "oval"; whereas Streane's "little narrow eyes" would seem to be the very opposite of a complimentary remark.

As we are, then, in highest probability dealing with a story which conceals an under-meaning, it may further be conjectured that some precise detail of history underlies the extraordinary expression "he set up a brickbat," which has hitherto been invariably construed as a contemptuous way of saying "he became an idolater." This may be the meaning, but, on the contrary, we have to remember that in the general formal charge at the end taken from the same authority from which the Gemara derives the story, there is no mention of idolatry in this gross sense, nor, if I mistake not, do we anywhere else in the Jewish Jesus stories, Talmudic or Mediæval, meet with this grossly material charge. Has this strange expression, then, any hidden connection with the "rock" and "peter" symbolism, or with the "corner-stone," and therefore originally with Egyptian mystic "masonry" and its initiations?

But we have not yet done with this famous story, for it occurs yet again in the Talmud, though in a different form. In the Palestinian Gemara we thus read:

"The inhabitants of Jerusalem intended to appoint Jehuda ben Tabbai as Nasi* in Jerusalem. He fled and went away to Alexandria, and the inhabitants of Jerusalem wrote: 'From Jerusalem the great to Alexandria the small. How long lives my betrothed with you, whilst I am sitting grieved on account of him?' When he withdrew to go in a ship, he said: Has Debora, the landlady who has taken us in, been wanting in something? One of his disciples said: Rabbi, her eye was bright! He answered:† Lo, you have done two things; firstly, you have rendered me suspected, and then you have looked upon her. What did I say? beautiful in appearance? I did not say anything (like this) but (beautiful) in deeds. And he was angry with him and went his way."‡

As the Palestinian Gemara is considered to be older than the Babylonian, it is naturally argued that we have here the original form of the story which we have been discussing; the name of

* Prince or President of the Sanhedrin.

† Dalman-Streane add (*op. cit.*, 33), "a euphemism for *blind*," but this gloss would seem to change the whole sense of the story.

‡ *Pal. Chagiga, 77d.*

Jeschu was plainly inserted at a later date, and in this fact we have the simplest possible explanation of this wild anachronism. And it must be confessed that this argument is one of great strength and for most people entirely disposes of this question.

But even so, it may still be conjectured that the remodelling of the story was a deliberate proceeding on the part of the Rabbis to suit their tradition of certain details in the life of Jesus. Hence, in rejecting the date, it is not absolutely necessary to reject the whole of the Babylonian version as entirely devoid of every element of genuineness.

Again, as to the lateness of the Babylonian version, it is to be observed that the Gemara quotes from an earlier source or tradition of the story,* and therefore we have to push the date back to this source, which was in all probability Palestinian. It is further to be remarked that the setting of the whole Babylonian version is far more exact in its historical details; it is a far more deliberate tradition than the vague and pointless Palestinian version.

But even with regard to the Joshua ben Perachiah date itself, I am not altogether satisfied that it can be so absolutely disposed of as it seems at first glance, for as we shall see in considering another, and in some respects independent, line of Rabbinic tradition preserved in the earliest elements of the Toldoth Jeschu, the Joshua ben Perachiah date is *the* date, and how on earth an apparently so ludicrous anachronism could have held its own for so many centuries is a psychological puzzle of the greatest interest; it argues plainly that the Jews had no difficulty at all in accepting it, and in this connection we must remember that the Rabbis had no belief whatever in the Christian gospel-tradition as history, as we can plainly see from the Jew of Celsus, and that they therefore never dreamed of testing their basic tradition by the Christian gospel story.

The original version in the Palestinian Gemara, like its Babylonian (or originally Palestinian) variant, is evidently a story of the contact of Jewish orthodoxy with Alexandrian liberalism and mysticism, the main point being that the orthodox

* See Laible-Streane (*op. cit.*, p. 43), who gloss the opening words of the concluding paragraph as follows: "The same authority, which reports this story, says elsewhere."

Jew was willing to praise the hospitality of the Alexandrian circles, but refused to praise their doctrines; nay, he cast off a disciple who ventured to praise them, in fear of the taint of heresy thus indirectly attaching to himself. The upholder of this rigid orthodoxy is given as Jehuda ben Tabbai, the "pair" of Simeon ben Shetach.

In adapting this story to the details of their Jeschu tradition there seems to be no reason why the Rabbis should have altered the name unless the details of that tradition imperatively required it, for it would have been far more natural to have allowed Simeon ben Shetach to write to his contemporary Jehuda, than to have made him write to Joshua ben Perachiah, the leading light of the preceding "pair."

But it must be confessed that reason has seldom anything to do with tradition, and therefore is seldom competent to reveal its mysteries.

We will now proceed to consider an even more startling anachronism which is found in one of the Mary stories.

G. R. S. MEAD.

MAN

AND it is a great truth, which you should seriously consider, that there is nothing in heaven or upon earth which does not also exist in Man, and God who is in heaven exists also in Man, and the two are One.

As the sky with its stars and constellations is nothing separate from the All . . . so is the "firmament" of Man not separate from Man; and as the Universal Mind is not ruled by any external being, likewise the firmament in Man (his individual sphere of mind) is not subject to the rule of any creature, but is an independent and powerful whole.

A man who wholly belongs to himself cannot belong to anything else. Man has the power of self-control, and no external influences can control him if he exercises this power. The influences of the Macrocosm cannot so easily impress their action upon a rational, wise, and passionless man as they do on vegetables, animals and minerals, which they impregnate to such an extent that their characters may be seen in their forms, colours and shapes, and be perceived by the odour and taste of such objects.

A man whose human reason is absorbed by his animal desires is an animal and if his animal reason becomes enlightened by wisdom, he becomes an angel.—PARACELSUS.

THE HAPPY WARRIOR

I SAW in my dream that a warrior stood on the cliff looking out far over the sea. The great city throbbed in the heat, and the bay was full of many and various craft; but the warrior looked over the boundless ocean away from the city he would go to later, for I knew he must choose his way of life, and that he paused to ask his own heart what he most desired. I saw in my dream that the warrior was very young—only a boy—and my heart went out to him as I saw him stand there, ready to choose, alone.

In my dream, too, one stood near me, and I said to him:

"Will you not help the warrior boy? why does he stand alone?"

And he answered me: "His mother, who should be near him now, has never strengthened her mind by thought, and though love is willing, the soul is too weak to follow the soul of her boy; for mind and heart must be strong to strengthen the soul. His father has lived for the world so long, has lived for the body so much, that, though he too loves his child, his heart is not strong enough to keep his soul with the soul of his son."

And so the boy stood alone; and I knew, as one knows in a dream, that a great longing for love and understanding, and a great desire for the fulness of life, was swelling in his soul.

And I asked the one who stood near to me, why he did not lead him away from the city with its fierce temptations to the great pure sea.

But he shook his head. "I have whispered of love in his ear; he must choose for himself," he said.

And presently the boy turned with eager steps and walked to the head of the bay, and I saw, as he paused to look, many come and offer him of their wares, but the boy chose none; he walked on till, in the waning light, I saw him start, and before him stood a woman, and she was very fair, but her face was hidden by her

veil, and I think the boy longed to see it. He waited, and the woman turned and beckoned; and presently he followed her, and I saw them enter together, under the brilliant light whence the woman had come; and I saw no more.

Then I turned to him at my side, and I said: "Why was the face of the woman veiled?"

And he said: "Is it not well that women should go veiled?"

And I cried out: "No; men and women should know each other to be life comrades in the world. I think he would not have gone with her if he had known her face."

And he at my side smiled at my warmth, but he only said: "You must wait."

When I looked again, the boy stood wearily in the woods outside the city gates, and near by, at the foot of a tree, the woman lay sleeping with fair arms thrown out to the breeze; and I knew they had tired of love, and my heart wept for the boy, who seemed made for better things.

Then I saw him with me stoop and whisper in his ear again, and the boy—who, I saw, was a man now—rose suddenly and walked back towards the city. And the woman waked, and laughed, and slept again.

And when the man came again to the city gates, he did not hesitate, but walked straight to the quarter where the flag of "ambition" floated in the breeze. He did not pause to look at the weary disappointed faces, or the keen grasping eyes, but with strong, decisive step he entered and joined the teeming ranks of the workers there.

And I saw that, as he succeeded, he pushed many down in the scramble to get ahead; gentle hands clung to him for help, but he pulled himself away; loving lips clung to his, but he had no time, and perforce he left them behind; and, as I saw it all, I turned to the one at my side, and I said to him bitterly:

"It is you who have done this thing; you whispered 'ambition' in his ear; it is you who have made him what he is.'

He shook his head.

"I whispered of love," he said, "and he loved ambition; but wait, there is time."

And I looked again, and saw that old age had come upon him, and there was none left to care, only those who cared for what he could bestow. And I saw the overbearing voice give place to the tremble of age, and he died with the bought friends round him, and none to sorrow or grieve. And I buried my face in my hands, and the tears came, as I sobbed of a wasted life and a foolish wealth, and thought of the bright young soul I had seen set out on its way; and in bitterness of spirit I turned to him at my side, and cried out that he could have led this soul from temptation and given it some of the joy and the sweetness of life. But he answered me:

"He must grow. I would not weaken his will by force; he must face and conquer temptation himself."

And I cried out bitterly: "*But he is dead.*"

And he with me said, gently: "Do you believe, then, that death is the end?"

And I said: "No," and I was silenced, but the grief in my heart was not lightened, and I said again to myself: "He is dead, and he died with despair in his heart, and the words 'I have failed,' on his lips."

But he at my side said: "Come." And I followed him, as it seemed to me, to another clime, to another age, and the faces I saw were the faces of men in the East, and the view of life the view men take in the East, and it seemed to me, in my dream, that I looked again on the soul of the warrior child, though I thought that could not be, for the body was different.

And I said to him who led me: "Is it *his* soul?" And he with me answered: "Yes"; and I knew, as one knows in a dream, that the soul I had loved had cast off its body by death, and now, with the added experience of the past built into it, had taken on a new body for another sojourn here.

As my mind sought to grasp the great new truth, I saw rather than heard him at my side whisper again in the heart of the boy, and again I did not catch the word, but the boy threw up his head and listened, and I thought he must have heard a chord of some deep harmony of life, for a great light came into his face, and he went down to the city of men.

He passed by the places of lust; he did not call them

"love" now. Satiety had taught him that these do not satisfy; and the places of ambition did not attract him now, for had he not learnt before that with riches he could not buy joy, and had he not died with "failure" on his lips because he had failed in love? The longings of one life are the purposes of the next, so he went forth now to look for love.

I knew when I saw the face of the woman who came out to meet him, that he had found love at last, and though she kissed him and passed on her way alone, I knew she loved him. I saw him stand looking after her with despair in his eyes, but another woman came and put her hand in his, and I knew it was the debt he had incurred in a past life that drew him to her.

I looked hopelessly to him with me to help, but he only said: "It is just," and I wept to think he had missed again the beauty and crown of life. Then he with me said gently: "There is time; one life is so short in the growth of a soul." And the greatness of the thought took hold of me, and the largeness the conception brought into our little lives grew upon me, till I cried exultingly with him at my side: "There is time in the vastness of the Heavens for the weakest soul. . . ."

But I stopped, for I saw again the soul of the man, and this time the woman had left him, and he was alone. I could see that he was lonely; a fierce strife was raging in his soul, the duty to the woman, his wife, and his love of the other woman, were again waging war within him, and I said to the one at my side: "She has sinned against him. Could he not now claim release?"

But even as I spoke the man got up and went out, and I saw him go into a place flaming with light, and gay with music and song, and I saw him drink deeply, and drink again, till laughter drowned the struggle within; and one, who was neither his wife nor his love, went away with him, and I hid my face, and shuddered, as I thought of the love the man had given up for this.

But he with me whispered: "Flesh must grow into spirit. It is only a man full-grown that can love."

And I went outside to wait in the sultry air, for I could bear no more, and the night was round me, and I slept a dreamless sleep.

* * * *

And when I awoke (in my dream) I knew it was long, long afterwards, but the one standing near me was the same. I knew by the sky and the breeze that I was in the West again, and I wondered if the other was only a dream.

I felt near me the form of one I loved, and I wondered, bewildered, why I loved him so. Then I knew it was the soul of the man I had loved in the East, the soul of the warrior child I had wept for in the West. But the face was more beautiful than either of the times when I remembered him before, and, though it was young again, it was pale, even unto death. As my heart went out to him with the old love, and a great wave of joy, the head was thrown back, and the eyes opened, and when I saw the look in them, I thought of the warrior child in the West setting out on his quest, with the great chord of love sounding in his heart.

With a last effort he sprang to his feet, and he flung out his arms as to one he saw before him, and he cried: "I have fought the fight; I have finished the course; I have kept the faith." . . . And as I started forward to help, I saw bending over him a face with the eyes of the woman who had loved him and left him long ago. And I knew they were together now, and that all was well; and I fell on my knees in thanksgiving and joy that at last he was equal in purity and strength, and they could meet soul to soul. For I knew without being told what had kept them apart. But he with me pointed to the city below, and I saw a great crowd had gathered, for the young warrior who had fought against the sin and pain in their midst had given his life for them now, and as the tale of heroism passed from lip to lip, the crowd was awed into silence, for the hearts in the crowd beat true to the instinct of all time, and they knew for a moment the happiness of the courage that can die for the right.

And I rejoiced with them, for I knew that the life he had given up for the race had brought him the crown and result of achievement here.

* * * *

And it seemed to me in my dream, that I could never doubt or fear in life again, only a great love swelled in my heart, and a great desire to help the whole world to see through the eyes of

Faith. And I cried: "I will go down to men in the city, and tell them the beautiful truth that is better than their best imaginings." He with me, whose name I knew now was Aspiration, answered: "Go, but take with you Patience and Faith, for the time will come when what you have seen with me will seem but a vision, and men will often call you dreamer and fool. But tell to those who are ready, the truth that they can receive, for, to some, Ambition is a step forward, and to another, the quelling of Ambition is a step. To one, Science has its lesson to teach, to another Art holds out arms to raise.—To all, I whisper the same word, 'Love,' but some love Lust, and must learn through Satiety, and others love Ease, and must learn through Ambition, and others love Power, and must learn through Weakness. Though the word I speak is the same, the interpretation is different.

"Some have learnt slowly, and are as souls in the bud; others have grown by love of the best to be nearer the Beauty and Wisdom of God, but men must learn of their own experience; of their own success and failure, their own struggles and joys, their souls must grow. I can but whisper the word that should guide. Coercion and Force do but weaken the soul that must be strengthened by standing alone. Go help them," he cried, and his eyes shone with the glory of the light within.

"Go help them, but fret not, nor hurry, for there is always time in the great immensities for the weak and foolish to grow. The Great One only knows what is best for men, but you can show them the beauty of holiness, and the joy and immortality of love."

And as I gazed at the great, broad brow, and the far-seeing steadfast eyes, they faded. And I awoke.

But I think it was more than a dream.

H. B. Dowson.

READINGS AND RE-READINGS: THE MYSTIC VALUATION OF LITERATURE

THE question was asked, not so long ago, Why not Theosophical Members of Parliament? I can very well imagine that Theosophical journalists, at any rate, would be worth their weight in gold. When one considers the number of points at which a weekly paper like, say, *The Spectator* or *The Saturday Review*, touches life, and how often it fails to do more than merely touch it, the dream sometimes arises of the days when our journalists shall be able to light up the dull details of our brief day with the splendour of days and ages that are gone and the vision of things to come. Every insignificant fact, every mean, sordid, dull paragraph has its kith and kin in the past and future, and to a journalist who could see the long ancestry of his news and its blood relationship of to-morrow, the day would be fuller and the labour more noble.

But is there a Theosophical standpoint as regards literature? Have we as a Society any ideas for lovers of literature simply? Are we too engrossed in deciphering the age-worn hieroglyphics of past creeds, too intent on re-establishing forgotten doctrines, too anxious to put the world morally right, to care much about adding to the world's perception of beauty, or to interest ourselves in art or literature? There is a significant omission from our second object, which, enumerating Religion, Philosophy and Science, makes no special mention of Art. Is it because that is, or may be, included in one of the three named? Or is it that Art and Literature are to be left to themselves, and that Theosophists have nothing collectively to say to them? At any rate, of this we may be pretty sure, that so long as these are either uncared for or only indifferently cared for, so long shall we find insuperable obstacles between ourselves and the artists, poets, and writers of our times. Already there is a tendency on the

part of these to condemn our literature as ugly, our nomenclature as crude, and our systematisation as formal deadness; and if they cannot feel that beneath this tabulated exterior is a world of ideas—their world of ideas—they will be justified in turning away. Theosophy in Plato's day was not thus narrow. Plato, at any rate, was one of the supreme literary artists of Greece, if not of all time. Can one imagine that artists and poets would have turned from Plato because he had no ideas for them? Well, and since it takes a whole Theosophical Society nowadays to represent Plato, is it right that in our Society there should be lacking the elements found in him? On peril of becoming a tribe of Philistines in the worlds of Literature and Art we must keep alive the sacred fire that burns so very low in us and, if we can, even fan it into flame.

But is there a Theosophical view of literature? I am convinced not only that there is, but that Theosophy is the key to literature as to everything else. Nearly all the problems of literature as literature—I am not speaking of book-writers' problems—are in that border-region which lies between the known and the unknown. What answer can be given by the materialist to questions such as these. What is true poetry, and what distinguishes it from the most excellent verse? Why is the *Republic* a joy for ever, and the learned works of, say, Max Müller, a weariness to the flesh? What is style? What is imagination in literature? How explain Shakespeare? What is the secret of magic phrases? Why, these and a thousand similar questions have been asked and asked with damnable iteration, and scarcely a soul has been able to say more than mum to them. Of intricate analysis and physiological states and etymological reasons why things must be what they are, we have had enough and to spare, but light on the questions, never a glimmer. But these are the very questions which the Theosophical view embraces well within its own region. It is—at our period of the world at any rate—just that area of life and thought and feeling which begins, as it were, on the confines of our ordinary self and stretches away over sunlit plains of mystery without ever a horizon, that Theosophy occupies; and it is in that region that are born all the works of art which flash into our ordinary life. But what of that Celtic fringe of our

ordinary self—does the ordinary critic and book-reader know? What clue has he to the reality of the worlds surrounding this? To him the whence of literature and art is a mystery; to the materialist it is a blank impossibility. To the mystic alone it need not be a mystery, for his whole life lies in the world whence literature and art have come—the world that begins where the world enclosed by the five senses ends, that takes up the thread where waking life drops it, that adds to the facts of the ordinary world the meanings and colours which alone render them significant. I would say, therefore, that far from having nothing to say to the literary man the Theosophist has everything to say; that, no less than the rejuvenation of religion, is his work the restoration of its ancient lights to literature, that literature may become, as once it was, the handmaid of the Spirit sacramental in its nature and divinely illumining for the darkling sight of men.

Much of this I have been led into writing by the reading of a book by Arthur Machen, *Hieroglyphics*. Arthur Machen's name is known to many for an intensely horrible book he wrote a few years ago, *The Great God Pan*. This book is a fantastic story woven round what are undoubtedly facts of experience, the result of some dim communication with a parallel and somewhat unpleasant scheme of evolution. There was plenty of terrified imagination in the book, and plenty of crudeness too; but the author was evidently a student of the lesser known things, with an eye for the bizarre.

In his latest book, *Hieroglyphics*, he has attempted to do for one of the literary problems what I have suggested the Theosophical view would enable us to do for all. He has defined literature from the standpoint of mysticism. There seems no doubt that he has read a considerable amount of Theosophical writings, and has by no means arrived at his conclusion without help. But he has preferred to translate the terms into their native English obscurity, which is perhaps the wisest thing a writer who is not writing for students can do. Matthew Arnold, it may be remembered, used the two terms "ordinary self" and "best self" where our own text-books speak of astro-mental body and causal body, or some such thing. With these latter terms I am

not finding fault. They enable one to appreciate if not to realise the exactness of the things named, and one can always translate them into currency for daily use as Arthur Machen has done.

What then is his "word of the enigma," his answer to the question: What is literature? Well, to cut his very long story short, it is this. Literature is the expression of ecstasy, and ecstasy is the withdrawal of the consciousness from the ordinary into the inner and more real world. In the word ecstasy, rightly understood, "I claim," he says, "that we have the touchstone which will infallibly separate the higher from the lower in literature." In order rightly to understand the word, however, it is necessary to know the background of the author's mind. He, like so many of our modern men, has been impressed with the Theosophical idea—at least it was the Theosophists who made it known—of the relation between the ordinary and the extraordinary consciousness. Our normal life is confined within a small circle, beyond which stretches a larger circle of unexplored mystery. This smaller circle is the personality, the ordinary self, the waking consciousness. From time to time in the lives of most men, more frequently in the lives of the greatest men, and rarely in the ordinary person, there flashes from the unknown outer region ideas of wonderful beauty, bright messengers of other worlds, other truths, other glories. And to this region, which of old poets named after their fancy,—the World of Ideas, the distant Island of Avilion, our flat-footed modern psycho-physiologists have given the name of Sub-conscious or even Unconscious. For Theosophical students, it is all that is represented by the term "Higher Ego," "Causal Body," "Individuality," and, as H. P. B. says, is the personal deity of our daily ordinary selves. Arthur Machen, who is by way of being poetic, remembering perhaps Emerson's "Jove that nods behind us," prefers to call this Sub-conscious, Un-conscious, Super-conscious, Higher Self, the "Shadowy Com-panion," and "the invisible attendant who walks all the way beside us though his feet are in the Other World." And it is this Shadowy Attendant "who whispers to us his ineffable secrets which we clumsily endeavour to set down in mortal language."

The idea is then clear enough. Literature is literature

only in so far as it partakes of the nature of the Higher Self, only in so far as it belongs to the Spirit. There is not merely a difference of degree between the best verse workmanship and the worst poetry, but it is a difference in kind. The division is not an imaginary line, it is an impassable gulf. All great literature is symbolic; it has always been produced by men who have preserved a certain loneliness of soul, who have been nearer than the rest to their Shadowy Companions: and the ecstasy their work revealed was the withdrawal of themselves from the world about us to the world around us. All the quintessence of art is distilled from the sub-conscious and not from the conscious self, that is from the higher, not from the lower.

It is an interesting idea, and falls in with many of the things one has often thought. But there are difficulties in the way which Arthur Machen has either not seen or has leaped over. It is not enough simply to have the idea—this secret whispered by the Shadowy Companion—in order to produce literature. We can all think of books full enough of ideas, but absolutely devoid of the grace of God. And it is fatal to his own theory for Mr. Machen to say that besides the idea there are other elements needed to produce literature, namely, plot, construction and style. If these be necessary, then a definition of literature is incomplete which does not take them into account. And obviously Mr. Machen's definition does not take them into account, for it is concerned solely with the quality of the idea, with the idea alone.

Perhaps the solution lies in a subtler analysis of the elements named, and in the perception of their relations. We are all persuaded that literature without ideas is impossible; we feel also that ideas without style, construction and the rest are somehow unsatisfying. But suppose the relation between ideas and style were a relation of cause and effect, suppose style to be the channel dug by ideas? As Bernard Shaw suggests somewhere, no amount of canal-making will produce water, and no amount of word-polishing will of itself produce ideas; but when the Mississippi comes along it will make its own channels. What and where exactly those channels shall be, whether they shall be streams of living water making fragrant thirsty deserts, or

whether they shall be tumultuous, devastating torrents, depends upon the quality of the mind through which they come. Every idea expresses itself when it can in channels already formed, and when these are inadequate it bursts the weakest dams.

Thus style—the chart, as it were, of a writer's mind—is the man. Has he been secretly preparing himself for ages for the reception and transmission of great ideas; has he faithfully trimmed his lamp and filled it with oil during the long waiting period before the coming of the heavenly flame; has he, in Theosophical phrase, "trained his vehicles"? If so, happy for him and for the language he writes. His work will then be literature as to ideas, and literature also as to the perfect expression of ideas. Meanwhile it is still true that life and ideas are of the first importance, even if it be only an "ass that bears the sacred burden."

Perchance a few more years will see further light thrown on the problem of style—in poetry perhaps first, because there I sometimes believe we have the unconscious magic of words as the test. I purposely leave the suggestion vague, but may not the inner eye and ear of the reader be charmed by the shapes and sounds evoked in the subtle world by the words of beautiful poetry? Is not all poetry mântric, and verse simply not?

But that is wandering from the immediate subject of Arthur Machen's book. There are in *Hieroglyphics* some stimulating criticisms by the way. How suggestive, for example, is the comparison he makes between Pickwick, Pantagruel, the Persian poets, and the Dionysos myth, their community of origin in the symbolism of ecstasy by the Vine and the juice of the Vine, by that which most potently draws a man from his ordinary self into the other world. It is a change to hear of Dickens' affinity with ancient Greece, of Mark Twain's *Huckleberry Finn* as a modern version of the wanderings of Odysseus, but the attempt is made to see the poets of to-day in the light of their age-long past and their age-long future.

Mr. Machen does not possess all the qualifications for literature; he has the modern vice of mixing together the language of the street with the language of the library. He seems to have lived in the atmosphere of the *Daily Mail* and of Keats, and to

have acquired the vocabularies of both. On the first page the eye is assaulted by these phrases, coming not so far apart: "delicious tea at ninepence," and "dim region of surmises." Again, on p. 2 we have "sugary and soapy enterprise," and also, "delves after hidden things." How reminiscent of Stevenson all that is, even as the smell of sulphur reminds us of the flame!

A. J. O.

THE LAND OF PERFECT REMEMBRANCE

In the dawn, when the dew lay thick and grey on the turf, there came from the hills which were his home, a youth, bent citywards. He was on his way to a great city which lay at the head of a broad lake, a great sheet of water, so long and wide that it was like an inland sea. The city has gone; nay! this befell so long ago that the lake also has gone; it was surrounded by broad sandy plains on which nothing grew, save near the lake margin, where there was a broad belt of semi-tropical trees.

The plains were ringed by the hills, and from the hills came this youth; who, standing on a pass whence he could see very far, beheld the city, with its flat-roofed houses, its temples, its groves and gardens, and the broad water streams flowing through its streets; he could also see the lake, shining in the pale quiet light. Great was the marvel of this lake, none might traverse it from west to east; and the reason was as follows.

At the eastern end a long steep slope of smooth rock, so straight and level that it seemed the work of art rather than of Nature, fell from the level of the hill-girt region covered by the lake and plains to the level of the deserts that were by the sea. The whole mighty flood of waters swept down this channel to the lower plains. Miles from the lip of the wonderful water-way, the pull of the current, as the whole body of waters began to draw to the great fall of smooth black rock, dragged each boat that ventured there with a clutch like the hand of fate.

Silent and unmoved as Nature herself, the current drew and slew the unwary waterman who ventured thither.

Therefore no boats were upon the lonely waters save those that plied within sight of the city; these went to and fro with freights of merry-makers who sang and laughed as they paddled here and there on the clear waters, as though there were no pull of the current, and no silent sweep of the flood, to break their light boats and still their heart-beats. Yet they believed in this pull of the current, and in the three great marvels of the water-sweep; which certain learned men of the city seriously doubted, holding that superstition and hallucination were largely responsible for much that was reported concerning them. But the bulk of the people believed; and even the most sceptical of the learned refrained from rowing down the lake to investigate for themselves the strength of the current; this, however, did not hinder them from writing several works wherein they disproved its existence. The evidence for the existence of the three great marvels rested chiefly on the testimony of certain adventurous explorers, and the ancient legends preserved in the temples; these marvels were reported to be as follows.

Where the water dipped smoothly over the head of the fall there was a whirling vortex of wind; it swung round and round the drifting folds of a delicate golden mist that glittered like fire; fire, air, and water seemed to meet therein in a mad tumult of their powers, and weave a Mænads' dance at the head of the long swift stream. Whirlwind and mist were twain wonders, and the third marvel was this: the whirling wind gave a ceaseless shriek as it spun and lashed the mist; the mist, which seemed as aforesaid rather fire than water, swung round and round, but was never driven away; as for the water, which was forty fathoms deep at the lip of the fall, it was unruffled by the wind, and it made no sound in its going; one legend indeed stated that it sang a peculiar harmony as it went, but how this may be I know not. There was no sound of booming waves, but only the yell of the raving wind, which screamed when not so much as a dry rush stirred upon the banks of the lake. The whirlwind and the mist, the folk of those days said, were the work of men of evil knowledge, though the stream had been there from the beginning. But some said that

stream and lake, wind and mist, were all the work of one great Mage.

The youth, of whom I began to tell, came from the hills to dwell with a kinsman in the city. He was a fair, strong youth; tall, comely, joyous, and of very subtle wit. He was reared by his mother, a poor and sorrowful widow, in a quiet homestead in the hills, among very simple people; he had lived on the hillside in a house planted all about with thick, sweet-smelling, blossoming hedges, fruit-trees, and green vines; he was reared in a simple worship of the Gods, to whom he offered daily of their harvests of fruit and grain, and of the milk drawn from the herds of the widow, his mother. He had, as yet, no faith, only pious custom. In his heart was the joyous cry of the life within; the gladness that lives at the core of all forms that are; he knew not what it cried, but it filled his strong youth with fiercer zest, even as it fills weak age with patience stronger than youth. He was well assured he should find his heart's desire within the city walls.

He sang as he went, as birds sing at dawn; he had been walking through the sweet-smelling hills all night, beneath the blue-black sky, a-glitter with stars, and pale here and there with the wan fire of the Milky Way. Now the sky was grey-white with the dawn, and as he stood on the dusky purple hills, and watched the city, with the pearl-pale mist drifting about it, there shot up a spear of yellow light in the East, and struck the turrets, and the waters of the lake. The dewdrops glittered where the sun touched them; the prowling beasts of the dark ran home to their lairs, and behold! it was the new day!

In the new day the youth trod the mountain pass and descended to the city; there he sought his kinsman, who received him gladly as a son. The youth had no fear as to his welcome; the fear of pain or failure never touched him, so gracious are the Gods to some men, to many children, and to few women, that they suffer them to believe they carry a magic spear to hold misfortune at bay; until lo! one day pain nestles close at the very hearts of them; but, nevertheless, they have had the years of joy, and strong belief untouched by fear and bitter boding, and the gracious Lady Memory has this charm whereby she glamours such.

She causes them to believe (it is bitter-sweet comfort, and makes them both to smile and weep) that every lost joy was pure joy with never a sting, and every parted friend was true. The trees ever bloom round the homes that these will never see again; they have forgotten their grey days there, when the leafless boughs grided and clashed in the winter winds.

It was not, however, thus with this youth, to whom the Gods had given a bearing gay, serene and confident, with eyes of cruel insight and clearness. He ever believed in a hidden good to come. Some men say this is wisdom, and others declare it to be folly; but whichsoever it be, he saw the past even as he saw it when it was the present; and few enough there be who can do this. Nevertheless, in his heart he ever trusted in that which was in store, so that you may easily perceive how well he must have known the flavour of the cup of pain by the time he was grown to manhood. However, few would have believed this, for he seemed to be loved of the faery folk.

All good things he gained; and won them with scarcely a struggle. Looking—he gained; wishing—he possessed; and none, save the man himself, knew how grievous a curse this was; for, even in the gaining, he did not prize that which he won. He had no struggles worthy of the name, perhaps they lay behind him in a forgotten past; perhaps he had grown strong enough for life to suffer him to meet the terrible ordeal of great good fortune, under which many a brave soul has sustained defeat. He gained riches, and high standing in the eyes of men, and power and influence even in the councils of his king. The king had the instincts of a ruler; a blind power unguided by wisdom or knowledge. His councillor had no desire to rule, but the king, aware of his own needs, laid in his hands a portion of the royal power, because he was clear sighted and without ambition. Because of his intellect and wit and comeliness he was highly esteemed in the social life of the city. He loved a very fair woman whom many desired to win; and he won her love, and they married. When he had won her he found he had ceased in his heart to prize her; nothing was as he had meant it to be. When she died, a wife of but two years, men said ill-fortune had touched him at last; but the chill that fell on his heart when he

kissed the face of the dead was the knowledge that he kissed her for love of what he had hoped and not for what he had lost in her. And he was glad in his soul because she had borne no child; yet she was fair and good, and to him very loving.

At last he grew accustomed to winning all things the city could give him, and caring for none of them. He had ceased to believe in the Gods of his boyhood's worship, but because of the position he held, he followed the outer ceremonies of the temples where the bulk of the citizens worshipped.

One night, having returned from a ceremony held at harvest time, he talked on his housetop with a friend, a silent, steadfast man who loved him. The roar of the city rose to them; he thought it blended with a sound from the smooth grey waters; it was like a distant voice calling him. They were speaking of certain matters then vexing the minds of men; and he spake after his custom, laughingly. His friend answered with a touch of bitterness.

"How you laugh to see us breaking our hearts day by day," he said. "To you life is a merry show."

"And yet," said his host quietly, "I am not idle therein."

"Truly not! But to you no work is hard."

"Nor any light."

"Nor any light! You laugh at all your toils among your friends. Laugh—at what do you not laugh? Well! so the Gods built the world they say—with laughter!"

The other turned and gazed on him earnestly:

"My friend," he said, "verily we have, in my judgment, the gifts of speech and laughter in order that we may be wholly hidden from prying eyes and ears. Laughter, let me bid you note, is man's chief salvation, when he is one of those who can take naught lightly under the sun; but verily and indeed, I perceive he should laugh when none can hear him."

"Why?"

"Because there are few with whom he can safely laugh, lest their minds should be bewildered by his laughter. O my friend, there be those who laugh in the house of mourning, with tears in their eyes, which they stand in the shadows to hide."

"Are *you* then sorrowful?"

"Of late it has been thus with me. I am but as a pawn in my own game."

"I do not understand."

"Nor can I explain it. But I can work the better for it."

"That surprises me."

"Why, look you! my friend, what is it to the player whether the pawn approve his moves or no?"

The other was silent; no one can understand that which has never touched the circle of his life. His host spoke of other matters, while the sounds of the city droned on below; at last he said:

"I suppose you do not believe in the value of what we have done to-night?"

"I do."

"You do? So do I, as a bridle or a spur for the herd. You mean thus, I suppose?"

"Thus. But not thus only."

"Not thus only?"

"Truth *is*," said his friend. "It abides. In what we have done to-night we show that we know this, though we can but grasp a fragment of the veil wherewith it is hidden."

"I believe a fragment of the veritable veil of Truth would content me."

"Would it indeed content you?"

"I think it would."

"Then you may have more than a fragment. If this be worth hearing, listen!"

Then he told his host there were certain men in the city who believed the rites of their worship were a garment clothing a hidden Truth; and they loved this Truth, and sought it diligently; the high priest himself believed as they did, and secretly taught those who craved it knowledge of secrets given to him, which were won from Nature herself.

"If you choose you will gain this knowledge easily," said the speaker with a faint sigh. "You always gain what you desire."

He who spake was a man whose every effort had been thwarted since his boyhood; and now his hair was turning grey. His listener smiled.

"I always gain that for which I strive," he said, "how little

so ever my striving be; someday, doubtless, I shall also gain what I desire."

The next day he sought the high priest, a learned and venerable man, and he joined the band of those who sought truth from his lips. In these matters, as in others, he outstripped the rest in his keen perception. For awhile he seemed to have gained his heart's desire; but the day came when the words of his teacher fell on ears that heard but valued not that to which they listened. This, being an honest man, he told the high priest, who replied: "My son, I have known from the first you would not rest content with that which I offered you."

"I am not lacking in content; such things as I possess I put to their use."

"But you desire something further."

"I know there is something further; and this unknown I shall gain—someday. Till I gain it I shall seek it; with no haste, nor with impatience, but I shall seek."

"Till you find."

"Till I find, my father. In this I have no choice. It is a command."

"From whom?"

"I lay it on myself; yet truly I, on whom it is laid, grow sometimes weary and revolt."

"Son," said the high priest, "during the years this city has stood, a high priest, such as I, has ministered publicly to the many, and taught privately the few. Throughout the ages has there been a line of seers and recluses who have turned from the things of earth, not by strong pressure from within, but because they had known and proved them all to weariness. These have turned even from the knowledge of our learned men, and they have wrested from the Gods themselves the knowledge of the powers that work in the forms men see, and amongst which they live. From one of these have I received the knowledge I have given to you. He dwells alone, near the great whirlwind above the water sweep. Thither have I never come in the body; but, being in trance, I seek him when there is need, or when he calls me by a sign. Thither I will go to-night and tell him of your needs."

That night the high priest wrapped himself in his mantle before the altar and passed into deep trance. Next morning he told his pupil he was to leave the haunts of men, to learn for himself the secrets of the Gods. The man's heart filled with triumph, and he said joyfully to himself:

"Now I shall know! Of myself I shall know. To me Nature will tell the secrets I have till now heard by hearsay."

When the sun set he entered a little white boat and rowed down the lake, knowing not how he should reach the recluse, or how escape the current; but since the city had nothing left to give him, he was ready to risk his body for the sake of a possible further knowledge.

When it was dark he was out of sight of land, alone between sky and water. When the dawn came he was still rowing slowly and steadily down the lake. At length he began to feel the pull of the current; at first it was very slight, so that he might have resisted it; but, howsoever he might alter his course, it never slacked; it was a gentle, increasing pull. At last he shipped the oars, and let the stream carry him, guiding his course by the rudder very carefully, but making no further effort. The current grew stronger; the speed of the boat increased. The lake was growing narrow; he could hear the shriek of the whirlwind above the water sweep. He shut his eyes, and let the stream bear him on; it seemed to him that he went, not to wisdom but to death; he mused whether the high priest was right when he affirmed death meant keener life for those who passed through its gates. He opened his eyes, and lo! those gates seemed to be open before him.

Out of the lake rose a tower, a crumbling mass of stonework; it seemed to rise sheer out of the water. It was not until he was near that he saw it was built on a rock, flush with the water's surface, so that the waves washed the walls. He saw an open doorway near the summit of the tower, to which ran rough stone steps; the lower steps near the water were hidden by a wall that hid a little courtyard, the floor whereof was the water of the lake. It was a tiny harbour, wherein was no peace, but a whirlpool of waters that raged and twisted in that narrow space, and flung their spray on the steps; for the fierce current, checked

by the tower and the walls, swirled madly and dashed itself against the old grey stones.

The water swept through a narrow gateless doorway, which had on either side tall stone pillars with lions carven on their summits; long dry wreaths of grey moss clung about the tower; from behind it there came a pale glimmer of light, other than the moon-gleam.

He was bearing straight down on the tower, the speed was terrific, the little boat flew; soon he would crash against the wall. His oars were useless, but he had the rudder; he turned the course of the little boat a hair's-breadth, so that it swept through the narrow gateway, against the stones of which the water stood out like a frill from the force of its sweep. Straight in he went, and as he passed the gate he sprang swiftly to his feet and leaped clear of the flying boat; he landed, half stunned, on the stairway as the boat crashed and splintered on the lowest step.

He rose after awhile and climbed the stairway to the open door; he stood on the little stone platform without, and looked at the way he had come; a great clear sheet of water, at the head of which lay the city and the life he knew, and beyond that the hills of his boyhood.

Fragments of wood swung in the little whirlpool below; his boat was broken. For good or ill, for joy or sorrow, he was here till death; he could never return to his past life; between him and it lay the sweep of the current that drew to the water-way. The tower was quiet, though he heard the distant shrieking of the wind. No wind stirred the wreaths of lichen moss that clung to the old stones. He gave the little sigh a man may sometimes give when an unvalued past has gone beyond his power to recall it; then he went into the tower.

He saw a little winding staircase and groped down it; at the bottom was a space of rock, and a great stone set up like a screen. He stepped round this rock-screen and was in a little room with an unglazed window looking on the lake, and an open doorway leading to another room. Through this he passed and found a cell with a floor of rock; the cell had walls on three sides, but the fourth, facing him, was open to the air and water.

Three or four carven steps led down straight into the deep waters of the lake. From those steps the eye could see the shining gyrating fire mist that hid the lip of the water sweep; and the ear could hear the cry of the wind that drove the gleaming cloud; all the powers of Nature seemed to have risen up to do battle at the entrance of the great stream.

In the cell sat a man, his back leaning against the wall; he was entranced, and neither saw nor heard the entry of the new comer. Therefore the man who had come through such peril withdrew to the inner room, and there mused patiently till dawn. As the sun rose he heard a voice greet him; and, turning, he beheld the recluse, who spake courteously, making him welcome, and bidding him abide there in peace if he desired to know rather than to believe. For he said:

"Men seek: first sensation, then belief, then knowledge, and lastly—Memory."

"I desire Wisdom, O my father."

"My son," replied the seer, "in perfect Memory is perfect Wisdom."

His pupil forbore to ask his meaning but applied himself zealously to his new method of life. For many a month he dwelt in the tower, speaking with the recluse every seventh day, when he unfolded to him that which he had learned in the depths of his own soul, and that which had come to him, in wondrous wise, from without. Through the days and through the nights he heard the soft rush of the water by the tower, and the shriek of the distant wind.

Sometimes he lost all knowledge of the things he had held to be real; he neither saw nor heard them; his soul leaped within him like a bird dashing against the bars of her cage. He beheld and spoke with the Gods, and saw the Spirits of the lake and of the mist sweep past him shining wondrously. As he mused he heard voices and music from the Land of Marvellous Night, and talked with the Mother of All Tales herself; he heard the hymning of the Light that should come, and of the Darkness that endures for ever and ever. He was filled full with knowledge and his mind grew clear and still and calm as the great lake.

One day at dawn the great recluse stood beside him and spake thus:

"The hour has come," he said, "when all the knowledge I possess is thine; since thou hast proved apt, to thee is given the guardage and instruction of the city, while I depart where I have long been fain to go, namely, to the Land of Perfect Remembrance. The task I leave thee is more weary than thou knowest, yet wilt thou hold it as I have held it."

"O my father, shall I not swear to keep it to the end, even as you have kept it?"

The recluse shook his head; and his pupil, despite his greatness and his knowledge, was wounded. He said:

"Now I perceive you fear my weakness, lest I should swear and break my oath."

"Son, who is even as myself," replied the seer, "I will not bind thee with an oath, less because I fear thy weakness than because I trust thy strength; for a weak man bound with cords will not desert his post, and he whose longings bind him will abide where they constrain him to be; a man urged by need will earn his wage; he who is bound by an oath will stay for honour's sake; he who is tied by his will may endure for the fruits of victory; but what of the strength of the man who is bound by his will when weariness is great and victory unprized?"

"I desire no more than to abide here, and serve the city's needs. Do you, O my father, believe that I shall be fain to depart?"

"Son," replied the recluse, as he stood on the steps leading to the lake, while its waters washed his feet, "I hold that thou wilt be fain to depart on the way I go long ere thou sufferest thyself to do so."

Then he blessed his pupil and entered the waters. They bore him into the mist, and he was seen no more. His pupil therefore took the office that had been his; he taught the high priest, and through him the city. And the peoples of the water and the air, and of the sunlit deserts where no man trod, ministered to him, so that he had fruits to eat when his body craved food. After awhile, though he learned of wonders past the pen of the scribe to set down, the joy of knowledge

palled. He sought it only for the city's sake, and for the people who ever craved to hear some new thing. Sometimes the wind sounded in his ears like the shriek of fiends; sometimes the choiring of the people of the Land of Marvellous Night made the tower so full of music that he heard the wind no more. But there came a time when he cared nothing which of the twain he heard. Shortly after this he heard them both as one; and in the wind's shriek he perceived no discord but an ordered harmony sustaining and following the chant of praise.

Now he grew weary of the tower, and the marvels of the world without and the world within alike grew barren to him; yet he bore them willingly. Then they ceased to be barren, but became fruitful and of great blessedness, and thereupon his thoughts turned to the Land of Perfect Remembrance and became fixed thereon, whatsoever he did. In this great steadfastness and obedience to his own will he abided during many years, and taught the high priest such matters as the people needed.

One day, they say, he saw a little boat that swept down the lake and therein a young man; four boats he had seen sweep down the current thus, to be broken on the tower; but this, the fifth, swept through the gateway, and the man within it leaped out and greeted him as his teacher.

Thereafter, it is said, he who had dwelt there so long entered the swift current that carried him into the mist, whither no eye could follow him; but he who tarried was well assured he went to gain the desire which had been in his heart when he descended singing from the hills to the city, a desire wherein all the longings of men are found, and have alike their source and anchorage.

MICHAEL WOOD.

TRUTH, which is inexpressible except by means of myth and allegory, is like water, which can be carried about only in vessels; a philosopher who insists upon obtaining it pure, is like a man who breaks the jug in order to get the water by itself.—LANDON.

SOME THOUGHTS ON VICARIOUS SUFFERING

In the lives of various Catholic Saints incidents are recorded exhibiting the fact that suffering can be transferred from one person to another by a strong act of will—in other words, that vicarious suffering is a truth, a fact in nature, or, as some might say, a supernatural event. Not only are these events well attested in history after being subjected to the searching scrutiny of the Congregation of Rites, but amongst living Catholics, and especially in convents, instances are not unknown of one life being offered for another, though these are seldom spoken about. Two or three of recent occurrence, are, however, well known in Roman circles. When a few years back, the doctors had pronounced a surgical operation necessary to save the life of Leo XIII., though at some risk on account of his great age, a young nun in a Roman convent asked to be allowed to offer her life for that of the Holy Father. The sacrifice was accepted; the nun died and the Pope came safely through.

Another instance. In the much-admired work of Mme. Augustus Craven, *Le Récit d'une Sœur*, the authoress relates a similar case in her own family. Young Mme. de la Ferronays, then a widow, had been for some years a friend of the famous and saintly Père de Ravignan. He became seriously ill and his life was in danger. She offered herself a sacrifice for him, his life being, as she said, of so much greater value than hers. She died of rapid consumption and the Père de Ravignan recovered. The family of de la Ferronays is of European reputation, and the work of Mme. Craven (herself a daughter of that house) was "couronné par l'Académie," the facts narrated hence receiving a certain official endorsement.

Now what is the meaning of these not by any means isolated

facts? Is there on the earth-plane only a limited supply of life-force (*prâṇa*), so that in order to increase it in one place it must be withdrawn from some other? This might solve the question of a life for a life, but it assumes another complexion when the transfer is that of suffering, and also of merit, from one body or soul to another. And this transfer is of far more common occurrence than is known generally to the Protestant world. Not only is it the work of a whole Order, the "Helpers of the Holy Souls in Purgatory," but numerous pious individuals devote the proceeds, so to speak, of all their works of charity and penance to this end, especially on behalf of those they love, and take in exchange their sufferings upon themselves. The existence of this widely-diffused belief and practice in the Catholic Church points, in the mind of the present writer, to an easier acceptance of the great mystery of the Atonement by the Passion and Death of Christ, as taught in the Christian Church, from S. Paul's Epistles downwards. It would be a slur on the knowledge of our readers and of their acquaintance with the Scriptures to cite the texts which prove that this belief was taught by the Apostle of the Gentiles, commonly held by Theosophists to have been an Initiate. I may, perhaps, just mention that they abound especially in the Epistles to the Romans (v. and vi.), Galatians and Ephesians. "Christ suffered for our sins," "He was made sin for us," "we are saved by His blood," and so on, in every variety of expression.

A great deal of light on this mystery has been shed on the mind of the writer by the perusal of two books—*The Life and Visions of Anne Catherine Emmerich*, who died in 1824, and the *Life of St. Lydwine of Schiedam*, only to be had in French at present, which has been re-written from a number of contemporary sources (Thomas à Kempis being one) by M. Huysmans, author of those remarkable works, *En Route* and *La Cathédrale*.* The life of Lydwine has many points of resemblance with that of Anne Catherine, whom Huysmans calls her *héritière*, and who lived four hundred years later.

Lydwine was the child of poor Dutch parents, and was up to the age of fifteen a bright, healthy girl, and had at that time

* Huysmans (J. R.) *Sainte Lydwine de Schiedam.* Paris; 1901.

many suitors, one of whom her father desired her to accept. She showed herself, however, quite averse to marriage and expressed her intention of entering a convent. Her mother prevailed with the father to let Lydwine follow her own inclination, but this was over-ruled from a higher source. She was attacked by a mysterious illness, which no medical skill seemed able to combat. At length her parents procured a consultation with Godfried de Haga, a physician of great repute from Delft, who seems also to have been a man of much spiritual insight and an occultist. The biographer claims that Godfried's ideas agreed with those of Paracelsus, as expressed in the following proposition: "every malady is an expiation, and until God considers it complete, no doctor can arrest its course; the doctor can only cure when the means he employs are coincident with the completion of the expiation designed by our Lord." After due examination of the patient, de Haga declared that nothing could be done, that the hand of God was upon her, that many wonders would be wrought by her, and that he only wished she were his own child. He would not even prescribe a single remedy. The local doctors were more confident and tried many experiments upon her, but in vain. Lydwine, who had lost nearly all her flesh and could not move from her couch, became a mass of hideous sores, too revolting to describe. She suffered the most frightful agonies, which lasted, in varying degrees, but without intermission, for thirty-eight years, that is until her death at the age of fifty-three. It is distinctly stated that Lydwine's malady was not leprosy, though common enough in the fourteenth century; and of this we may be assured because the laws of isolation for that disease were very strict in the Low Countries and were rigidly put in force. One mark of the supernatural character of Lydwine's malady was, says her biographer, that though with these sores putrefaction was constantly going on, only the most exquisite fragrance was exhaled from them, in short, they had the "odour of sanctity."

Four years elapsed before Lydwine could do aught but complain of her sufferings, and the parish priest, her confessor, was of no help to her; indeed, he only aggravated them by his indifference. She spent her days and her sleepless nights in weeping

and lamenting ; she could take scarcely any food ; she was bese by curiosity-mongers from near and far ; her soul was in darkness, and she believed herself condemned to everlasting torments. At last the light came. A priest named Jan Pot came to visit her, and his ministrations changed the current of her thoughts. He pointed out that her sufferings were a grace and could be turned into a mission to mankind. Among other remarkable words, he uttered the following : " You suffer because you are not willing to suffer ; meditate on the Passion of Christ, unite your sufferings with His, and offer them for the expiation of the sins of others." He further explained to her, in his numerous visits, the law of the solidarity of evil and of its reversibility to good, by the occult chemistry of prayer ; how we are associates in one another's guilt, and that, as children of the human family, our merits are also transferable. How Christ took upon Him the sins of the world, and suffered the penalty that might otherwise have destroyed mankind, and how His merits, and those of His true followers superadded, form a common fund in which all can share. This is the meaning attached by the Catholic Church to the doctrine of the Communion of Saints, and not that ascribed to it by some other Churches, as the power of holding commune with them. Here also we touch upon the true meaning of Indulgences, that unfortunate word which is so much misunderstood and has given rise to so much scandal. But the subject is too large to enter upon here.

After the visits of Jan Pot, Lydwine entered on a new path, in which she continued till the end of her life. Though she never left her couch, she performed marvellous cures, sometimes by the touch, sometimes by transferring the ailments of others to herself, suffering the pain from which they were instantly relieved. She became clairvoyante ; persons of distinction came to consult her on difficult spiritual questions, to the exclusion of the parish priest, who found himself at a discount. Lydwine also, like Catherine Emmerich, became a traveller on the earth and astral planes, under the guidance of her guardian angel, leaving behind her the physical body, which became like a corpse ; Huysmans even uses the term " her fleshy sheath " (*sa gaîne charnelle*). He further says that her descriptions of the purgatorial and heavenly regions were conformable to the beliefs of her time.

But it is not to relate marvels which are after all analogous to the experiences of some amongst us that this paper is written. It is rather to point out the correspondence, as of small things with great, that seems to exist between the law of suffering under which the whole creation groaneth and travaileth, and that supreme sacrifice of the Son of God, a travestied belief in which pervades so many of the Christian sects, but whose true interpretation seems not yet to have been arrived at. And yet this is the mighty factor which differentiates Christianity from other religions, however pure and lofty their morality, however noble the lives of their founders and followers. The removal of suffering was not to be gained by preaching a new system of ethics, which some modern writers tell us is only a re-hash of old ones. It was to be transformed by a regenerative force, radiating from the person of Christ Himself, through His apostles and their successors from generation to generation to the end of time, by means of the Sacraments, and because He gave His life, not for a cause as ordinarily understood, but as an expiatory Victim for the sins of the whole world. Theosophy would say, He took up the accumulated karma of the world, and by His example made it possible for others to aid in His work.

Of course, this doctrine is one of the most mysterious and best challenged beliefs of the Christian Church, what Huysmans calls "*la substitution mystique*." Some of the leaders of the "Newer Dispensation," under which title the writer of an article in the November *Contemporary Review* sums up various modern spiritual movements, consider that suffering has no right to exist, and that it should be destroyed by denial and replaced by happiness. We all probably agree in this, but then—how are you going to get your happiness? Not surely by denying facts. The karma of evil must be worked off somehow. Until the world is in a much better condition than it is now, there must be scapegoats and much carting away of festering rubbish, much cremation of dangerous remains. Open-air treatment on all planes, both of matter and thought, will do much, but until we know more of the higher Alchemy by which to convert evil into good, there seems nothing for it but to accept suffering both for ourselves and for others.

In the meantime we may seek for the transmutation so much to be desired, some hints for which are already perceptible in the analogies of physical nature.

E. KISLINGBURY.

THAT JACK-RABBIT!

As I turned over the leaves of last September's number of the REVIEW, which was put into my hands the other day by a Theosophical friend, my eye lighted on the following paragraphs in an article entitled "A Voice from the Kingdom," by "K. W."

"My other nightmare was more abstruse. I was in another and a new world, amongst kind but stranger people, who lived in a state of infinite terror. At any time IT might appear; IT might come at any moment. What IT might be could not be communicated, but I was told that when IT came my only safety from an indescribable fate lay in throwing myself face downwards on the ground, and so remaining until IT had gone away. And, right away, IT came, and, quite unable to throw myself on the ground, I remained gazing with the serpent fascination at a creature which appeared like a great jack-rabbit walking on its hind legs. I was conscious that all around were people flat on their faces, and with the gaze of the monster being turned slowly upon me I always awoke in a cold perspiration, rigid, and unable to cry out.

"But the strange part of the story is that, a quarter of a century, or more, after that dream had become a memory, I saw one evening the picture of my childhood's terror thrown on to the great white sheet by the light of the stereoscopic lantern, under the title of the Serpent God of the Ancient Aztecs!"

So "K. W." has, all the time, been a fellow-worshipper with me of a god I hitherto thought to be my exclusive property! Well do I remember that "nightmare," at once the dread, the mystery, and the fascination of my earliest childhood. Unlike "K. W." I was not, as far as I remember, in a new world among

strange people, when the Jack-Rabbit appeared, but the performance took place, as many of my psychical experiences seem to do still at the present day, just at the waking moment; so much on the border-line that divides this from other worlds, that I cannot say exactly where they take place. My body is not awake, because it wakes up afterwards; yet I seem to be conscious of my bed-room and its contents, using other than strictly physical senses; and I may say, by the way, that one discovers, when one is in this state, that a Briton's bed-room is anything but his castle.

Be this as it may, the Jack-Rabbit performance, while appearing to take place in my bed-room, always occurred just when I was on the waking-point. I became aware, exactly like "K. W.," that an unknown IT was about to appear, and that the only way to avoid the danger was to hide one's face in one's pillow, or, preferably, in one's bed-clothes. It is interesting to notice, in this connection, how "K. W." interprets this hiding of the face. She seems to hint that it was an act of propitiatory worship or something of the sort. I was certainly not definitely conscious, as a child, of this element in the business, and remember nothing but a kind of indescribably apprehensive expectation of something to come. Another characteristic of my version of the "nightmare" was an intense belief that the unknown IT would abide, as far as ITS lights led IT to do so, within the ordinary limits of fair-play. The understanding was that some warning would be given (a bell was always rung, if I remember rightly) and IT was not allowed to make ITS appearance until this warning had been given. Then, according to the rules of the game, IT was allowed to appear without further delay, though I had a general impression that IT would not do so for a minute or two after the warning-signal. The point of the "nightmare" consisted in the fact that the signal was given very suddenly and unexpectedly, and was followed by the immediate coming of the god, with a sound as of a rushing, mighty wind which filled all the place where I was lying.

So I saw the Jack-Rabbit (for that, as "K." says, is perhaps as near a description of the monster as one could give to the uninitiated), as, arriving on the wings of the whirlwind, he glided

from the window towards me in an upright position, taking a mean advantage of the fact that my nurse was at supper downstairs, to remind me in his own feeble, elementary, jack-rabbit way, that the life I was about to live was not the first I had lived on this earth, and was not therefore very likely to be the last, but that I had worshipped him long ago in Aztec-land, to which, if I understand "K. W." rightly, the demon must have paid periodical flying visits, deriving a certain amount of demonic delight from surveying his prostrate worshippers. It seems that "K. W." was so brave in those old Aztec-days, that she always looked up at the Jack-Rabbit. Courage must have been "K. W.'s" chief characteristic. *I* should never have dared to look up, but I was always *late in hiding my head*, and, taking all things into account, I think this to have been a very possible occurrence. However, we both saw the god face to face, and still live, which, after all, is the chief consideration.

I remember, when I was staying in a German university-town four or five years ago, having a conversation with a young Irishman who was studying philosophy there. I asked him, among other questions, what philosophers were most in favour in Germany, and, generally speaking, what trend philosophy was taking in the country. His answer struck me very much at the time, and it has by no means lost weight for me since my attention has been turned of late towards the Theosophical Movement.

"Oh," he said, "we don't bother so much about the relation of Mind and Matter as we used to, it is rather the Study of Comparative Religion which is beginning to take precedence of every thing else."

The study of Comparative Religion ! Yes, but I shall never forget the uncanny feeling which crept over me when I was present for the first time at the Catholic ceremony, which is called, if I am not mistaken, the Elevation of the Host, and I heard the bell rung which announces to Catholics the coming or presence of their God. While I should not care to say that I was consciously aware, at the moment, of the kinship of a child-dream (which I had probably for the time forgotten) with the ceremony I was witnessing, it is true that I know now that I felt a similar thrill (though an unbeliever) of intense superstitious, I

cannot call it religious, excitement. I saw the hurriedly bowed head and heard the swiftly muttered prayer. And that is why I have very little doubt that "K. W.'s" explanation of the Jack-Rabbit phenomenon may be the correct one. Though I do not think I entered a Catholic Church till late boyhood, I do not ever remember feeling that this ceremony was anything but most weirdly familiar to me.

Who, again, is there who has read the well-known sixth book of the Aeneid of Virgil, who does not recognise that there is something more than a mere parallelism between the vivid account there given of the inspiration of the Sibyl by Apollo and the "entrancing" of a "medium" at a modern spiritualistic séance? "The god, behold the god!" The Sibyl becomes entranced in quite the modern manner, her face, her colour changes, her hair becomes disordered; she gasps, her breast heaves, her heart palpitates, her form increases in size, her voice changes in tone, as the god comes on. She calls upon Aeneas to offer prayer. A cold shudder runs through the Trojans' sturdy frames, and their king pours forth prayers from the bottom of his heart.

Deus ecce deus! Cui talia fanti
Ante fores subito non voltus, non color unus,
Non comptae mansere comae; set pectus anhelum,
Et rabie fera corda tument; majorque videri,
Nec mortale sonans, adflata est numine quando
Jam propiore dei. "Cessas in vota precesque
Tros," ait, "Aenea, cessas?"

There is, by the way, a curious recollection of Virgil's account of the inspiration of the Sibyl by Apollo to be found in the *In Memoriam*. Tennyson there tells us what happened to his friend, Arthur Hallam, when he got "worked up" at a College "debate." Hallam, too, like the Sibyl, seems to have been inspired by the Archer-God. The italics in the following quotation are my own.

And last, *the master-bowman, he*
Would cleave the mark. A willing ear
We lent him. Who, but hung to hear
The rapt oration flowing free
From point to point, with power and grace

And music in the bounds of law,
To those conclusions when we saw
The god within him light his face,
And seem to lift the form. . . .

Now, in these "fading days," in which we like to whittle down our religion into a mere picturesque setting for morality, it is something to have felt the power and presence of a god. If we have felt them even in this life, in our low, limited way, time and again, in dreaming "dreams," in listening to poetry, or music, or to an impassioned speech; in reading an account of the Passover, or of the Coming of Apollo, or of the Day of Pentecost; on being present at the Elevation of the Host, or at a Protestant Benediction; and last, but by no means least, in taking anæsthetics (where the moral element always varies in each case, but the one permanent abiding characteristic is presence and power); it is partly, at least, because our attention has been temporarily raised above the strictly physical aspects of our existence. When our attention shall have been more than temporarily raised above them, *viz.*, by the shedding of the body, and we roll down that inclined plane of which Tolstoi has told us, "full of rosy expectations," and all the objects round us seem to throb and vibrate, till, as they fly faster and faster and faster, and we think we can bear it no longer, a new world breaks in on our astonished vision, a world more in harmony with the increased pace at which we are living, then shall we find in ourselves something of this presence and power which formerly we attributed only to the gods.

ROBERT CALIGNOC.

THERE is an unconscious propriety in the way in which, in all European languages, the word person is commonly used to denote a human being. The real meaning of persona is a mask, such as actors were accustomed to wear on the ancient stage; it is quite true that no one shows himself as he is, but wears his mask and plays his part. Indeed, the whole of our social arrangements may be likened to a perpetual comedy; and this is why a man who is worth anything finds society so insipid, while a blockhead is quite at home in it.—SCHOPENHAUER.

THE EVOLUTION OF CONSCIOUSNESS

(CONTINUED FROM p. 227)

CONSCIOUSNESS AND SELF-CONSCIOUSNESS

FOR an immense period of time—throughout the later vegetable and the animal evolution, and throughout the evolution of normal humanity up to the present time—the astral, or desire, sheath is, as we have seen, subordinate to the physical so far as the workings of Consciousness are concerned. We have now to trace the unfolding of the Consciousness, of the Life becoming aware of its surroundings. While the nervous system is truly said to be created from the astral plane, it is none the less created for the expression of Consciousness on the physical plane, and for its effective working thereon. It is there that Consciousness is first to become Self-Consciousness.

When the vibrations of the outer world play on the physical sheath of the infolded infant Self, they at first cause responsive thrills within that Self, a dawning Consciousness within itself, a feeling, unrelated by that Self to anything outside though caused by impacts from outside. It is a change outside the enveloping film of the Self clothed in envelopes of denser matter, which outside change causes a change within that envelope, and this change causes an act of Consciousness—consciousness of change, of a changed condition. It may be an attraction, a drawing towards, exerted by an external object over the sheaths, reaching to the envelope of the Self, causing a slight expansion in the envelope, following an expansion in the sheaths, towards the attractive object, and this expansion is a change of condition, and causes a feeling, an act of Consciousness. Or it may be a repulsion, a driving away, again exerted by an external object against the sheaths, reaching to the envelope of the Self, causing a slight shrinking in the envelope, following the shrinking away of the

sheaths from the repellent object, and this shrinking is also a change of condition, and causes a feeling, an act of Consciousness.

When we examine the conditions of the enveloping sheaths under an attraction and a repulsion, we find they are entirely different. When the impact of an external object causes a rhythmical vibration in these envelopes—that is, when their materials are made to arrange themselves in undulating regular lines of rarefaction and densification—this arrangement of the enclosing matter permits an interchange of life between the two objects that have come into contact, and in proportion to the correspondence of the rarefactions and densifications in the two is the fulness of the interchange. This interchange, this partial union of two separated Lives through the separating sheaths of matter, is "pleasure," and the going out of the Lives towards each other is "attraction"; however complicated pleasure may become, herein lies its essence; it is a sense of "moreness," of increased, expanded life. The more fully developed the Life, the greater the pleasure in the realisation of this moreness, in the expansion into the other Life, and each of the Lives thus uniting gains the moreness by union with the other. As rhythmical vibrations and corresponding rarefactions and densifications make this interchange of life possible, it is truly said that "harmonious vibrations are pleasurable." When, on the contrary, the impact of an external object causes a jangle of vibrations in the envelopes of the impacted object—that is, when the materials are made to arrange themselves irregularly, moving in conflicting directions, striking themselves against each other—the contained Life is shut in, isolated, its normal outflowing rays are checked, intercepted, even turned back on themselves. This check to normal action is "pain," increasing with the energy of the in-driving, and the result of the driving-in process is "repulsion." Here, also, the more fully developed the Life, the greater the pain in this violent reversal of its normal action, and in the sense of frustration that accompanies the reversal. Hence, again, "inharmonious vibrations are painful."

To return from this brief digression into the state of the envelopes to the germ of Consciousness itself, we shall find it

important to notice that there is herein no "awareness" of an external object, no such awareness as is ordinarily conveyed by the use of the word. Consciousness, as yet, knows nothing of an outer and an inner, of an object and a subject; the divine germ is now becoming conscious. It becomes Consciousness with this *change* of conditions, with this movement in the sheaths, this expanding and contracting, for Consciousness exists only in, and by, change. Here, then, for the separated divine germ is the birth of Consciousness; it is born of change, of motion; where and when this first change occurs, there Consciousness, for that separated germ, is born.

The mere clothing of this germ with successive envelopes of matter on successive planes gives rise to these first vague changes within the germ that are the birthing of Consciousness; and none may count the ages which roll on as these changes become more defined, and as the envelopes become more definitely shaped by the ceaseless impacts from without and the no less ceaseless responsive thrillings from within. The state of Consciousness at this stage can only be described as one of "feeling," feeling becoming slowly more and more definite, and assuming two phases, pleasure and pain—pleasure with expansion, pain with contraction. And, be it noted, this primary state of Consciousness does not manifest the three well-known aspects of Will, Wisdom, and Activity, even in the most germinal stage; "feeling" precedes these, and belongs to Consciousness as a whole, though in later stages of evolution it shows itself so much in connection with the Will-Desire aspect as to become almost identified with it; in the plural, as feelings, indeed, it belongs to that aspect, which is the first to arise as a differentiation within Consciousness.

As the states of pleasure and pain become more definitely established in Consciousness, they give rise to another; with the fading away of pleasure there is a continuance of the attraction in Consciousness, and this becomes a dim groping after it, a vague following of the vanishing feeling, a movement—too indefinite to be called an effort—to hold it, to retain it; similarly with the fading away of pain there is a continuance of the repulsion in Consciousness, and this becomes an equally vague

movement to push it away. These states give birth to Desire, the first differentiated aspect in Consciousness—Desire to continue, or to experience again, the pleasure; Desire to avoid the pain. And here it should be noted that this arising of Desire as an aspect of Consciousness faintly marks off the two remaining aspects, memory of past pleasure and pain indicating the germination of Thought, and this stimulating the germ of Activity. Thus Consciousness is differentiated into its three aspects from its primary unity of Feeling, repeating in miniature the kosmic process in which the triple Divinity ever arises from the One Existence. The Hermetic axiom is here, as always, exemplified: "As above, so below."

Desire, thus germinated, gropes after pleasure, not, as yet, after the pleasure-giving object, for Consciousness is as yet limited within its own kingdom, is conscious only in the within, is conscious only of changes in that within. It has not yet turned its attention outwards, is not yet conscious even that there is an outwards. Meanwhile that outwards of which it is not aware is continually hammering at its vehicles, and most vehemently at its physical vehicle, the vehicle most easily affected from outside, and with most difficulty from within. Gradually the persistent and violent shocks from outside draw its attention in their direction; their irregularity, their unexpectedness, their constant assaults, their unrelatedness to its slow, groping movements, their appearances and disappearances, are in opposition to its dim sense of regularity, continuity, of being always there, of slow surges of change rising and falling within what is not yet to it "himself"; there is a consciousness of *difference*, and this grows into a sense of a something that remains within a changing hurly-burly, a sense of a within and a without. And this arises necessarily at the points of contact between the continuing Consciousness and the changing hurly-burly, that is in its physical vehicle, its physical body. Herein is slowly established the "I," and with the establishment of this "I" comes the establishment also of "others." He becomes conscious of things outside himself instead of being conscious only of changes in himself.

This process of perceiving objects is a complex one. It must be remembered that objects contact the body in various ways,

and the body receives some of their vibrations by the parts differentiated to receive such vibrations. The eye, the ear, the skin, the tongue, the nose, receive various vibratory waves, and certain cells in the organs affected vibrate similarly in response. The waves set up pass to the sense-centres in the brain, and thence to the knowledge-senses in the astral sheath; there they are transmuted into colour, outline, sound, form, taste, smell, etc., and are sent on, still as separate waves, to the mental sheath, and are herein combined into a single image, unified into a single perception of an object. This blending of the various streams of waves into one, this synthesis of sensations, is a specialty of the mind. Hence, in Indian psychology, the mind is often called "the sixth sense," "the senses of which mind is the sixth."* When we consider the five organs of action in relation to the mind, we find a reverse process going on; the mind pictures a certain act as a whole, and sends down a wave to the motor senses in the astral sheaths, and they break it up, analyse it, into its constituent parts, sending on to the motor centres in the brain these separated waves; the motor centres distribute these waves through the nervous system to the various muscles that must co-operate to produce the action. Regarded in this double relation the mind becomes the eleventh sense, "the ten senses and the one."†

With the change of Consciousness into Self-Consciousness comes the recognition of a difference which later, in the more evolved Self-Consciousness, becomes the difference between the objective or "real"—in the ordinary western sense of the word—and the subjective or "unreal," and "imaginary." To the jelly-fish, the sea-anemone, the hydra, waves and currents, sunshine and blast, food and sand touching the periphery or the tentacles, are not "real," are registered only as changes in Consciousness, as in truth they are also to the body of the human infant; I say registered, not recognised, since no mental observation, analysis, and judgment are possible in the lower stages of evolution. These creatures are not yet sufficiently "themselves" to be conscious of "others," and they only feel changes as occurring within the circle of their own ill-defined consciousness. The external world

* *Bhagavad-Gîtâ*, xv. 7. † *Ibid.*, xiii. 5.

grows into "reality" as the Consciousness, separating itself from it, realises its own separateness, changes from a vague "I *am*" into a definite "*I* am."

As this self-conscious "I" gradually gains in clearness of self-identification, of separateness, and distinguishes between changes within himself and the impact of external objects, he is ready to take the next step, of relating the changes within himself to the varying impacts from outside. Then follows the development of Desire for pleasure into definite desires for pleasure-giving objects, followed by thoughts as to how to obtain them; these lead to efforts to move after them when in sight, to search for them when absent, and the consequent slow evolution of the outer vehicle into a body well-organised for movement, for pursuit, for capture. The desire for the absent, the search, the success or failure, all impress on the developing Consciousness the difference between his desires and thoughts, of which he is, or can be, always conscious, and the external objects which come and go without any reference to himself, and with disconcerting irrelevance to his feelings. He distinguishes these as "real," as having an existence which he does not control, and which affects him without any regard to his likings or objections. And this sense of "reality" is first established in the physical world, as being the one in which these contacts between the "I" and the "others" are first recognised by Consciousness. Self-Consciousness begins its evolution in and through the physical body, and has its earliest centre in the brain.

The normal man, at the present stage of evolution, still identifies himself with this brain-centre of Self-Consciousness, and is hence restricted to the waking, or physical plane Consciousness, knowing himself as "I," distinctly and consecutively, only on the physical plane, that is, in the waking state. On this plane he is definitely self-conscious, distinguishing between himself and the outer world without hesitation; hence on this plane, and on this plane only, external things are to him "real," "objective," "outside himself."

On other planes, the astral and the mental, he is, as yet, conscious but not self-conscious; he recognises changes within himself, but does not yet distinguish between the self-initiated

changes and those caused by impacts from without on his astral and mental vehicles. To him they are all alike changes within himself. Hence all phenomena of Consciousness occurring on super-physical planes—planes on which Self-Consciousness is not yet definitely established—the normal, average man calls "unreal," "subjective," "inside himself," just as the jelly-fish, if he were a philosopher, would designate the phenomena of the physical plane. He regards astral or mental phenomena as the results of his "imagination," *i.e.*, as forms of his own creating, and not as the results of impacts upon his astral or mental vehicle from external worlds, subtler but as "real" and "objective" as the external physical world. That is, he is not yet sufficiently evolved to have reached self-realisation on those planes, and thus to have become capable of objectivising there the external worlds. He is only conscious there of the changes in himself, the changes in Consciousness, and the external world is consequently to him merely the play of his own desires and thoughts. He is, in fact, an infant on the astral and mental planes.

ANNIE BESANT.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

IT is as true that real happiness is good, as that the good become better under the purification of trial. Those who have not suffered are still wanting in depth, but a man who has not got happiness cannot impart it. We can only give what we have. Happiness, grief, gaiety, sadness, are by nature contagious. Bring your health and your strength to the weak and sickly, and so you will be of use to them. Give them, not your weakness but your energy—so you will revive and lift them up. Life alone can rekindle life. What others claim from us is not our thirst and our hunger, but our bread and our gourd.—AMIEL's *Journal*, p. 163.

THE FRUIT OF DREAMS

The impression made upon one's waking consciousness by incidents of a tragic nature may, or may not, prove more lasting than those resulting from merely humorous ones; but it will, at least, be generally admitted that a consistently funny *dream* is rare—a premise that may serve as an excuse for the following true record.

One night, some while since, I had a singularly vivid dream. I thought that I was dining out—an abnormal feature, to start with—and that a certain Mr. Pringsley was repeatedly mentioned. One of the party persisted, however, in calling him *Kingsley*.

"You could not tell us, I suppose," said some one, "where Charles Kingsley is now?"

"Oh! yes," was the reply: "he has gone to Westmeston."

"I think not," rejoined the other, "or we should have ——," indicating our host, "also going to Westmeston."

"A friend of Kingsley," he went on, "once sent him a fruit tree. Meeting his gardener soon afterwards Kingsley asked him what sort of a tree it was. 'Sir,' replied the man gravely, 'it's a napple tree.'

"Kingsley was the last person to laugh maliciously at any one, least of all at an old dependent; but here the temptation to take a rise out of his gardener was too much for him.

"'Ah;' he remarked, with equal gravity; 'now I know why I have felt so drowsy lately.' The gardener did *not* know, and looked as though he would gladly find out; but, catching a twinkle in the Rector's eye, thought better of it, and moved away."

That, in substance, was the dream; and its surprising coherence—to say nothing of any resemblance it may bear to Kingsley's manners and methods—induced me to rise in the small hours of a cold winter's night for the purpose of writing it

down in its pristine freshness. I certainly had neither read this story, nor heard it related.

The "stuff whereof dreams are made" is not a tangible commodity; nor do dreams yield their secret "upon compulsion;" but that their economy is not past finding out may be taken for granted—if only one knew how to set about making the discovery.

A modern hypothesis assumes that just as the formed protoplasm of which the human frame is built up, is supplied, to a large extent, by the formed protoplasm of the lower organisms of the vegetable world, so the mind structures of the human subject are similarly refreshed and edified by mental fabrics that have previously been separated, by death, from other forms of animal existence.

Does my dream, then, represent a revival of some actual incident, registered, so to say, by a living consciousness other than mine, some portion of which has in the natural course of events fallen to my unconscious share?

Are dreams, in short, a species of phonography, comprising scattered, haphazard impressions made at unknown intervals, entirely apart from the (supposed) individuality of a given "dreamer of dreams"?

"RHABDOS."

ALMOST always he saw the course of the Universe slowly spinning down the grooves of Time *in a spiral*, imperceptibly advancing even when it appears to recede. . . . There is no Absolute—all is relative. Or, if an Absolute exist in the region of the infinite, we, by the constitution of our natures, are condemned to perceive only the relative. . . . The progress of the Universe is, perchance, the long and painful advent of the unborn God.—*The Life of Renan*, MME. DARMESTETER.

THE LEGEND OF THE MONK BARSÎS

Believe not in thyself until the day of thy death!—*Pirḳê Âbhôth*, ii. 5.

The Shaikh Barṣîṣ lived upon a mountain. He recited the Qurân, and gave himself up to prayer and pious exercises.

But the Devil was watching him, and wishing to take him away from the mountain, and could not do it.

At last he went and fetched the Mother-of-Mortal-Sin, and said to her:

"Can you manage to get this man away from the mountain?"

"Certainly, I can do it," she answered.

"Good!" said the Devil, "then go up there to him."

So the Mother-of-Mortal-Sin went to the Shaikh Barṣîṣ, and said to him: "O Shaikh, I pray and I turn myself to God in my repentance; I will fast and follow you wherever you wish to send me."

In this way she spent two days in prayer with him.

On the second day she said to him: "Come, let us go out for a little recreation; afterwards we will come back again."

"Just as you like," he answered. So they left the mountain and went down to the town for a little recreation.

The Devil came out to meet them, and whispered in the ear of the Shaikh Barṣîṣ, and caused him to fall into sin.

The next morning the Shaikh was dead.

And the Mother-of-Mortal-Sin went to his mountain and prayed to God until her death.

Moral.

Iblis (Satan) sits at the feet of God's throne and prays;
But Shaikh Barṣîṣ has no fruit from all his former piety.
The Mother-of-Mortal-Sin has been forgiven for what she did to him,
By the miraculous power of the Religion and the Way.

[From the German, *Die Legende vom Mönch Barṣîṣâ*, von Dr. Ign. Goldziher and Dr. C. Graf v. Landberger-Hallberger (1896). A Mohammedan legend; the last word of the Moral is not understood by the translators.]

X^{n-1}.

PROFESSOR LADD'S "THEORY OF REALITY"

THIS book is a refreshing change from the negative and destructive treatises on metaphysical questions with which we so often meet; it will repay study. It is not possible in the space at my disposal to give an adequate account of the series of arguments by means of which the writer establishes his various points. Only a few scattered hints can be given in regard to its main line of thought.

Professor Ladd hails from America—Yale University—where he is professor of philosophy. He first came into prominence as the writer of the *Elements of Physiological Psychology*. But in his later works, *The Philosophy of Knowledge*, *The Philosophy of Mind*, and the one which is the subject of this paper, *A Theory of Reality*, he deals more with the life aspect of mental development than with the form aspect.

In this last book he takes the bold step—for a metaphysician—of incorporating into his system the results garnered from the study (1) of the "plain man's" consciousness and the metaphysical assumptions made by ordinary men in daily life, and (2) of the metaphysical assumptions generally made by scientific men.

He points out that the ordinary man implicitly believes that the objects with which he comes in contact are *real things*, and that this omnipresent and persistent confidence is entitled to some attention. Also that every one of the particular sciences assumes the reality of certain conceptions, and that most people believe in their hearts that these assumptions are justifiable. That which we all believe *in spite of every argument to the contrary*

may after all be true. Logic, in short, does not cover the whole ground on which belief rests.

The Theory of Reality worked out by Professor Ladd is, in brief, anthropomorphic. It really amounts to the theosophic conception that all things are on their way to become man, but he does not express it exactly in that way, though he does confess that his theory is "anthropomorphic."

He says that all objects are real, but they are more or less real according to the amount of *Selfhood* that they possess. Inorganic objects have *some* Selfhood, plants more, animals still more, and men the most of all. Selfhood is Will, Purposeness. We realise the Selfhood, *i.e.*, the reality of things when they interfere with our Will. We do not realise the Selfhood of anything else till we have become conscious of our own Selfhood, and this is a gradual process.

The theory is worked out in great detail, and with very careful analysis and synthesis. Eight chapters are devoted to the discussion of the "categories" in turn, and it is pointed out that:

"Every real thing is an actualisation in an individual way of all the categories. . . . . It is a concrete and harmonious unifying of these categories."

The categories are only abstractions till they are unified and manifested in some particular thing, so that in one sense reality is an actual harmony of the categories.

Each individual thing shows forth both unity and separateness. It shows forth unity by combining the categories into a definite whole, and it shows forth separateness by its individual existence as apart from every other thing.

The categories are very closely related, for although no category is completely resolvable into any other, each involves the recognition and the conception of every other, and they form a system which appears as a harmony to thought.

Professor Ladd is of opinion that *things actually are*, and that this truth becomes more and more evident to human beings as their powers evolve. They *are* because of the Selfhood in them.

"Without Selfhood, Matter is nought, is not. . . . . There is not and there never has been any brute inanimate

Matter; there is not now, and there never has been, any system of natural objects bare or devoid of indwelling Spirit."

He considers that there actually is something which corresponds to the metaphysical term *substance*, but thinks the word an unsatisfactory one and proposes to substitute *self-activity*.

The Critique of Pure Reason he regards as unsatisfactory because of its negative tone of thought.

"Because *The Critique of Pure Reason* laid all the emphasis on the analysis of the subject, the knower, and did not share the undying confidence of men, that the object, that which is known, belongs in all its complicated structure to the world of reality;—this *Critique* failed to satisfy the demands of consciousness."

He says, however, that it (*The Critique of Pure Reason*) "bears most heavily against materialistic science, not against belief in God and immortality."

In the chapter on "Teleology," Professor Ladd strongly insists on the purposive character of each individual thing, and of the system of things.

"Nature is a vast and intricate system of beings that have been during indefinite time, are now, and will be, moving onward in a course of realising, one after another, an indefinite multitude of real ends."

More than once in the book is the pointed statement made that "Activity to some purpose is the ruling principle of mental development."

His view of the nature of matter is significant. After studying the scientist's point of view metaphysics draws the conclusion that:

"The Being of the World of many things has a certain unity of Substrate or Ground; and this Substrate or Ground is permanent amid all the changes of particular things. While they change in manifold ways, It (the so-called Matter out of which these things are composed) changes not, so far as its essential characteristics are concerned."

Professor Ladd does not understand the objection of scientists to the expression *vital force*. In physics it is permitted to speak of the forces of gravitation, cohesion, etc.; why not therefore in

biology of a vital force or of vital forces such as the metabolic, the reproductive, etc. ? He warily remarks that he considers the use of the term "force" figurative in both cases.

In the chapter on "Nature and Spirit" it is pointed out that men use the word "Nature" instead of the word "Matter" when they require a term which can be personified, and that "Nature" is used in two senses :

"Nature and spirit, in the lower meanings of these two words, are both products of Nature in the larger and higher meaning of the word. . . To get *from* Nature *to* Spirit, we have only to get more deeply into Nature. . . The one fundamental reality, the actual Being whose characteristics are recognised by the categories, whose work is both Nature considered as the system of material things, and also all the Spirits of men considered in their historical development, is the Absolute Self."

In the chapter on "The World and the Absolute" metaphysics is shown to be interwoven with other aspects of the higher life.

"The task of outlining the relations of the world and the Absolute . . . cannot be accomplished even to the temporary satisfaction of the individual thinker without invoking the manifold helps of ethics, æsthetics and religion."

Here also we have much concerning the unity of the world-system, the intimate relation between all its parts, and the living nature of the world process.

"All the relations that exist amongst theparticular existences of the world have their ground in the Being of the Absolute ; and all these relations are but concrete and particular instances of that all-embracing relation in which the Absolute stands to the world as being its Ground. . .

"The Absolute cannot be regarded as merely an unconscious, non-mental, mechanical process to be identified throughout with the descriptive history of the world evolution in time and space. . . . The world cannot emanate or evolve from itself unless the Being of the World be construed in such manner as to relate It to its own processes of becoming, as the one sufficient ground of them all."

In the last chapter, speaking of the relations between body and mind, Professor Ladd expresses his disbelief in the theory of

parallelism and his belief in that of interaction. His experiments in physiological psychology led him to the conclusion that the mind and body mutually react on each other. From a theosophical point of view, his conclusion simply means that the body and the *mental body* act and react on each other through the astral. The theory of parallelism on the other hand regards the mind as consciousness, and thus considered there is no interaction. This appears to be the explanation of the position taken up in modern psychology by the supporters of the theory of parallelism and the theory of interaction respectively. The former school thinks of mind as life, as consciousness, as entirely immaterial, and from this point of view there is no interaction, there is only parallelism. The latter school thinks of mind as an exceeding subtle, but still material agency, and from this point of view there is action in both directions. The theosophic theory reconciles these two lines of thought and includes both. Whether Professor Ladd has realised that the interaction theory, which he supports, involves the conception of mind as a material agency, is not clear from his book. It appears most likely that he has not done so, because if he had realised it, he would probably have seen that the theory of parallelism also is an aspect of truth.

With this small exception, his book is an able and singularly inclusive statement of metaphysical theory, and most useful to theosophic students, giving new names to old truths, and thus freeing us from the tyranny of mere words. It is a masterly and complete criticism of the agnostic point of view, and its tendency is wholly in the direction of harmonising the conclusions of religion and science.

SARAH CORBETT.

A MAN comes into possession of creative power by uniting his own mind with the Universal Mind, and he who succeeds in doing so will be in possession of the highest possible wisdom; the lower realm of Nature will be subject to him, and the powers of Heaven will aid him, because Heaven is the servant of wisdom.—PARACELSUS.

REVIEWS AND NOTICES

The Main Object of Education

An Essay on Evolution of Character. By Sarah Corbett, formerly Scholar of Girton. (London: The Theosophical Publishing Society; 1902. Price 2s. net.)

We have to congratulate our colleague on the production of a clear and common-sense little volume dealing with that all-important subject the development of character. As Mrs. Corbett says: "The development of character is now generally realised to be the main object of education, round which all educational theories range themselves, and which they recognise more or less distinctly as their true goal." The author, who is profoundly interested in all educational theories, and who has had much personal experience in carrying theory into practice, is further equipped with a clear understanding of the Theosophical postulates concerning the nature of man which enables her to assign just value to many things that as a rule are grievously misunderstood by educationalists. This does not mean that Mrs. Corbett has made the mistake of filling her pages with technical terms; on the contrary, she has grasped the ideas and set them forth in clear and crisp sentences. Her book will thus be of service to a very wide circle of readers and we cordially wish it every success.

G. R. S. M.

Twelve Hundred Thousand Years of Humanity

Douze cent mille ans d'humanité et l'âge de la terre par l'explication de l'évolution périodique des climats, des glaciers, et des cours d'eau. Par L. Rémond. (Imprimerie de Monaco; 1902.)

M. Rémond, the author of this book, is himself a phenomenon of great Theosophical interest. A poor working man of Paris, he, by means of great thrift, saved up his earnings for the purpose of

studying astronomy. His great industry in reading, coupled with an intellectual power of appreciation of scientific fact and of generalisasation, highly exceptional in a man of his class, enabled him to produce a work which has been found worthy of perusal by some of the leading scientific worthies in France.

The reviewer, being neither an astronomer nor a geologist, is unable to offer any critical remarks on the value of the author's conclusions; he can only indicate the general drift of the propositions contained in the book.

The first section is devoted to a consideration of the facts which afford proofs of a "periodic evolution of climates, glaciers and water-flows or floods."

In the second section he supports, with great thoroughness and ability, the important proposition that "the periodic evolution of climates can only be explained by means of continuous variation in the inclination of the earth's axis."

The heading of Section III. runs thus: "Variation in the inclination of the axis is not caused by displacement of the ecliptic, but by rotation of the Earth, and there exists no reason for placing a limit to the same."

Finally, and most interesting of all for students of Theosophy, there is a chapter on "The Age of Man and of the Earth." According to the author, definite proof for the statement in capitals with which the chapter opens: "Man has known how to manufacture implements for about 1,200,000 years," is afforded by the following data. Most naturalists admit that palæolithic man probably lived prior to the time of the last glacial extension and that he was certainly contemporaneous therewith; this is based on the following facts: (1) "No palæolithic implement has been found in the region north of the moraines bounding the last extension of the northern glaciers. Now if man had only arrived in our territories after the ice had departed, there would be no reason for his habitat being limited exactly to this boundary line." And the cause of his not proceeding farther north on the eventual retreat of the ice is amply afforded by the fact of the progressive severity of the seasons, which, on the contrary, obliged him to emigrate towards equatorial regions, where, in fact, palæolithic flint-implements are found. (2) At Chelles-sur-Marne have been collected very ancient chipped flint-implements accompanied by the remains of the elephant, hippopotamus and other southern animals at the base of the quaternary alluvial deposits. At Celle

the same fauna, along with *a southern flora mingled with a cold temporate flora*, have been found. This state of things could only exist at an epoch when the temperature was constantly uniform in character, and as we know further that this latter was the cause of the glacial epoch and occurred as a result of the perpendicular position of the earth's axis with regard to its orbit, it is easy to find out, from astronomical data, the time which has elapsed since this period when implement-making man lived contemporaneously with the last glacial extension. On estimating the variation of the obliquity of the axis at forty-six seconds a century, it will diminish one degree in 7,800 years, and the axis will require 700,000 years to enable it to traverse all the degrees of inclination. This will represent the period separating the paroxysm of extension of the glaciers from that of their retreat. Since this last epoch, at which the axis was inclined 90°, the inclination has *diminished* 67°, which, multiplied by the 7,800 years needed for diminution by one degree, gives 520,000 years, which, added to 700,000, yields a total of, in round numbers, 1,200,000 years, during which man has been in possession of the intelligence which has made him the king of creation.

The last half of this final chapter is devoted to setting forth the proof that "more than a thousand million years have passed since the oldest sedimentary deposits were accumulated." Here, again, the law of periodicity comes into play. The coal-field of Saint-Chamond (Loire) contains twelve layers of coal and as many alternating layers of sedimentary rocks, the whole having a thickness of 900 metres. Knowing that each layer of coal corresponds to a period when the water-flows or floods were reduced in volume, owing to the lesser inclination of the axis, and that, consequently, any two of these periods are separated from each other by 1,400,000 years, we multiply this figure by the twelve layers of coal and obtain, in round numbers, 16,800,000 years for the thickness of 900 metres. Extending this rule to the forty-five kilometres of thickness of the entire system of sedimentary deposits, we obtain 840 millions of years since the water-flows or floods began their work and the earth became habitable. For various reasons, this figure must be regarded as far short of the mark, and an estimate of 1,000 millions is a perfectly safe one.

It remains, of course, for competent astronomers and geologists to determine whether the conclusions of the author are really safe and sound. Assuming, for the nonce, that they are so, the results which he arrives at, on purely scientific data, as to the antiquity of

man, are of great importance to Theosophical students. For here is an independent scientific investigator, knowing nothing probably of Theosophical ideas as to Atlantis and the antiquity of the human race, furnishing a scientific estimate of the age of intelligent man which actually begins to harmonise with the statements by *The Secret Doctrine* and our clairvoyant investigators on the same subject. Rémond's estimate of 1,200,000 years since the time of the last great glacial extension and that of palæolithic man actually goes somewhat beyond the period, *viz.*, 850,000 years ago, given by our clairvoyant investigators as that at which the second great glacial epoch prevailed; and, further, the date of the palæolithic "Furfooz" and "Cromagnon" man (remnants, respectively, of the first and second Atlantean root-races) is given by them as about 800,000 years ago. We are told that about one million years since the Atlantean civilisation was at its prime. In connection with this statement, a significant remark of Rémond's may be cited; he says: "time, like space, is only an abstraction, and 1,200,000 years weigh but a second in the balance of eternity. We shall even aver that this period represents but a minimum of time, for though it is possible that Western Europe afforded the earliest cradle of human industry, this has not yet been proved to be the case."

The prevalence of the law of periodicity governing the phenomena of climate, glacial epochs, water-flows or floods, and the evolution of the animal and vegetable kingdoms, affords, in the opinion of the reviewer, an apt illustration of the axiom "as above so below," for the occult teachings shew us that the great law of *rhythm*, of *cyclic* motion, prevails on *all* planes of the universe, is the law governing the evolution of all forms of life through the successive chains of worlds, and is the final root-principle of that, to some people, so strange and exceptional idea of "reincarnation."

W. C. W.

Six Allegorical Stories

Love and Life. By H. B. Dowson. With Six Photogravures of Pictures by G. F. Watts, R.A. (London: Dent and Co.; 1902. Price 3*s.* 6*d.* net.)

This gracefully written and well-turned-out little volume will make an excellent gift book. The nature of the stories will be best appreciated by reading Mrs. Dowson's contribution to our present issue. "The Happy Warrior" is included in the volume, and the rest of

the allegorical pieces are of a similar nature. The book is further adorned, and truly so, by excellent photogravures of six of the most beautiful of Watts' pictures, "Love and Life," "Life and Death," "Love Triumphant," "The Happy Warrior," "A Study," and "Hope"; and though the writer does not presume to "interpret" these well-known masterpieces, the pictures have in most cases suggested the thoughts which are set forth in the letter-press. The main theme of these allegories is the transmutation of earthly into spiritual love, and we are quite sure that many of our readers will be glad to learn that "The Happy Warrior" is not the only work of Mrs. Dowson's pen.

G. R. S. M.

Reactionary Psychology

The Mind of Man; a Text-book of Psychology. By Gustav Spiller. (London: Swan Sonnenschein and Co.; 1902. Price 7*s.* 6*d.*)

Mr. Spiller has undertaken a task for which he is scarcely competent, in spite of wide reading and an almost bewildering accumulation of facts and details bearing on the subject of which he treats. What are we to think of a writer who is so little in touch with the modern spirit that he inveighs against the "speculative" tendency of modern psychology, announcing that it is his mission to "sound a retreat," yet himself makes quite casually the statement that "all bodily motion *like all thought** results from organic transformations" (p. 72), apparently without being aware that this would not be generally accepted by modern psychologists?

There are many other statements in the book of which no proof is attempted, although they are not such as would be generally accepted. It is said for example on p. 60: "Attention in the normal waking state is quantitatively alike with all men at all times."

Mr. Spiller does not believe in genius except as a product of environment; and he informs us that "Shakespeare's flowing sentences are not the outcome of the soul's spontaneity" (p. 411), although he is obliging enough to admit (p. 417) that "theoretically it might well be contended that most individuals differ from one another very considerably, while some immeasurably surpass the rest."

In one of the later chapters he speaks of spiritualistic *séances*, and pathetically enquires: "How are we to account for members of learned societies seriously maintaining the objectivity of these presences?" And he adds: "These scholars' names lure unwary souls

* The italics are the reviewer's.

into the net of superstition, as the names of highly respected lords and dukes help to keep afloat spurious companies."

The book is accompanied by a very extensive index of authors and of publications, but the material gathered from these sources has not been well arranged.

S. C.

A Book for the Christian Mystic

The Cloud upon the Sanctuary. By the Councillor Eckartshausen. Translation and Notes by Isabel de Steiger. New issue with Introduction by Arthur Edward Waite. (London: Wellby; 1903. Price 2*s.* 6*d.* net.)

We are very glad to see that a second issue of this exceedingly helpful and suggestive work on Christian mysticism has been required. It shows that the number of readers of this wider and deeper literature of Christianity is growing. Mme. de Steiger published the first issue of her useful rendering of Eckartshausen's masterpiece in 1896, it having already appeared in the pages of Mr. Waite's now unfortunately extinct magazine, *The Unseen World*. The present issue is accompanied by a sensible and interesting Introduction by Mr. Waite himself, and it is unnecessary to tell the readers of this Review that the writer of the best Life of Saint-Martin which has appeared in any language, is on familiar ground in treating of Eckartshausen. No lover of this Way can do better than follow Mr. Waite's advice and acquaint himself with the contents of the rare but illuminative works which are referred to in his Introduction. If only some one—and why not the scholarly mystic who writes this Introduction?—would play the Max Müller to the "sacred books" of the Christian mystics from the XIVth to the XVIIIth centuries, what a feast there would be for hundreds of thousands of starving souls!

G. R. S. M.

A Useful Present

Perpetual Calendar with Golden Thoughts for Every Day in the Year. (London: The Theosophical Publishing Society; 1903. Price 1*s.* post free.)

The Theosophical Publishing Society have just brought out a new edition of this Calendar: it contains an entirely fresh selection of quotations and is improved in size of type and general get-up.

A Heresiological Manual

Christian Heresies classified as Simplifications of Christian Dogmas by Conversion of Plurality into Unity or of Unity into Plurality. By Rev. Sidney Claude Tickell. (London: Elliot Stock; 1902. Price 1s. 6*d*.)

This little book purports to be a text-book for theological students, and doubtless will be found of great service by young gentlemen who are under the sad obligation of satisfying examiners in theology. Mr. Tickell may be congratulated on a simplification of the task of the theological student who has to answer according to the way it is laid down in the schools, but our interest in his attempt is of a totally different nature, and goes behind the schools and their ways.

In the first place we utterly disagree with the definition the author gives to heresy in his preface when he says: "Christian heresies are simplifications of Christian dogmas, attempts by well-intentioned but mistaken persons to render these dogmas more intelligible and therefore more credible, at the expense of much that was essential in them."

The dogmas which Mr. Tickell uses as criteria of his classification of heresy are two, namely:

"Dogma I.—Trinity in Unity: 3 persons (divine) in 1 nature (divine).

"Dogma II.—Duality in Unity: 2 natures (divine and human) in 1 [*viz.*, 2nd] person (divine)."

The heresies start away cheerfully with that of Cerinthus and of the purely imaginary "Ebion."

We ask, then, in the first place: How can heresies be "simplifications" of dogmas which did not exist? The dogma of the "trinity" is absolutely non-existent in the earliest texts of the Canonical New Testament; and if Mr. Tickell doubts our assertion, we refer him to F. C. Conybeare's admirable article on "Early Doctrinal Modifications of the Gospels" in the first number (October) of the new quarterly, *The Hibbert Journal*. 1 John, v. 7, 8, as Mr. Tickell must know, has long been abandoned on all hands, and now Conybeare has proved that Matthew, xxviii. 19, on which the entire weight of the proof of the dogma from Scripture now falls, even up to the time of Eusebius read simply "Go ye and make disciples of all nations in *my name*."

So, too, with the second dogma, Conybeare proves conclusively that the earliest tradition was that Jesus was the natural son of Joseph,

and in connection with this we may take the early forms of the saying preserving the question about "the good," where Jesus distinctly disclaims this "sinless" title. As Conybeare says: "The lesson to be learned from the history of the three texts above examined is this: First, it is quite erroneous to assert, as Westcott and Hort have in their introductions asserted, that the text of the gospels bears no trace of having been altered anywhere for dogmatic or doctrinal reasons. On the contrary, here are three texts which have been so altered. And, what is more, the interpolated texts have been regularly appealed to for centuries and centuries in defence of the very doctrines in behalf of which they were inserted."

The doctrine of the trinity formed no part of the instruction of the early popular Christian churches, but it was a necessity of the theorising of the inner communities, though not in its later general dogmatic form, which was forced out by a policy that was determined to deny every proposition of a reasonable nature, and suppress all freedom in Christianity by imposing the cult of the incomprehensible on all its domestic malcontents. It is unnecessary, therefore, to follow Mr. Tickell through the pages of his "Biographical Appendix" in which, among other curious things, he discovers the "revelation" of the Trinity in the Old Testament in the word "Elohim." We should advise our abbreviator of heresy to turn up the word in a concordance and a lexicon and then fight out the question with a learned Rabbi.

G. R. S. M.

A System of Logic

Syllabus of a Course on Logic, or the Method of acquiring the Knowledge of Truth. By V. H. Lafosse. (London: Mansfield House, Canning Town, E.; 1902. Price 2*s.* 6*d.*)

This pamphlet shows a considerable amount of painstaking and persevering thought, but it can hardly be recommended as likely to be useful to students. The *Course on Logic* is not on the ordinary lines of academic logic, nor is the method pursued likely to be generally adopted. The writer is anxious that his conclusions, if incorrect, should be refuted, but none of his conclusions seem to be sufficiently important to be discussed with enthusiasm. He suffers moreover from an imperfect knowledge of English; "consciousability" is not English, and we do not say "the logic." But these slips would be of

little importance if the pamphlet contained helpful material for study; this, however, is not the case. It contains one of those systems which is more likely to be useful to the writer himself than to others.

S. C.

Magazines and Pamphlets

We regret that, owing to our having gone to press earlier this month, because of the Christmas holidays, we are compelled to hold over our review of the December number of the *Theosophist*.

Revue Théosophique Française, November. Dr. Pascal concludes his series of articles on "Present-day Theosophy," and demonstrates the great part played by the Law of Sacrifice in the progress of Humanity. Mr. Keightley's "Different Systems of Yoga" is continued, and Mr. Leadbeater and Mrs. Besant are respectively represented by translations from "What Theosophy does for us" and "Thought Power," and Z. L. B. contributes "A Dream."

Bulletin Théosophique, December, contains the announcement that M. P. Bernard has been appointed Assistant Secretary to the French Section. The *Bulletin* also includes a short account of Mrs. Besant's tour in France and in Switzerland, and we are glad to note that a new Branch of the Society has been formed at Nice.

Theosofisch Maandblad, November. Our Dutch East Indies contemporary this month appears under the title of "Besant-Number," and contains full reports of Mrs. Besant's lectures delivered in Holland on the 26th, 27th and 28th of August last. The lectures are entitled "Laws of the Higher Life," "How and why We should Study," "Thought, Will and Deed," and "The Uses of the Theosophical Society."

Lotus Lodge Journal, December. This little type-written magazine for young people has some interesting contributions from Mrs. Lauder, Mr. Leadbeater, Mrs. Abel and Miss Mallet. The Editors inform us that it is proposed to collect funds for printing the journal so as to obtain for it a wider circulation, and, in view of the fact that during the coming year Mr. Leadbeater will contribute a series of special reports of his American lectures, and that the general tone of the magazine is so well adapted to the tastes of children, we have much pleasure in giving publicity to the Editors' appeal. Any who are willing to guarantee an annual subscription of 3*s*. 6*d*., entitling the subscriber to the journal, or who will endeavour to procure subscrip-

tions, are requested to communicate with the Editors, *Lotus Lodge Journal*, 7, Lanhill Road, Elgin Avenue, London, W.

Theosophia, Holland, has translations from H. P. Blavatsky, Mrs. Besant, Mr. Sinnett, Michael Wood, and C. W. Leadbeater. J. B. Wilson contributes a long poem entitled "The Saviour's Goal."

Teosofia, Italy, contains short articles on "Re-Union" and "The Fourth Dimension," by L. Tamburelli and G. Buonamici respectively, and a further instalment of Mrs. Besant's "Problems of Religion" concludes the number.

Theosophy in Australia. W. J. F.'s "Three-fold Theosophy" is continued under the heading of "Science"; E. Evans contributes a set of verses entitled "A Vision of Christ" and F. C. Ramsay and "A. B. Student" furnish a few remarks on "The Forgiveness of Sins" and "On the Atonement."

The New Zealand Theosophical Magazine, November, has a thoughtful article by Miss A. E. Davidson on "The Origin and Meaning of Evil." W. Denne Meers continues his series entitled "The Study of Man" and "Philalethes" discourses on "The Work of the Theosophical Society."

We have also to acknowledge: *La Nuova Parola; Théosophie; Revista Teosofica; Teosofisk Tidskrift; Sophia*, Santiago; *The Theosophic Gleaner; Dharma; The Light of Truth; Modern Astrology; The Arya; The Indian Review; Little Journeys*, Abbey; *The Brahmavàdin; Light; The Psycho-Therapeutic Journal; The Animals' Friend; Aesus*, an essay on Pythagorean philosophy, by H. Lizeray; *East and West; Light of Reason; The Philistine.* We have also received a reprint in pamphlet form of "An Open Letter to the Registrar-General" against vivisection, by Mr. Stephen Coleridge, which appeared in the *Contemporary Review* for October.

G. S. A.

ERRATUM.—October number, p. 118, foot-note; change reference to *The Pall Mall Magazine*, from "May" to "June."

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THE

THEOSOPHICAL REVIEW

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ON THE WATCH-TOWER

THERE is an instructive article in *The Tablet* for January 3rd, on "Christianity in India," written by a thoughtful Hindu, Mr. Brahmabandhava Upadhyaya, who is a zealous convert to Roman Catholicism. Mr. Upadhyaya frankly admits that, viewed from the standpoint of the missionary, things are in a bad way in India. Thus he writes:

A Roman Catholic Convert's View of Christianity in India

> It is unquestionable, and, perhaps, unquestioned, too, that Christianity is not at all thriving in India. . . . Conversions are almost *nil* so far as the Hindu community is concerned. There are, indeed, conversions of famine-stricken children, and also of non-Aryans not within the pale of Hinduism, but these acquisitions, too, are on a very insignificant scale. Even the indirect result of Christian preaching is extremely poor. The material civilisation of the West is leavening our society more than the spiritual principles of the Gospel. Our educated men are eager to acquire European culture which, with the advance of time, is more and more divorced from the spirit of Christianity. They, as a rule, come out of their colleges with

the notion that the Christian religion is an antiquated system incompatible with modern philosophy and science.

* * *

The Destruction of the Originality of the Hindu Mind

After showing that "English education stands as the first and foremost stumbling-block in the way of Christianity," that is to say presumably in the way of converting the Hindu educated on Western lines, Mr. Upadhyaya proceeds to explain why, irrespective of conversion, he considers this harmful. One of the most baneful effects of "English culture," he tells us, lies in its tendency to destroy the originality of the Hindu mind.

We Indians are poor. Our nakedness has been exposed to strangers. We have no position in the scale of nations. But one precious bequest we are inheritors of, and fain would we barter our life for its sake. It is Hindu thought. By Hindu thought I do not mean the various doctrines, tenets, or theories prevailing among different philosophical schools or sects in India. It is a trend of thinking which has given a peculiar direction to all Hindu speculations. There is one common mode of thought which has shaped more or less all Indian philosophies. This thought has flowed on uninterruptedly from the Vedic period, sometimes as a stream in flood, sometimes as an invisible undercurrent, down to the present age of Europeanisation. To a great extent the longevity of the Hindu race may be attributed to the innate vigour of its thought. Many ancient races have disappeared. Where are the Egyptians, Phœnicians, and Babylonians? But the Hindu persists in existence notwithstanding tremendous convulsions, political and social, as well as religious. This wondrous survival leads us to cherish the hope of a glorious future awaiting our fallen race.

Thoughtful Indians have been seriously alarmed at the aggressive attitude of English thought. By its unceasing onslaughts it is attempting to crush Hindu thought out of existence. Our young men are being educated to think in a foreign way which is uncongenial to the development of the national mind. We shall never be able to think vigorously unless we are allowed to think as Hindus. The exotic nature of India's modern thought is seriously to be deplored. The new school of educated India is a bastard bantling of the West, and is, like a washerman's dog—to use an Indian proverb—of little service either at home or abroad. Our native intellectual vigour has been considerably weakened, and it has become extremely difficult for us to think rightly in a sustained way. Educated Indians are now victims to every wind of passing opinions and doctrines. It was Mill who ruled first, then came Spencer, and now reigns Theosophy and English Hegelianism.

The Vedânta and Thomas Aquinas

It is hardly necessary to point out to our readers that, seeing that the ideal of Theosophy aims at combining the best in every phase of Christianity with the best of every phase of the other great world-religions, it is hardly to be classed with Mill, Spencer, or English Hegelianism, though it would also embrace the best in these as well; but over and beyond this it has a wisdom which teaches that conversion from one form of faith to another is a mistake, and that it is better to try to convert men to the best in their own ancestral faiths. Mr. Upadhyaya, however, being a Roman Catholic, naturally desires to convert India to this form of Christianity. His theory is that, considered logically, it is not possible for a man to be a Christian previous to a belief in a rational theism. Hindu thought has reared up a magnificent theism which in its essential conclusions agrees with the philosophy of St. Thomas. This is the Vedânta. Seeing then that the main conclusions of the Vedânta are in agreement with Catholic philosophy, the most congenial way of teaching theism in India to the educated as well as to the non-educated in English will be through Hindu thought. Hindu thought may thus be made to serve the cause of Christianity in the same way in India as Greek thought was made to do in Europe. Mr. Upadhyaya has the courage of his belief in his Catholicism, but we ask him as students not only of the Vedânta, but also of the many forms of Hindu religion, what inducement is there to one acquainted with these things to become a Roman Catholic? What is the "better" that he can offer? Granted that a Hindu is induced to think, and think deeply, on matters of religion on the lines of the Vedânta, how then will he be any more ready to become a Catholic Christian, or a Christian of any other Church? If he thinks, he must soon learn that the most thoughtful Christians are themselves questioning the dogmas of the Faith. This questioning among themselves of the Christians is known already to all educated Hindus. Train a man on the lines of Vedânta and you make him think of problems that the ordinary Western religionist has not dreamed of. With these in his mind will he submit to the dogmatism of the Roman Catholic Church? We think not; and therefore do not see how such an enlightened

form of missionary activity, if it should ever be practised, would bring about the conversion of India to Christianity as a faith apart. It might do something towards effecting the "conversion" of India to Theosophy in its best sense, but that simply means the purification of Hindu religion by the self-purification of the individual.

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THE Vedânta of Mr. Upadhyaya, moreover, is the Vedânta of the Theosophist; the very view urged by our colleagues for many years is put forward by him; what we have argued against both Protestant orthodoxy and the materialism of some of our great Orientalists is repeated in this interesting article. There is an exoteric and esoteric side to religion. Roman Catholicism knows this, and in other respects can understand much in India that the ordinary Protestant cannot fathom, as may be seen by the concluding paragraphs of Mr. Upadhyaya's article.

The Lower and Higher Knowledge of God

Unfortunately Christianity in India has arrayed itself against the philosophy of Vedânta both in its metaphysical and social aspects on account of looking at it through the spectacles of translators who fail to appreciate the Hindu craving after the supernatural. English translators have, as a rule, misrepresented the Vedântic idea of beatitude consisting in the knowledge of God transcending the veil of unreal causality or *mâyâ*, for Hindu Theists distinctly maintain that a man who has no knowledge of God beyond relations attains only to a lower kind of salvation. When Hindu reason touches the borders of the Eternal Absolute region, where all relations lose their opposition in a sympathetic unity, and baffled in its attempt to soar higher into the very *sanctum sanctorum* of Divine Life, it exclaims that God is beyond speech, beyond mind, it is ridiculed as agnostic. Vedânta rises above the desire of knowing God as related to effects, and points to a supernatural sphere which dazzles the eye of reason to blindness by the brightness of its glory. Dr. Thibaut, in his translation of the Vedânta (Sacred Books of the East) assails most cruelly this doctrine of a lower and higher knowledge of God, and supports a minor heterodox Hindu sect which holds that God is God because of his relations to creatures.

The system of caste, if divested of its later abuses, will serve as a natural bulwark against the evils of competition and mammon worship. The antagonism of Christianity to Hindu thought and Hindu social polity has repelled the Hindus most rudely, and they look upon the Christian propaganda as a denationalising agency.

UNDER the heading "Some Features of Educational Reform in China," the Shanghai correspondent of *The Times* (of January 7th), quotes a long report of the present state of affairs from the pen of the Rev. Gilbert Walshe, Recording Secretary of the Society for the Diffusion of Christian and General Knowledge among the Chinese. This able survey of missionary enterprise in China is somewhat discounted by the fact that it is tacitly assumed throughout that the missionary is compelled by a divine command to force Christianity and Western education upon the Chinese. The Chinaman, however, does not want the former at all and the latter only in a very modified form; and it is difficult to understand how, in face of this reluctance on his part, we are justified before Heaven in saying: You shall have them whether you like them or not. The most interesting part of Mr. Walshe's report is where he quotes two testimonies from speakers at a recent meeting of the Educational Association at Shanghai, who set forth the Chinese point of view as follows.

The Chinese View of Western Education

One speaker said:

"A careful reading of the various memorials concerning education which have recently been published will quickly dispel the idea that patriotism accounts for this opposition to foreigners, and will readily show that proud intolerance is at the root of it. These memorials in pointing out the value of a Western education all speak of it as something to be used—'Yung'—while the ancient classical studies are the principle, the real 'T'i.'" (Lit. "Accidents" and "Substance.")

Another represented the Chinese view thus:

"The Sages of China have interpreted the heart of nature, while Western students have been dealing with the surface of things. By this surface study they have gained a wide range of useful knowledge that has resulted in greatly increased political power and industrial prosperity. It is only necessary to superadd this surface knowledge to the profounder knowledge of nature and man which has been given through the teachings of the Sages to give to China political power and material prosperity, and restore her to her millennial position as the Central Civilisation, from which the light of higher knowledge and virtue has been shed forth upon less favoured nations. . . . As to the character and scope of this educational reform, their ideas are vague and obscure, but on a few points there is very general agreement—Christianity is to form no part and to stand in no relation to the new earning. Confucianism must continue to occupy the central and fundamental place which it has ever held."

"The Ripon Episode"

In the December number we referred to the storm raised by the Dean of Ripon's lecture on "Natural Religion," in which Dr. Fremantle practically abandoned his belief in the miraculous physical virgin birth of Jesus, and much else of a similar nature; since then we have assisted at the unedifying spectacle of the Dean of Ripon swallowing his own words and singing a dolorous palinode at the suggestion of his Bishop. In the January number of *The Nineteenth Century* we are glad to see an article from the pen of the veteran writer W. R. Cassels, the author of *Supernatural Religion*, on this "Ripon Episode." In it he points out, what everybody who has in any way kept abreast of New Testament criticism was already well aware of, that what the Dean had said was not peculiar to himself, but simply the expression of a widely held opinion among the intelligent clergy and professors of New Testament research. But the humour of the situation is that Mr. Cassels puts the Bishop of Ripon, whose gentle request for an explanation procured the Dean's repudiation of his own distinct utterances, into the witness-box against himself, and by quoting from Dr. Carpenter's recently published *Introduction to the Study of the Scriptures*, he shows that "the language of the Diocese of Ripon is very uniform, for it is difficult to distinguish between the statements of the Bishop and those of the Dean, which Dr. Carpenter in his letter requests the latter to explain."

While, however, we follow Mr. Cassels in this part of his argument, we dissent from him profoundly when he characterises the endeavour to find a way out of the present difficulties raised by criticism, by having recourse to a mystic and spiritual interpretation of ancient dogmas, as an attempt "to make bricks without straw, of which no abiding city can be built." This is the way out because it was the historicising of just these very spiritual and mystic experiences which materialised the truth of the ever-living Christ into the dogma of a historic Man-God, miraculously born, miraculously living, and miraculously resurrected.

* * *

That we don't know everything down in our modern "Judee" is at last being borne into the stolid complacency even of the

British press. True we must call it "Röntgen wave" clairaudience to save our scientific "face," still we are at last beginning to respond to stimulus, though the response as yet be feeble.

The Basuto Secret Intelligence Department

The *St. James's Gazette* of December 3rd prints the following paragraph, under the title "What the white man does not know."

An interesting instance of the exercise by Basutos of that faculty for that secret transmission of news which unquestionably exists among uncivilised and semi-civilised peoples both in Africa and Asia, is given by an officer lately returned from South Africa, who fought in the battle of Biddulphsberg (May, 1900).

The scene of the action was some seventy miles from the Basuto border with which it was connected by heliograph, there being two intermediate stations. The British, "having accomplished their purpose," began to withdraw from action shortly after 4 p.m., and a message was then heliographed to the Resident Magistrate in Basutoland, which reached him five-and-thirty minutes later. Three days afterwards, when the force entered Ficksburg, the officer in question was informed by the Resident Magistrate that "twenty minutes before the heliographic message arrived"—that is, within a quarter of an hour of the time that the troops came out of action—a Basuto had told him that a great battle had been fought in the neighbourhood where it actually took place, and that the British had been defeated. Of course, the strategic retirement of General Rundle's force presented itself to the native mind as a defeat.

The affair was a nine-days'-wonder in Ficksburg, and every possible hypothesis was discussed, but none could be found which would in the very least fit the facts.

It is at least possible that the superiority of the Boer Intelligence Department at the commencement of the war was due to their faith in this faculty of the natives, which would, naturally, not be shared by officers of the Imperial Forces, less experienced in native lore.

The only even possible clue is to be found in the fact that Basutos tending cattle on different hills at a distance from each other which not the most stentorian European voice can carry, will talk to each other without effort, pitching their voices in a peculiar high key, but not by any means raising them to a shout. It is not altogether impossible that, just as there are invisible rays of light there are inaudible waves of sound—sort of Röntgen waves, in fact.

This is only one case out of many hundreds observed recently in South Africa; the other day we heard of a hard-headed investigator who has been collecting the evidence, which seems to be

overwhelming, in favour of a psychic transmission of news. One thing is very clear, that the "tending cattle on the hills" and "shouting" theory is the most inadequate, for some of the most striking cases have occurred where there were no hills, and a calculation of the number of transmitters required in other cases staggers even the most robust scientific imagination.

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In Praise of Buddhism

FROM a very sensible article by Mr. Harold Begbie, in *The Morning Post* of December 10th, we take the following paragraph on Buddhism and Christianity. The article in *The Contemporary Review* quoted in this paragraph is the one to which we referred at length in our December number.

A little study of Buddhism will convince the British people that the ordinary missionary must be a man of the sublimest discretion to convince intellectual India that Christianity, as he and the rest of us live it, is a more real, a more serviceable religion than its own. India, with its immemorial spirituality, its profound sense that things seen are temporal, its calm and beautiful detachment from the petty as well as the clamorous cares of the world, must not be regarded as a heathen child stumbling hellwards over the broken idols that a missionary has shattered with a single quotation from a volume of Dean Farrar's sermons. We must get ourselves into the more intelligent attitude of mind which makes it seem that we may even learn something from India. In the words of the writer in the *Contemporary Review*: "From the purely philosophic standpoint we must regard all religions as meeting some human needs and as showing some phase of infinite Truth, but if we would escape this death-grip of religious conservatism the progressive elements must unite their forces, sink their petty differences, and open the door to this new outpouring of the spirit." There is some reason to hope that the psychical researches of Western science may ultimately be the means of uniting the progressive elements of Christianity and Buddhism—that is to say, the spirituality of each religion recognising the other; we ourselves shall learn things new in Christianity, while Buddhism will be informed with the spirit and action of Christianity.

We need hardly point out to our readers that Buddhism in the India of to-day is almost non-existent; still Buddhist metaphysic and Advaita Vedânta are practically twin sisters, and so the argument fundamentally holds good.

THE ETERNAL PROBLEM

The progress of modern philosophic thought is ever further away from the dualism which has been the legacy of mediæval Christianity to the succeeding centuries. In place of the conception of two co-eternal and mutually irreconcilable Sources of Good and Evil, each effectually cancelling the other, the principles of a rational Monism are being increasingly applied to the many problems of our day that clamour for a reading. We are a practical generation, and it may be deemed by some more important to combat moral evil than to attempt to find its *rationale*. But the practical philosopher who is content to deal only with effects, leaving their metaphysical causes untouched, is but doing half the work. There are many to whom the existence of religion itself is dependent on an intelligent interpretation of the appearance and purpose of evil. To such minds a short study of the lines along which the solution is being at present sought, may meet with some acceptance.

Monism takes its rise from the premiss that the whole universe is the deliberate out-birth of one Creative Intelligence, "One without a Second," whose thoughts are the phenomena of Nature, whose will directs the whole course of mundane affairs. Matter has no source, no reality apart from Him; the opposing forces of Nature no power save that which is drawn from the one Reservoir of power. Dualism effectually kills this One Omnipotent by confronting Him with a counter-force which, being of a nature alien to Himself, He could not have originated, and therefore does not control. Dualism is dying hard, but its purpose for the rudimentary mind has been served. Like most half-truths it has entered into a new day by the simple process of completing itself. The climber comes at last to view the landscape as a whole, but in process of climbing he sees its features in succession. To regard good and evil as marked contrasts,

unrelated discords, is the insight of analysis, rather than the vision of synthesis. I do not wish to be misunderstood when I say that the years and steps that bring the philosophic mind bring also a lessening of the sharpness of the contrast, a softening of the appalling ugliness of moral evil when seen from the partial view. Still it is well for most of us that we see the question somewhat out of perspective. Few have yet reached the point when they may safely be "indifferent" to that which is rightly symbolised as the enemy of souls. Yet there is an indifference which comes of high vision, and in dealing with the problem from the intellectual standpoint, it is impossible not to see, at least dimly, the point to which we shall ultimately be brought.

But caution is needed in treading this higher pathway, for on either side are precipices of dangerous error. The full truth can never be shouted from the housetops. To understand the problem of evil is to have emancipated ourselves from its toils, and to have ceased to fear its consequences. Only the pure man can see; between whom and the clearness of the light is no self-made murkiness of doubt, gloom or despair. He who, having, in the language of the East, "ascended to meditation," is finally able to reach to the vision of synthesis, attains a calm of soul, of which the term "higher indifference" is a somewhat misleading and inadequate expression. The idea sought to be conveyed, however, contains profundities of philosophic thought. It is the Christian doctrine of faith raised to its highest power, the actual and active concurrence, at every moment and for every circumstance, in the ceaselessly operative will of God. Such indifference in no sense implies a cold aloofness from the world's needs and from the world's problems. Still less is it a state of passive yielding to a predestined Kismet. It is compatible with the highest output of remedial activity. As a matter of fact, the true makers of the world have been the men of faith, or the "higher acquiescence." Theirs was a force unweakened by personality, by reason of the fact that while they acted they were not themselves the actors. Their will was merely the channel of the Divine Will, and whether their action tended to failure or success—as men count such—the result was totally beyond their concern. What makes the practical mystic the most formidable of all

fighters in the moral ranks, is just this inner conservation of moral force, this quietude of the source from whence his activities flow torrentially outwards. "He is not afraid of evil tidings, for his heart standeth firm upon God"; he has traced moral evil to its root, and has no fear for the Race that is founded in the Divine.

Without a preliminary glance at the inwardness of this doctrine of the "higher indifference," we shall approach our problem in vain. Its solution does not lie on the plane on which it appears the most insistent. The symphony emerges from chaos only when we place ourselves at a proper distance from the players; so when we have felt most nearly tempted to be angry with God for the universe, our souls have been too close to the hurly-burly; we have cared too bitterly, too personally.

For this universe, whose ways we are so eager to straighten, depends for its very existence on that principle of antithesis which, when manifested in man, gives rise to so-called moral evil. Unless the creature were to remain for ever inert and unrealised in the bosom of Divinity, his going forth from the Unity into a condition of dark and painful contrasts was inevitable. It was inevitable also from the very nature of God Himself. For being and existence, manifestation and non-manifestation, are comprised in His Unity as its inseparable and complementary elements. Therefore He wills to come forth, to send the myriad thoughts of His heart through the age-long cycles of material existence, that the Divinity which was the attribute of the *whole* might become, by growth through conquest, the triumphant possession of each individual *part*. That He may be fulfilled infinitely in each sundered aspect of Himself, He breaks the harmony of absolutely adjusted parts, and passes into the limitations of the lower worlds, veiling Himself that He may reveal, conditioning His infinity that a universe may be born in time and space. The self-sacrifice of God whereby the worlds are sustained is the pouring into each part, as it is separated out from the Parent Source, the energy of that Source, His Life, His Love, the potentialities of His Divinity. Nevertheless this sending forth, by the Eternal Father, of His offspring as separated lives, that each may evolve an imperishable identity, is the

starting-point of the whole problem of evil. Though God is always at one with His children, they are not yet, for the most part, at one with Him. The human and divine are ever at war, yet ever moving through war to the ultimate goal of peace. This is only, as I have said, from the point of view of man, and it is from his present standpoint of isolation and displacement that the problem has to be viewed. The creature, by reason of his partially sundered condition, is confronted at the outset with duality. Blindly, automatically, he seeks after his lost Centre; blindly, automatically, he is drawn back by the strength of the conditions in which, for his growth, he is temporarily placed. So the struggle begins. The centripetal force of his nature helps to neutralise the otherwise overpowering vibrations of the physical plane; the centrifugal lends him the sturdy self-assertiveness which is absolutely indispensable to development and to conquest. Let us trace the working of these two elemental forces, and note their bearing on the moral problem. Moral evil, as we shall try to show, has both a positive and a negative aspect; positive, inasmuch as it is the direct outcome of sharply opposed conditions; negative, inasmuch as it is largely due to the absence or imperfect development, in man, of the vision that sees things as they are. The growth of vision is by means of the strenuous conflict of the conditions; the harmonising of the conditions is the outcome of the growth of vision.

Man begins his evolution, as far as our problem is concerned, on the confines of the animal kingdom. For long he is little more than a weak spark of consciousness, responding slowly to impacts from without. Such vibrations as reach him he translates in terms of animal sensation. Influences press upon him, urging to ever-increasing growth of receptivity, and the young consciousness expands with each fresh effort at response and interpretation. The moment a man begins to investigate the sources of the impacts, differentiating them from the responding centre in himself, he becomes dualistic. He starts a new line of development. The ceaseless stream of vibrations from without gives rise to a sense of "otherness" which marks the departure-line between the animal in which consciousness had begun to focus itself around a central "I," and the animal-human wherein

the "I" had begun to know itself. With the dawn of the self follows naturally the sense of the "not-self," but it is long before the weak mind-centre of the growing man ceases to give representations confused and distorted. The earliest terms in which he, in common with the animal kingdom, translates the vibrations of the not-self are those of pleasure and pain, and a last analysis will even discover these primary elements at the root of the most complex phenomena of his advanced life. Pleasure is man's first name for good. In following it he is instinctively, unconsciously, feeling after his lost Source. In him from the very beginning is that undying impulse to seek the highest good which will be his goad and guide unto the end of the way. Under the illusion of imperfect vision he will seek this good in dark places, and by methods laden with ultimate pain. The centripetal force of his being urges him to find the good; the centrifugal force blinds his inexperienced eyes as to the true nature of the goal he seeks.

Nevertheless the contrast of pleasure and pain is the best and surest method of education. It urges to growth as no other can do. Pleasurable vibrations expand the consciousness, and lead to a sense of "moreness," increase of life. The soul, by seizing pleasurable objects, becomes one with the objects, and so enlarges its experience. Similarly pain, which is a sense of "lessness," or contraction, repels the soul from objects which tend to lessen the free expression of life. Moreness and lessness become the criteria by which man first measures his environment. The pleasure and pain-producing elements in the not-self become to him the expression of two alien powers who have him at their mercy to bless or to curse, as the whim of either may dictate. These dual forces the rudimentary man seeks to propitiate by every means which his intelligence can suggest as likely to prove acceptable to natures that differ from his own in no respect save that of immensity. He, a tiny, isolated centre in a universe of unknown forces, feels only the surrounding pressure of impacts, and knows not that the source of each is God, and the heart of God is Love working for growth by progressive experiences of pleasure and pain. Blinded by egotism and ignorance, he falls into dualism, and has yet to learn that the determining element in every appeal to consciousness from without lies in the slowly

fashioning lens of self-hood, the growing centre of mental and spiritual vision in the man himself.

The problem of evil will never be cleared of confusion until this important philosophic truth is more fully accentuated. Man seeks the sources of good and evil outside himself, notwithstanding that he first finds them within. We question his wisdom in so doing. We may legitimately ask ourselves whether the terms in which he interprets the universe are accurate representations of the stimuli which reach him ; whether evil is a permanent and absolute reality, or, rather, the *mode* of the functioning of the growing soul in organs not yet perfectly developed, but essential to the acquirement of a necessary form of experience—whether, in short, the causes of evil are not as largely negative as positive.

Now man has but one test to apply to every object that is presented for cognition—the one supreme test of consciousness. In his consciousness objects live and move and have their being, but though consciousness is the ground of his knowledge concerning objects, it is not of them that he is conscious, but of his *ideas* of them. He knows, for Kant has told him, that the "thing in itself," when submitted for perception, is largely modified by peculiarities of the perceiving subject. In other words, objects obey the laws of his mental constitution. The forms in which noumena appear are functions of the ego himself, modes of his intellectual sensibility which he cannot transcend without transcending his life in mind.

Our most elementary processes of knowledge take place within prison limits. We are conscious of appearances, sensations, ideas, of which the exciting causes—the things *per se*—are hidden by the very conditions through which they are perceived. This central fact of philosophy has important bearings upon the problem of evil. The scepticism to which at first sight it seems to lead, is the higher scepticism which is always a prelude to the higher faith. For by placing the key to the universe in man himself, it frees him from the slavish belief in Powers inimical to his soul. *He* is, in one sense, the centre of the universe, the interpreter and translator of every stimulus that is directed to his perceiving faculties from without. Indeed the conceptions "within" and "without" are themselves but modes of the

thinking subject. Abstract as we will, we can never escape certain innate, restraining boundaries which are the very conditions of cognition, the mould of mind in which for us the universe takes shape.

Since, then, the soul lends to all objects of knowledge the determining element of itself, it cannot assume its mental representations to be the exact equivalent, in terms of perception, of vibrations reaching it from without. The mind is not a passive and accurately reflecting mirror, or psychology would have but few problems to solve. The thing is not so simple as that. Man is endowed with the illusion-making faculty, and views the universe through a veil of his own weaving. This Mâyâ, to which for our education we are subjected, lies, as far as I can see, solely in the region of the perceiving mind. It is not matter, for the Divine Life cannot become "unreal" on any plane without negating His own existence; it is rather the result of the action of matter upon the soul unaccustomed to its vibrations.

This being so, there is hope for man's release from the distorted mirage in which he lives. One reality is behind all outward representations, all forms of phenomena, and man will, at some point in his evolution, give to the divine impacts a perfect and unfaltering response. There will assuredly come a stage in his infinite progress when representation will be no longer distortion. Our seeing does not come about—was never meant to come about—by a direct creative fiat, otherwise the seeming indifference of the Creator to the blindness of His struggling fragments would leave us no option but to curse Him and die. But we are patient with God because the world is not yet created, and we are watching the march of an age-long process through the eyelet-hole of a moment of time. By slow and painful stages man is learning the perfect adjustment of his mental and spiritual lenses. If evil is his imperfect response to impact, the outcome of the slow unfolding of powers and senses in a medium to which his essential nature is as yet untuned, it follows that the illusion caused by inexperience, and contact with an alien element, will disappear as soon as that element is known. Gradually representation will take the place of distortion, and there shall come forth from the darkness the vision that sees all things to be the

expression of one divine, all-perfect Love and Will, for whom both good and evil, as we know them, are alike preludes to a blessedness past conceiving.

A universe whose end and aim is the ultimate perfection of the creature must be good in every detail, if by "good" we connote that which conduces in the end to progress. But the same vibration can give rise to more than one effect, according to the matter in which it plays, and the senses which receive it. Enlarge, develop those senses, purify the matter in which they work, and the original vibration takes on a new character, receives a higher and subtler interpretation. The whole category of the carnal sins may be, at a very low stage, the distorted expression of an elemental impulse towards possession, growth, "good," which being at first beyond the control of animal man, as its purpose is beyond his comprehension, will express itself in terms of passion and sensuality. We may bewail the darkness of vision that sets the goal of happiness so low, but we must be chary how we condemn the primitive impulse to seek "good" under the only forms in which "good" can as yet be recognised.

Evil, in primitive man, is excess of the energy that is urging the growth by means of contact with objects of sense. There is a stage in which it has to be experienced in all the blackness of its separation from the Divine, but at that stage it has not yet become evil. Many there are whom the world calls men for whom evil is not evil because they have not yet been aroused to the possibilities of good. The sins they commit are sins only to those who judge them from a higher standard. They are thinking animals in whom the link is yet wanting that shall bind them to their true and nobler self. By the very heat of passion, crime and sin they are forging it—the link that shall one day join them to that which at present they dream not that they are. By sin some men come to realise their own souls. Evil (as we understand the term) is a necessary educator in the lives of such. By it the animal learns his animalism. He realises painfully and by a long process, that sin implies an opposite, righteousness. He learns by repeated experiences that actions which bring about suffering bring about also the end and purpose of suffering—a

realisation of the true Self, without whose co-operation the further evolution of the lower man is at an end.

Strange to uphold as an educator that which is generally regarded as the destroyer of souls! Can we, however, in reason deny to the sinner his place among the learners in the great school-house of life? The fact, moreover, that many are learning by contact with the abysmal depths of evil what they can learn in no other way, keeps us optimists when we might otherwise be tempted to despair. Our responsibility towards such is in no wise lessened because they know not what they do. Rather it is a thousandfold increased. If the solidarity of the race means anything, it means that the laggards must profit by the progress of the more advanced. It is not enough to trust, for their gradual enlightenment, to the pain that inevitably follows upon broken law. Their advance to the platform of responsibility is a task entrusted to us who possibly stood once where they stand to-day. We are our brothers' keeper, and our sacrifices, love, and teaching are as much a part of the method by which they grow as is the law that makes a dark and painful experience the condition of self-knowledge and self-mastery.

But the stage that more particularly concerns ourselves is that in which the soul sins—not by necessity arising from ignorance, but from choice. There is probably less of free-will in the commission of sin than our theologians would have us believe, since the only *free* man is he who is no longer in chains to desire, that fruitful source of all wrong-doing. Nevertheless, if there be many who cry, out of the darkness of spiritual infancy, "Evil, be thou my good," there are many more who sin against the light of a clear reason. Such, I repeat, have reached the point in evolution when sin alone becomes possible; such are the real and only sinners in the philosophical sense of the word. To those of mankind for whom the hour of at least *relative* responsibility has struck, the affinity of the soul for the grosser aspects of life is, or should be, an outgrown stage. A time comes in the Eden of the life of every man when, in the first thunderings of the mandate "Thou shalt not" is announced the birth of a higher state in which disobedience—and therefore its opposite—becomes one of the new powers of the growing soul. The birth

of evil is the birth also of the moral law. "I had not known sin," says Paul, "but by the law, for I had not known lust except the law had said 'thou shalt not covet.' But sin, taking occasion by" (or, better, taking its start from) "the commandment wrought in me all manner of concupiscence; for without the law, sin is dead."

The terrible malignity of moral evil to which none who have felt its power dare deaden themselves by any soporific of philosophy falsely so-called, is realised only in proportion as the higher light is seen. We deceive ourselves if we read evil at its blackest in the lower phases of animalism. Its most subtle poison is felt on the higher levels of life. When the soul, having sighted and recognised the highest, yet stoops again to the beggarly elements by which she was once enslaved for her ultimate freedom; accepting slavery no longer in ignorant mischoice of evil for good, but for its own sake, she sins indeed. She is no longer blind but deluded. Evil, we have tried to show, is the outcome of energy working through imperfectly developed faculties, which evil may be normally expected to pass as the growth of the inner man proceeds. Its source is ignorance; its cure experience. But there is a stage in which ignorance, persisted in beyond the normal course, becomes distortion of vision so terrible that nothing but a complete re-making in the crucibles of Divine Love can effect the soul's cure. The question involves grave problems as to the cause and measure of free-will in men who can so stiffen themselves against the course of orderly evolution. That a soul who is *perfectly* free, and *wholly* enlightened, will ever choose other than the best, which is the Divine, cannot be for a moment entertained, without lowering the origin of the race, and debasing its ultimate possibilities. Such measure of volition as man, as an independent entity possesses, he has necessarily power to use to his own temporary undoing; but the Divine Will plays in and through him, and because the universe is doomed to be saved, he, the little universe, cannot make ultimate shipwreck.

Still there is some danger lest we ignore the fact that, *from the normal human standpoint*, evil has a positive, as well as a negative aspect. Avidyâ—non-wisdom—is the root of all evil, but

Avidyâ may produce, as positive result, a state of active hostility against God. The many severe things said by the old theologians as to the enmity of the carnal mind were, in the main, statements of actual fact. Man *has* in him an element of positive enmity and aversion from the truth; it is well for him that he has. For the principle of struggle, even when directed against his highest interests, is at least an indication that he has not been overpowered by the inertia of matter. The animal is not at enmity against God, for he cannot combat an element of which he is as yet unconscious. Humanity fights the spiritual only after it has made some progress in the conquest of the material. If this be contested I would ask: At what stage does the arena of the battle—the psychic nature—first come into prominence? Is it at the stage when the material world is exacting from a man his early and undivided attention? At such a point a man may be wholly identifying himself with his carnal nature, but he is not necessarily fighting against God. That struggle comes later, and really marks a distinct advance in growth, though for long the victory is generally on the side of the lower self. Nevertheless, enmity is as much better than apathy, resistance than inertia, as life, however misdirected, is better than death. The man who sides with his lower self discovers eventually, by the pain that follows on the lower victories, that God in the end is bound to win. And he learns to use against the lower the powers he has gained by struggle with the higher, and fights for God as once he fought against Him. This is the use of the early and inevitable alliance with the carnal mind. The animal centre is not only the resisting agency whereby the spiritual is to push its germinal life upward, but also the source of the resisting principle itself. And as growth by struggle is one of the primary conditions of life, it is obvious that evil cannot cease until its mission as a resisting agency has been accomplished.

To affirm that the soul which is not yet full grown has more than a relative responsibility for his imperfection, is to load the human race with a burden it was never meant to bear. No two men are at precisely the same stage, and for the bulk of mankind the hour of full responsibility is as yet far off. Still, to each according to his measure is it given to rise above the past, and

utilise the elemental forces of a passing stage for the fashioning of a maturer future. Man cannot do this unaided; it is difficult, even, to arouse the desire to do it. In elementary man, desire for the highest takes the form of desire for the pleasantest; a step higher, and the two appear together as warring impulses. "We needs must love the highest when we see it" is only true for the average man within limits. Even after the highest has been sighted and desired, the "needs must" does not follow for many steps on the way. Will is weak, and the pleasantest will long overpower the best. To love God is the first and last commandment; but how shall we love Him without something of the open vision that sees His loveliness, and how acquire that vision without the love that vivifies the deadened spiritual senses? It is just here that religions interpose to help us out of the deadlock. Man in his blind unceasing search for the highest good is largely dependent on the aid of those who have gone before him on the search. He who as yet "sees men as trees walking," must, for the time, accept, at least provisionally, the seeing of those wise in spiritual things, until by their help he, too, has entered into knowledge. Hence the birth of religions suited to the need of special races and minds; hence the imposition of moral codes, founded on exact spiritual science, and imposed authoritatively from without, only because man has not yet learned to evolve them naturally from within.

This wider view of the relativity of moral evil has been condemned as leading to a confusion of moral distinctions fatal alike to the teacher of ethics, and to him who would practise the growth of virtue in his own soul. On the practical plane, it is said, the doctrine is unworkable. If evil has no absolute existence, neither has its opposite, good. The one stands and falls with the other. Evil is not the prelude, but the eternal and necessary antithesis of good, pursuing the soul to the very threshold of perfection, for each is unthinkable apart.

We cannot deny the force of the objection. Existence is maintained by contrasts; opposition and comparison are implied in, are essential to, the simplest mental process. And if good and evil are held to be abstractions existing apart from our mental conceptions of them, the objection will probably hold.

But, as I have tried to point out, evil is the result of energy working through undeveloped faculty. It follows, therefore, that good is the same energy expressed through wider and more perfect media. Evil being a result of limitation, albeit *for limited beings* it has a real and positive existence, can have no existence *apart from limited faculty*. The fact that good increases in man in proportion to his growth of vision, seems to indicate that the attainment of the perfect good is only a question of the development of the perfect stature. True, the consciousness of shadow is needed to awaken in us the consciousness of light, but the shadow need not abide for ever, once it has become part of the common experience of the race.

The doctrine of antithesis, then, has a relative truth, but if it is used to affirm that evil, as the opposite of good, has an equally real existence, or that, being in essence unreal, its opposite is unreal also, we are landed again in the old dualism from which we have been seeking escape; or—worse—are compelled to strip our ideals of all definiteness, substance, and meaning. The position is illogical, for the perfect—which is good raised to its highest terms—must absorb the limited; both cannot exist together. "When that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away." And if we are asked, what is good? we can but reply: Good is not a manifestation of God, it *is* God. That it will differ for each individual according to his environment, training, and stage of growth, does not invalidate the reality and importance of those innermost ideals which are for him the highest aspect of the Divine which he is capable of recognising at any given period.

Esoterically, the only good is conscious union with God, as the only evil is separation from Him. All considerations of the problem must, it seems, take their rise from the fact from which we started, and to which we return in conclusion, that God and man have temporarily broken union. That the soul has come out from the Father and come into a world whose vibrations tend at first to overpower the spirituality of his true being, is the common teaching of all religions worthy of the name. But it is the tendency also of all religions to speak of the material plane as in itself evil, to depreciate the value of physical life, even to

the extent of desiring its annihilation altogether. But if restored union with God is by means of training in physical bodies, the question takes on a new aspect. God must be found in the physical world, if He is to be found in worlds outside the physical. Christianity, the religion that has most extensively condemned the evil of material existence, can show, perhaps, the most conspicuous example of One who, while living the life on earth, yet maintained unbroken contact with Heaven. In Jesus the two planes were blended into absolute harmony. And Jesus is to the Christian the promise and guarantee of his own possible attainment. He conquered; we too shall conquer, for he has shown us ourselves.

But of what is he the conqueror who has overcome the world? What is that ideal attainment in which good and evil play alike a needed part? There can be but one answer. He alone has attained who has learnt to live the non-separated life, who, despite the barriers of the atomic body, has realised in his innermost self that to find God is to find the abiding-place of the universe, and the inseverable bond of every sundered soul. "He who sees the Supreme in all things, and all things in the Supreme, sees indeed." Relative, truly, is the highest morality, the most stainless purity attainable here when seen in the light of That from whence we come forth, the return to whom is the only, the real good. Viewed from that standpoint, the one test of action is tendency. All things that conduce to union are good; all things that perpetuate separation are evil. It may be we are speaking counsels of perfection, but the root of the antithesis must be sought in the deepest place that human thought can reach. Good and evil, as seemingly separate and unrelated forces, are paving thither a long and painful way, but of the end it is, at present, presumptuous to attempt to speak. Only there, we believe, the eternal strife of opposites will have passed into harmonious resolution, and in the perfect whole there will be no longer the "broken arcs."

In speaking of the outbirth of the creature, and the problems consequent thereon, we cannot over-emphasise the optimistic note. We know that the purpose for which the universe was subjected to vanity must make that dire subjection transcendently

worth while. The soul is less than divine who has not become *consciously* so on the grossest plane, as well as in the subtle regions whence it came. For the "joy that was set before it," the creature "endures the cross, despising the shame," even though, to its superficial consciousness, that joy is a mere blind, automatic impulse towards material life. Behind the shallows of the personal consciousness the end is known, and this knowledge, which to the outer man is now but a vague and intermittent intuition, shall one day illumine the whole field of vexed and painful problems.

CHARLOTTE E. WOODS.

THE TALMUD MARY STORIES*

IT is in vain to seek for any historical element in the Talmud Mary stories, for they revolve entirely round the accusation of her unfaithfulness to her husband, and, therefore, in my opinion, owe their origin to, and cannot possibly be of earlier date than, the promulgation of the popular Christian dogma of the physical virginity of the mother of Jesus. When this miraculous dogma was first mooted is exceedingly difficult to decide. We know, however, that even at the time of the compilation of the canonical Gospels Joseph was still held to be the natural father of Jesus, as we have seen above,† and from this we deduce that even in the reign of Hadrian (117-138 A.D.) the dogma of the miraculous birth was not yet catholicised.

But how far back can we push the first circulation of this startling belief? For the instant it was publicly mooted even by a restricted number of the faithful, it was bound not only to have attracted the widest notice among the Jews, but also to have called forth the most contemptuous retorts from those who not only hated the pagan idea of heroes born of the congress of

* This series of papers in consideration of the question: "Did Jesus live 100 years B.C.?"—began in the June number.

† See "The Earliest External Evidence as to the Talmud Jesus Stories," in the December number, vol. xxxi., p. 319.

divine and mortal parents as a Heathen superstition and an idolatrous belief, but who were especially jealous of the legitimacy of their line of descent as preserved in the public records of their families. In this connection there is a passage in the Talmud which deserves our careful attention. It is interesting in other respects but chiefly because it is found in the Mishna (iv. 3), and therefore puts entirely out of court the contention of those who assert that what is generally regarded as the oldest and most authoritative deposit of the Talmud contains no reference whatever to Jesus; and not only is it found in the Mishna, but it purports to base itself on a still older source, and that too a written one. This remarkable passage runs as follows:

"Simeon ben Azzai has said: I found in Jerusalem a book of genealogies; therein was written: That so and so is a bastard son of a married woman."*

This Simeon ben Azzai flourished somewhat earlier than Akiba, and may therefore be placed at the end of the first and the beginning of the second century. He was one of the famous four who, according to Talmudic tradition, "entered Paradise"; that is to say, he was one of the most famous mystics of Israel. He was a Chassid, most probably an Essene, and remained a celibate and rigid ascetic till the day of his death. We might, therefore, expect him to be specially fitted to give us some information as to Jesus, and yet what he is recorded to have said is the very opposite of our expectation.

Ben Azzai, we are to believe, declared that he had found a book of genealogies at Jerusalem—presumably then before the destruction of the city in 70 A.D. This book of genealogies can be taken to mean nothing else than an official record; nevertheless we are told that it contained the proof of Jeschu's bastardy, for "so and so" is one of the well-known substitutes for Jesus and Jesus alone in the Talmud, as has been proved and admitted on either side.

If we are right in ascribing the genesis of the Mamzer element of the Jesus stories to doctrinal controversy, we can only conclude that the categorical statement we are considering was originally either a deliberate invention, or the confident assertion

* *Jebamoth*, 49*a*.

in the heat of controversy of some imperfect memory that was only too eagerly believed to refer to Jesus. The Jewish apologist on the contrary can argue that this ancient tradition fully justified his forefathers of later generations for their belief in the bastardy of Jeschu as a historic fact authenticated by the records; while if he be an out-and-out rationalist he may even go so far as to claim that the "virgin birth" doctrine was invented in answer to this record, and that there has been no historicising of a mystic fact, as we have supposed, seeing that there are no mystic "facts" but only the baseless imaginings of unbalanced enthusiasm.

This we cannot believe, and therefore conclude that the earliest Jewish Mary legends came to birth somewhere towards the close of the first century.

It is exceedingly difficult to classify these Mamzer legends or to treat them in any satisfactory chronological fashion, but it is remarkable that in them there seem to be two deposits of tradition characterised by different names for Jeschu—Ben Stada and Ben Pandera, names which have given rise to the wildest philological speculation, but of which the current meaning was evidently simply "son of the harlot," whatever may have been their line of descent.* Ben Stada occurs exclusively in the Talmud, where it is the most frequent designation of Jeschu, though Ben Pandera is also found; Ben Pandera is found in the Toldoth Jeschu, and as we have seen in the Church Fathers, while Ben Stada is never met with in these sources.

The Ben Stada stories are mostly characterised by anachronisms which are as startling as those of the Ben Perachiah date, but which are its exact antipodes. They are further generally characterised by either distinct references to Lud, or by the bringing in of the names of the most famous Rabbis of this famous school of Talmud study. I would suggest, therefore, that these legends might be conveniently called the Lud stories.

The Mishna School at Lud (Lydda) is said to have been

* See Krauss (S.), *Das Leben Jesu nach jüdischen Quellen* (Berlin; 1902), p. 276, where full indications of the literature are appended. The most interesting speculation is that of Bleek in Nitzsch's article, "Ueber eine Reihe talmudischer und patristischer Täuschungen, welche sich an den missverstandenen Spottnamen Ben Pandera geknüpft," in *Theologische Studien und Kritiken* (Hamburg; 1840), pp. 115-120. Bleech supposes that Pandera is a caricature name to mimic the Greek παρθενος (Parthenos), "virgin."

founded by R. Eliezer ben Hyrcanus, the teacher of R. Akiba,* and it was doubtless the great reputation of Akiba as the most implacable foe of Christianity which, in course of time, connected the name of Mary with stories of Akiba which originally were perfectly innocent of any reference to the mother of Jesus. Thus, in later times, we find tradition bringing Akiba and Miriam together in personal conversation, we find it still later giving her one of Akiba's contemporaries as a husband, and finally we meet with a curious legend in which Miriam is made the contemporary of a Rabbi of the fourth century!

But to consider these fantastic developments of Talmudic tradition in greater detail. The following is the famous academical discussion on the refinements of bastardy, which in course of time supplied the Ben Pandera legend with some of its most striking details, as we still find them in various forms of the Toldoth Jeschu.

"A shameless person is, according to R. Eliezer, a bastard; according to R. Joshua, a son of a woman in her separation; according to R. Akiba, a bastard *and* son of a woman in her separation. Once there sat elders at the gate when two boys passed by; one had his head covered, the other bare. Of him who had his head uncovered, R. Eliezer said, 'A bastard!' R. Joshua said, 'A son of a woman in her separation!' R. Akiba said, 'A bastard *and* son of a woman in her separation!' They said to R. Akiba, 'How has thine heart impelled thee to the audacity of contradicting the words of thy colleagues?' He said to them, 'I am about to prove it.' Thereupon he went to the boy's mother, and found her sitting in the market and selling pulse. He said to her, 'My daughter, if thou tellest me the thing which I ask thee, I will bring thee to eternal life.' She said to him, 'Swear it to me!' Thereupon R. Akiba took the oath with his lips, while he cancelled it in his heart. Then said he to her, 'Of what sort is this thy son?' She said to him, 'When I betook myself to the bridal chamber I was in my separation, and my husband stayed away from me. But my

* But when we are told that the famous Jewish proselyte, Queen Helena of Adiabene, passed fourteen years in Palestine (46-60 A.D.) in close communion with the doctors of the Hillel school at Jerusalem and Lud, there was presumably a school at Lud even prior to the time of Ben Hyrcanus.

paranymph* came to me, and by him I have this son.' So the boy was discovered to be both a bastard *and* the son of a woman in her separation. Thereupon said they, 'Great is R. Akiba, in that he has put to shame his teachers.' In the same hour they said, 'Blessed be the Lord God of Israel, who has revealed His secret to R. Akiba ben Joseph.'"

Eliezer, Joshua and Akiba were contemporaries, but Akiba was by far their junior; for Eliezer ben Hyrcarus was Akiba's teacher, while Joshua ben Chanania was a disciple of Jochanan ben Zakkai, who died about 70 A.D.; Akiba was put to death in 135 A.D. The setting of the story, therefore, places us somewhere about the end of the first century.

We may pass over the strange ascription of an act of heartless perjury to Akiba as the means whereby he extorted the confession from the boy's mother, and the far more curious addition at the end of the passage which blesses the God of Israel for revealing "His secret" after the use of such questionable means, with the remark that it would be interesting to know whether Talmud apologetics prefer to abandon the reputation of the Talmud or of its great authority Akiba in this instance, for here there is no third choice.

What is most striking in the story is that neither the name of the boy nor that of his mother is given. Laible† supposes that the story originally contained the names of Jeschu and Miriam, but that the compiler of the Gemara struck them out, both because the mother is described as a pulse-seller, while elsewhere in the Talmud she is called Miriam the women's hairdresser, and also because of the startling anachronism of making Miriam and Akiba contemporaries. He holds that the story itself is of early origin, and was originally a Jesus story.

To this we cannot agree, for if it had been *originally* intended as a Jesus story its inventors could not possibly have been so foolish as to introduce Rabbis of the beginning of the second century among the *dramatis personæ*. This would have been really too inane even for the wildest controversialists at any date even remotely approaching the time when Jews and Jewish Christians were still in contact.

* That is, the bridegroom's best man. † Laible-Streane, *op. cit.*, p. 35.

The main intention of the story is evidently to enhance the reputation of R. Akiba, to display the depth of his penetration and his fine appreciation of the subtlest shades of bastardy, a subject of great importance in Rabbinical law. It was then presumably a tradition of the Lud school, and at first had no connection whatever with the Jeschu stories. In course of time, when the Mamzer retort to the virgin-birth dogma was popularised in legend and folk-tale, the details of this other famous story of bastardy were added to the originally vague Mamzer legends of Jeschu, and to this source we may conjecture, with high probability, is to be traced the origin of the coarse details of Miriam's unfaithfulness to her husband as found in the various forms of the Toldoth Jeschu. The link was simply the word "bastard"; the rich gain to the legend material finally entirely outweighed the inconvenience of the wild anachronism.

The story is introduced by the commission of a shocking act of disrespect on the part of one of the boys, for according to Rabbinical law and custom, a teacher was to be treated as worthier of greater honour than all else, even than one's parents. To go uncovered in the presence of a teacher was thus thought to be an act of utter shamelessness; in the West, of course, the very opposite would be the case. Disrespect to the Rabbis as shown in this and other ways is one of the main burdens of accusation brought against Jesus in the Toldoth Jeschu.

We are, then, justified in supposing that any folk-tale or legend of infidelity or bastardy stood a good chance of being gradually worked into the Mamzer patchwork. And indeed we find that this was actually the case. The following story is a good instance of this method of conflation.

"There is a tradition, Rabbi Meir used to say: Just as there are various kinds of taste as regards eating, so there are also various dispositions as regards women. There is a man into whose cup a fly falls and he casts it out, but all the same he does not drink it (the cup). Such was the manner of Paphos ben Jehudah, who used to lock the door upon his wife and go out. And there is another who, when a fly falls into his tumbler,* throws it out and drinks it, and this is the way of men generally.

* Cup, surely! Did the Rabbis use tumblers?

When she is speaking with her brothers and relatives, he does not hinder her. But there is also the man, who, when a fly falls into a dish, sucks it (the fly) out and eats it (the dish). This is the manner of a bad man, who sees his wife going out bareheaded and spinning in the street and wearing clothes slit up on both sides and bathing together with men."*

R. Meir was a pupil of Akiba and Paphos (or Pappos) ben Jehudah was Akiba's contemporary. It is not necessary to enter into a consideration of the details of Rabbinic metaphor with regard to the "various dispositions." All we learn from this passage directly with regard to Paphos ben Jehudah, is that he locked up his wife; we are, however, led to conclude, indirectly, that she ultimately proved unfaithful to her tyrannical spouse. What, then, more simple than for a story-teller to connect this with the details of unfaithfulness found in his Jeschu *répertoire*. The erring wife was just like Miriam; before long she actually became Miriam, and finally Paphos ben Jehudah was confidently given as Miriam's husband! So they had it in later times, had it, we may suppose, at Lud, that most uncritical of legend factories, and finally we find even so great a commentator as Rashi (*ob.* 1105 A.D.) endorsing with all confidence this hopeless anachronism, when he says: "Paphos ben Jehudah was the husband of Miriam, the women's hair-dresser. Whenever he went out of the house into the street, he locked the door upon her, that no one might be able to speak with her. And that is a course which became him not; for on this account there arose enmity between them, and she in wantonness broke her faith with her husband."

But, even eight or nine centuries before Rashi's time the Babylonian Rabbis had found the Ben Stada Lud developments a highly inconvenient overgrowth of the earlier Ben Perachiah date, as we shall see later on, and it is strange to find Rashi so ignorant of what they had to say on the subject.

Startling, however, as is the anachronism which we have been discussing, it is but a mild surprise compared with the colossal absurdity of the following legend, if we interpret it in the traditional fashion.

"When Rab Joseph came to this verse (Prov., xiii. 23) 'But

* *Gittin*, 90*a*.

there is that is destroyed without judgment,' he wept. He said: Is there really someone who is going (away), when it is not his time? Certainly (for) so has it happened with Rab Bibi bar Abbai; the angel of death was found with him. The former said to his attendant, Go, bring me Miriam the women's hair-dresser. He went and brought him Miriam the children's teacher. The angel of death said to him, I said Miriam the women's hair-dresser. The messenger said to him, Then I will bring her [the other] back. The angel of death said to him, Since thou hast brought her, let her be reckoned (among the dead)."*

Rab Joseph bar Chia was born at Stili, in Babylonia, 259 A.D.; he was head of the famous Babylonian Rabbinical School at Pumbeditha. The only R. Bibi we know of flourished in the fourth century, and that this Bibi was believed to have been the seer of the death-bed vision is quite evident from the following note of the Tosaphoth on the passage:

"'The angel of death was found with him,' who related what had happened to him long ago, for this story as to Miriam the women's hair-dresser took place in the time of the second temple, for she was mother of that so and so [*i.e.*, Jeschu], as is related in (treatise) Shabbath [104*b*]."

The writer of the Tosaphoth is evidently quite clear in his mind that the date of Miriam was the Ben Perachiah date; for him this was *the* tradition. It was in the days of the second temple, before Herod's new and splendid edifice replaced the meagre building that had become gradually overtopped by the gorgeous Greek palaces of the Jewish nobles of his day.

It must be remarked, however, that this explanation does great violence to the wording of the story as it is found in the Gemara. Can it be then that some other Bibi was originally referred to, and that the story was subsequently transferred by posterity to his far later but more famous namesake?

That the simple words "bastard" and "adulteress" were strong enough indications of suitability for the match-makers of legend to unite in marriage stories of otherwise the strongest incompatibility of age and date, we have already seen; that the

* *Chagiga*, 4*b*.

very common name of Miriam should further expand this family circle of cross-breeds, is therefore quite to be expected.

And this will doubtless be held by most sufficiently to account for the transference to the address of Miriam the mother of Jeschu of the following two legends; but closer inspection warns us not too lightly to accept this explanation. In one of the tractates of the Palestinian Talmud we are given the story of a certain devout person who was privileged to see a vision of some of the punishments in hell. Among other sights,

"He saw also Miriam, the daughter of Eli Betzalim, suspended, as R. Lazar ben Jose says, by the paps of her breasts. R. Jose ben Chanina says: The hinge of hell's gate was fastened in her ear. He said to them [? the angels of punishment], Why is this done to her? The answer was, Because she fasted and published the fact. Others said, Because she fasted one day, and counted two days (of feasting) as a set-off. He asked them, How long shall she be so? They answered him, until Simeon ben Schetach comes; then shall we take it out of her ear and put it into his ear."*

As R. Jose ben Chanina was a contemporary of R. Akiba, R. Lazar ben Jose was presumably a Rabbi of an earlier date, but I can discover nothing about him. The main point of interest for us is the sentence, "until Simeon ben Schetach comes." This can only mean that at the time of the vision Simeon ben Schetach was not yet dead, and therefore this Miriam was at latest contemporary with him and therefore can very well be placed in the days of his older contemporary Joshua ben Perachiah. As to Eli Betzalim,† I can discover nothing about him. It is true that a certain Eli is given as the father of Joseph in the genealogy incorporated into the third Gospel, a genealogy which would be quite useless if at the time of its compilation Jesus had not been regarded as the natural son of Joseph, but in the very different genealogy prefixed to the first Gospel, and also purporting to give the descent of Joseph, a certain Jacob takes the place

* *Pal. Chagiga, 77d.*

† Krauss (*Leben Jesu*, p. 224) translates *Eli Betzalim* by *Zwiebelblatt* (onion-leaf) and (p. 225) refers to this Miriam as M. Zwiebelblatt, but does not venture on any explanation. The onion, however, was a symbol of lasciviousness and may therefore perhaps be taken as a synonym of harlot.

of Eli and the name Eli is not found. But even had the two genealogies agreed, we should not have been helped at all, for they are given as the genealogies of Joseph and not of Mary.

It would also be of interest to know in what Simeon ben Schetach had offended, for he is otherwise known as the Rabbinic president of the golden age of Pharisæan prestige in the days of Queen Salome, as we have seen above. In any case the story is an ancient one, for already in the days of Rabbi Lazar and Rabbi Jose there were variants of it.

The phrase "hinge of hell's gate" is curious and argues an Egyptian (or perhaps Chaldæan) setting; it may be compared with the "pivot of the gate of Amenti" of the Khamuas folk-tales, where they relate the punishment of Dives in Hades. "It was commanded that he should be requited in Amenti, and he is that man whom thou didst see, in whose right eye the pivot (?) of the gate of Amenti was fixed, shutting and opening upon it, and whose mouth was open in great lamentation."*

Finally, in these Talmud Mary-legends we come to the thrice-repeated Miriam daughter of Bilga story, which runs as follows:

"Bilga always receives his part on the south side on account of Miriam, daughter of Bilga, who turned apostate and went to marry a soldier belonging to the government of Javan,† and went and beat upon the roof of the altar. She said to him: 'Wolf, wolf, thou hast destroyed the property of the Israelites and didst not help them in the hour of their distress!'"‡

This Miriam, daughter of Bilga, can hardly be supposed to mean the actual Bilga of I. Chron., xxiv. 14, the head of one of the priestly courses of the house of Aaron. It must mean simply that Miriam was the daughter of one of the priests of the Bilga course or line of descent, for in the days of Bilga himself we

* Griffith (F. Ll.), *Stories of the High Priests of Memphis* (Oxford; 1900), p. 49. See also my *The Gospels and the Gospel* (London; 1902), pp. 175-180, where I have pointed out the importance of this episode in the new-found demotic papyrus as a probable source of the Dives and Lazarus story. Was Lazar the name of the seer in some Jewish variant of these popular Egyptian folk-tales? And has some alchemy of name-transmutation brought to birth the name Lazarus of the Dives story of the third Gospel writer? The speculation is a wild one, but not wilder than the transformations of legends with which folk-lorists are on all hands well acquainted.

† That is, Greece (Ionia).

‡ *Pal. Sukka*, 55*d*, also in substantially identical words, *Bab. Sukka*, 56*b*, and in *Tosepta Sukka*, iv. 28.

know of no attack on Jerusalem by the Greeks, as the story evidently suggests.

In this case, however, it does not seem to be the Talmud or the Jews themselves who connect this story with Miriam, mother of Jeschu, but Dalman,* who leaves us to suppose that it is one of the censured passages of the Talmud. What ground, however, Dalman has for bringing this story into relation with the Mary-legends I cannot discover; he seems to depend on Laible,† who refers to Origen quoting Celsus as making his Jew declare that "Mary gave birth to Jesus by a certain soldier, Panthera."

If, because of this, we are to take the above as a Mary story, it should be noticed that the "soldier" is of the "house of Greece," and therefore the date of the incident must be placed prior to the first Roman occupation of Jerusalem by Pompey in 63 B.C.; so that in it, in any case, we find a confirmation of the Ben Perachiah tradition.

This brings us to the end of our Mary stories; our next paper will deal with the remaining Talmud Ben Stada Jesus stories.

G. R. S. MEAD.

TRUTH is within ourselves; it takes no rise
From outward things, whate'er you may believe.
There is an inmost centre in us all
Where truth abides in fulness, and around,
Wall upon wall, the gross flesh hems it in,
This perfect, clear perception—which is truth.
A baffling and perverting carnal mesh
Binds it, and makes all error: and to KNOW
Rather consists in opening out a way
Whence the imprisoned splendour may escape,
Than in effecting entry for a light
Supposed to be without.

BROWNING'S *Paracelsus*.

* Dalman-Streane, *op. cit.*, p. 20 *n.*

† *Ibid.*, p 19.

TWENTY YEARS OF DARKNESS

In a sermon at the Synagogue of the Reformed Jews in Upper Berkeley Street, on October 18th, the preacher, Morris Joseph, taking as his text *Psalms*, xvii. 15, related how he had heard the celebrated lecture of Prof. Tyndall's at the meeting of the British Association twenty years ago.

The preacher said that the immediate result of this lecture, which dealt with the constitution of matter, was to cause a great reaction against the spiritual view of life in the minds of the leading thinking men. But he thought himself that the weight of its influence had been much exaggerated. Only a small school of scientists ever maintained, or still maintain, that the physics of the body are the only real facts or that thought is a secretion of the brain.

The influence of this lecture, he continued, is now dead. A greater reaction still has set in towards the recognition of the facts of the soul's life. Science does not satisfy us as to the great "Why." "A tear!" said a well-known French writer, "can science say *what* it is? Yes! A little water—a little gum! But *why?* Science leaves the field! What of the pain—the pity—that melts the soul to tears? Why these tears?"

The soul of man will ever ask this why and the answer is as far out of reach of science to-day as it has always been and always will be.

Then the preacher, who had evidently been following the recent series of articles by Mallock in the *Fortnightly*, on "Science and Religion," maintained that there could be, properly speaking, no conflict between religion and science, since science is continually fluctuating and contradicting itself, and moreover is continually defining more and more certainly the inexorable limitations of its field.

(Readers of the above-mentioned articles will remember that

Mallock quotes Hæckel as saying that: "God, free-will and immortality are superstition's three buttresses." The only answer to such a disputant, Mallock replies, is that they are the buttresses of many other things besides, and of things which he himself is as unwilling to surrender as is anybody. The present writer has before her the following sentences out of Hæckel's *Monism* (p. 47): "*If* we understood the nature of matter and energy, we should also understand *how* the substance underlying them can—under certain conditions—*feel, desire* and *think*." And again (p. 50): "It is often reproached against our Monism that it denies immortality—this is erroneous. Immortality in a scientific sense is conservation of substance, therefore the same as conservation of energy. The Cosmos as a whole is immortal. It is just as inconceivable that any of the energy of our spirit should *vanish* out of the world, as that any other particle of matter or energy should do so. At our death there disappears only the individual *form* in which the nerve-substance was fashioned.")

Truly, concluded the preacher, "no man can see God and live," we cannot know Him on our mortal side, but the spirit of man *sees* and *knows*, and when it awakens in His likeness it will be satisfied.

X^{n-1}.

If any man say to you: "Christ is in Christendom and not in Heathendom," take no notice of him, *believe him not*. Let him be to you as one who brags, and go thou and seek the true Christ elsewhere. . . . Settle it in your mind that whoever separates Him from the whole human race is not yet well instructed in the great mystery of godliness. Christ is the Presence of God with the human race from the beginning to the end of the world. . . . The man-loving Logos cannot be absent from any human spirit.—John Pulsford.

Truly wise you are not unless your wisdom be constantly changing from your childhood to your death.—Maeterlinck.

The influence of the senses has, in most men, overpowered the mind to that degree, that the walls of time and space have come to look real and insurmountable; and to speak with levity of these limits is, in the world, the sign of insanity.—Emerson, *The Over-Soul*.

THE "GREAT REFUSAL" OF THE PRE-RAPHAELITE MOVEMENT

AMID the several reversions in Art of the last century—reversions to the Hellenic, Mediæval, and Renaissance types—there is none more remarkable than the Pre-Raphaelite movement of the fifties.

The critics who tell us that such a movement was due to the interaction of complex, highly sensitised temperaments, or to a refined embodiment of the formula "Art for Art's sake"—do not pursue the question far enough. The study of Pre-Raphaelitism involves wider issues than the analyses of acute and subtle temperaments, such as D. G. Rossetti and Edward Burne-Jones; or of many-sided individualities, such as William Morris and Ford Madox Brown, and later of profound symbolists, such as G. F. Watts and Frederick Shields. Rather does it mean the intuition of a crucial phase in the life of a century. The true function of the Art critic, as of the historian, is to look beyond the "brief chronicles" of events, characters, and temperaments, to penetrate that wider realm of Consciousness in which the primal forces of our being—forces of Order, of Harmony, of Beauty—are at one with the Divine Wisdom that "reacheth from end to end, sweetly and strongly ordering all things." The realm of Art is, indeed, as wide as life, as deep as religion, as transcendent as Divine Love. This being so, the problem resolves itself into the following questions:—How far has this movement brought men into vital, inevitable relation with the Divine order?—Has it offered to men, as all high Art should do, a permanent source of spiritual content?—Has it revealed the immanency of the Spirit in nature and in man?

We can only attempt to find an answer to these questions by taking into consideration the genesis and the final outcome of Pre-Raphaelite Art. Briefly, we look back to those mid-years of

the nineteenth century during which this form of Æstheticism came into being.

The fulness of the time for a mystic revival had dawned. Romanticism had culminated in Scott and Coleridge, Mediævalism had deepened into the spiritual conviction of John Henry Newman and Frederick Denison Maurice. Science, the great protagonist of the age, had stepped into the field and had taken captive the strongest intellects of the time. Victoriously Science passed on invading and extending the limits of human knowledge, venturing even to the borders of the vast out-lying kingdoms, where light and darkness blend, and the hidden infinite impinges on the human and the known. And the watchword was: "We search for Truth."

And what of Art? At that time she found herself confronted with new and untried problems of life; her world became extended both in fact and in spirit; many new emotions, that as yet had hardly found their place in active life, pressed urgently for concrete realisation on canvas or in marble. But with the advent of fresh material there came the difficulty that always makes itself felt when the substance suddenly overpowers the means of expression.

Form was for a time lost in feeling, and yielded to the conquering influences around her; the higher claims of the artist were imperilled amid the conflict of confused and unsettled passions. Poet and painter alike had lost for awhile the calm spirit proper to all imaginative productions. The rush and tumult of new ideas left them at the mercy of their material and it was difficult to distinguish rightly between the beauty that was permanent, and the grace of form and gladness of colour that might be only ephemeral. Art then roused herself and it was no longer a question of Art for Art's sake, but of *Art for the sake of life.*

She saw around her the dominion of scientific fact, a laborious empiricism, a patient and thorough investigation of the laws of the material universe. Like "La Gioconda" of Da Vinci, there fell upon Art a deep weariness; upon her also "the end of the world had come."* Science, indeed, had given her facts, but

* Walter Pater, *Renaissance Studies.*

Science could not interpret them, could not vivify the dry bones of the physical world with the flesh and blood of the imaginative faculties. The magnificent generalisations of Science—then in the air—when not so seized upon and vivified, were fatal to creative impulses.

For the truth of the "conservation of energy," in the hands of materialism, may be construed into a mechanical fatalism. The belief in the "underlying unity amidst apparent diversity," when confined to the physical plane, may drag down the soul, and place the imagination under lock and key in the narrow bounds of the "five senses." Even the laborious and self-denying search after the facts of Physiology, Natural Science, and Psychology, may fetter the spirit and produce only a limited and sensuous æsthe-ticism. With the advent of the *Modern Painters* of John Ruskin, with the *Studies in the Art Catholic* of Dante Gabriel Rossetti, came the reaction of 1857 and of the years following.

John Ruskin, in his articles in *The Times*, and Rossetti and William Morris in *The Germ* challenged the vaunted "Realism" of the Art world. They challenged the Realism, with its hidden core of artificiality, which pourtrayed the sordid and ugly facts of nature and of human life, and which affected a pseudo-classicism. Rossetti and the men gathered in the "Brotherhood" proved, in their search after the beautiful and recondite truths of nature, after the mystery of the soul, as revealed in gracious form and subtle colour, that Realism could not be the truest exponent of the total life of their time. Many as are the human documents created by that school, its votaries depicted only a part of life—its gaunt realism, its lack of *imaginative* truth, its crude, hard, uncompromising pourtrayal of the facts of existence. The aim of the Realists was to depict the outward physical truths of life; to place these upon the stage in all their nudity or in their ultra-refined elegance, "exactly as they appeared in life." Needless to say this form of Art failed to grasp the very truths it sought. Historic truth is often imaginative untruth. The aim of the Pre-Raphaelites was to reveal, through nature, the inner life of the soul; to delineate for us that mystic world within the natural world. They sought to display that realm of artistic invention which is far more fair and strange, far more luminous and full of

precious form and colour, than the veritable physical universe wherein our feet stumble so helplessly.

"Beauty touched with strangeness"—in this phrase we have the note of Pre-Raphaelite Art; the blending of the truths of nature with a mystic symbolism. We see this in Rossetti's "Annunciation," where the old-world story is painted for us with an intense actuality, and at the same time with a wistful idealism, perhaps only fully interpreted in the sonnet he appended to the picture:

> This is that blessed Mary, preëlect
> God's Virgin. Gone is a great while, and she
> Dwelt young in Nazareth of Galilee.
> Unto God's will she brought devout respect,
> Profound simplicity of intellect
> And supreme patience. From her mother's knee
> Faithful and hopeful; wise in charity;
> Strong in grave peace; in pity circumspect.
>
> . . . .
>
> So held she through her girlhood; as it were
> An angel-watered lily, that near God
> Grows and is quiet. Till one dawn at home
> She woke in her white bed, and felt no fear
> At all,—yet wept till sunshine, and felt awed;
> Because the fulness of the time was come.*

Science had sounded the trumpet call to battle, but these men turned away from a life of action to a world of dreams, of devout and delicate mysticism. They did this in no sentimental mood. Their "great refusal" arose out of no cowardly shirking of that ringing call to action. Indeed, they marshalled their forces to meet another challenge; their whole attitude was a conscious and defiant neglect of the materialism around them. They challenged the world to disprove their claim to the power of soul interpenetrating matter, nay, Rossetti went further and declared:

> I fain would tell how ever more
> Thy soul I knew not from thy body,
> Thee from myself, neither our love from God.

"A great civilisation," writes Mr. Watts, "having reached the stage of (scientific) acceptance has turned back, and becomes

* Sonnet; "Mary's Girlhood."

haunted by the sense of mystery as deep as ever." This "Renaissance of Wonder," as the movement has been called, asserted itself in its picturesque aspect with William Morris, Ford Madox Brown, and others; in its sensuous aspect with all the Pre-Raphaelites, more or less, while it became symbolic in the art of Edward Burne-Jones, Rossetti, and G. F. Watts. William Morris, with characteristic directness of vision, and in sheer delight in the "wonder and bloom of the world," sought to cut down to the centre, and there find the heart of Beauty—*Beauty as an end of life*. Defiantly he bids farewell to what he calls "all make-believes of life," all "would-be renunciations, and impossible faiths."

> Wilt thou take all, Galilean?
> But these thou shalt not take—
> The laurel, the palms, and the pæan,
> The breasts of the nymphs in the brake.*

Amid the many waste waters of human experience he sought to find:

> A shadowy isle of bliss
> Midmost the beating of the steely sea.

That Morris did not accomplish the arcadian life we all know, though his socialistic gospel perhaps has led the way to the "garden cities" of the future.

With the art of Edward Burne-Jones we seem to wander in some land "east of the sun, and west of the moon." Men and women, perfect in the flesh, look out upon us from his canvas as in twilight, or some "faery land forlorn." And though we may touch each precise curve of flesh and note every undulating wave of hair, yet their presence is mysterious with the light of a recollected dream. His "King Corphetua and the Beggar Maid" seem to have passed out of the tumult of mundane existence and to be crowned with rest and love in a quiet land far away, yet with the seal upon them from which no mere earthly beauty escapes:

> The sunrise blooms, and withers on the hill,
> And the noblest troth sinks here to dust.†

* A. C. Swinburne, "Hymn to Proserpine."
† D. G. Rossetti, Sonnet, "House of Life."

Of the later development of Pre-Raphaelite Art, in the work of Holman Hunt, G. F. Watts, Sir Noel Paton, and others, this is not the place to speak. For these men, by virtue of a higher intuition, of a more profound symbolism, have touched the fine intentions of their older brethren to finer issues in the realm of Teutonic Art. They came very near to the swift intuitive vision of Keats, when he wrote:

> Beauty is Truth, Truth Beauty, that is all
> Ye knew on earth, or need to know.

The works of the earlier "Brethren" mark a distinct phase in the culture of their day, in the progress of concrete works of Art, in the evolution of the imaginative reason—that complex faculty which belongs in part to the lower mind, in part to the divine spiritual triad of man. Without them a stage in the struggle of the soul would remain unrecorded, a line of solution untried amid the complex problems of the age so recently closed. In the paintings, the poems of the "Brethren," the supreme aim and end was beauty of body shadowing forth beauty of soul. Here we touch the strength and the weakness of their form of Art. Beauty truly is the indispensable condition under which all great Art manifests herself, while in the greatest Art she is never separated from the Good and the True.

In the works of the Pre-Raphaelite school Beauty is both aim and end; it is not infrequently divorced from the Good and the True. Hence the ultimate failure of their work, when we apply to it the conditions before named—their power of bringing men into vital inevitable relation with the Divine Order; the gift of a permanent source of spiritual content; the revelation of the immanency of the Spirit in Nature and in man. Perhaps we may question whether Art has ever done this. Without doubt, the *greatest* art has always fulfilled these conditions. We have only to think of the sculptures of the Parthenon, the Cathedral of Chartres, the music of Beethoven, to feel assured of this. In this world of Pre-Raphaelite Art, this synthesis of Nature and of dreams, we have indeed flashes of inspiration, but no "clear dream and solemn vision" coming from the Higher Consciousness. We give thanks for the "quest" of the Brotherhood, for its earnest, devout, loving worship of Nature and beauty of form,

for its lovely, imaginative colour—colour rarely seen since the days of the master-painters, Leonardo da Vinci, Raphael, and Michael Angelo. With gratitude we acknowledge the revolutionary power of their ideas, so "free, pungent, penetrating," ideas often in confused solution, yet so near to the natural forces of an age. In spite of all the nobility of their "quest," these knight-errants in the cause of Beauty failed to attain the highest "vision." The flame of mystic passion in Rossetti, the natural æsthetic delight of Morris, the chivalrous remote idealism of Burne-Jones, each, in his turn, has made us know the truth of Wordsworth's words: "The sense of death-like, treacherous desertion felt in that last place of refuge—a man's own soul."

With a certain bitterness of assurance they only tell us, in poem and painting, that intellectual certitude is vain, that spiritual content can never be, that amid "the weeping and laughter of man's empty day," the world of exquisite emotions, of rare colour, of glorious form, still endures, that earth is good, and life is sweet.

Their counsel of perfection sums itself up in the lines:

> Death have we hated, knowing not what it meant,
> Life have we loved, through green leaf and through sere,
> Though still the less we knew of its intent;
> The Earth and Heaven through countless year on year
> Slow-changing, were to us but curtains fair,
> Hung round about a little room, where play
> Weeping and laughter of man's empty day.*

Regretfully we ask, is this all then Art has to offer to the divine spirit of man? Surely not.

Has Art even now forgotten the dictum of one of her truest exponents: "To live with steady purpose, in the Whole, the Good, the Beautiful— . . . to divert our mind from all that is transient and ephemeral and fasten upon *abiding relations*."† There is the whole secret of great Art; the "abiding relations" of man's spirit with the infinite Being of all; the Whole, the Good, the Beautiful.

I am reminded at this point of an intuitive passage in one of

* W. Morris, Epilogue to *Earthly Paradise*.

† Goethe, *Conversations with Eckermann*.

Shelley's Letters in which he remarks upon the "Niobe" group in Florence: "All this," he writes, "not only consists with, but is the cause of, the subtlest delicacy of clear and tender beauty—the expression at once of innocence and sublimity of soul, of purity and strength, of all which touches the most removed and divine of the chords that make music in our thoughts."

The whole secret of Art's highest aim and end lies in this paragraph. For the synthesis of lovely form, of exquisite tones, of marvellous light and shade, these in the hand and through the spirit of a master-artist do indeed "touch" and awaken the "most removed and divine chords" in the Higher Consciousness of man.

Great Art is an appeal to the Divine Ego. It is its privilege to quicken emotion, to arouse in us what John Addington Symonds has called "indefinite, illimitable desire"—"desire," he hastens to add, "that is touched to fine pervasive spiritual issues."*

All noble Art is an appeal to the inner harmony of man's Higher Consciousness; it beats in unison with the great rhythmic chord that is dominant in all sublime creation—the chord of the Good, the True, the Beautiful.

Here, then, we catch a glimpse of what I have called the "great refusal" of the Pre-Raphaelites: on the one hand, a refusal to join hands with materialism and with a form of Art purely sensuous; on the other hand, a sorrowful turning away, like the rich young man in the parable, from the Kingdom of the Spirit. It has ever been the privilege of the highest Art, nay, its urgent demand, to enter that Kingdom. When we look at, or listen to, any supreme achievement in Art, whether of painting, of poetry, or of music, we seem to hear again the wise counsel of the Mantineian Sibyl, words that contain the sum and substance of an artist's noblest aim and end: ". . . . . If it were given to anyone to behold the absolute beauty, in its clearness, its pureness, its unmixed essence; not replete with flesh and blood and colours and other manifold vanity of this mortal life; but if he were able to behold that divine beauty (μονοειδές) simply as it is; do you think," she said, "that life would be a poor thing to one whose eyes were fixed on that; seeing that,

* J. A. Symonds, *Fine Arts*, vol. iv., "Renaissance in Italy."

with the organ through which it must be seen, and communing with that? Do you not think, rather," she said, "that here alone it will be his, seeing the beautiful with that through which it may be seen (namely, with the imaginative reason), to beget no mere phantasms of virtue, as it is no phantom he apprehends, but the true virtue, as he embraces what is true? And having begotten virtue, and revealed it, he will become dear to God, and if any man may be immortal he will be."*

MARGARET S. DUNCAN.

IN THE VIRGIN-MOTHER'S KINGDOM

SHE was abroad in the land, for the time was May, and the birds were singing; those who do not possess the faery sight might trace her only by the flowers which sprang where her white naked feet touched the meadows and were washed by the streams. The loud south wind swept from the sea, and bowed the pine-tree tops; it was soft, it was strong, but in the curve of meeting woods of pine, larch and budding oaks, it was so stilled that not even a milk-white blackthorn petal was loosed before the appointed hour.

A little pool lay in the curve of the woods, and thence a stream went shining across a broad turf alley, away to the wide heath close by, which was hidden by the trees. Round the pool grew flowers; fragile scented primroses, delicate wind-flowers, cuckoo blooms, stitchwort, and water forget-me-not; the banks of the stream glowed here and there with marsh marigolds.

A man lay by the side of the pool; he was singing, because the birds, the trees, and the stream sang, and good fellowship compelled him to do the same. Little speckled brown lizards sunned themselves, and slipped in and out of the dry stalks of last year's bracken; here and there new fronds were uncurling

* Plato, *Symposium*, 210.

their brown heads. A glossy fox trotted by to his lair; the wind blew from him to the man, so that the comely bandit of the woods picked his way among last year's leaves unconscious of a human presence; the fox carried in his mouth a poor little limp heap of reddish-brown fur that had once been a squirrel. Even the Virgin-Mother's kingdom has its tragedies; the only alleviating circumstances of which are that no one draws a moral from them, or attempts to offer either reproof or comfort. When the man began to sing the fox dropped the squirrel and ran away; yet the cuckoo on the bough above his head called far more loudly.

Through the larch wood came a youth, his hands were locked behind him, his eyes bent on the ground. He was not watching the life of the wood; he did not see the fox, he did not know the first swallow was sweeping over the heath he had crossed; he did not mark the pink crab-apple blossom opening on a little tree growing among the pale green larches. He looked tired, ill, restless, and overstrained. When he was within a few paces of the singer he heard his voice and stood still.

"This is how you are spending your morning, is it? I wondered where you were. You were not in the chapel this morning."

"No, I come and go in the chapel. I was here before the sun rose; I bathed in that pool in the stream as the first ray of sunshine struck the water. Lie down by the pool! To smell the wet moss and the primroses is worth all the fame, power and wealth the world can give. Hear the thrum of the wind on the open heath, it blows straight in from the sea."

"You are such a born vagrant, I wonder you can stay here as quietly as you do; I should have thought one place would not have held you a month."

"I am such a born vagrant that there is no place on earth has power to hold me whether I stop in it or not. It doesn't matter. But honestly, I marvel to see *you*; I thought only pagans like myself came to the woods on Sunday morning. And I understood from you that you had come to Brent for a 'retreat.'"

"I did. I came because town was playing the tune of a goblin's dance on my nerves. I came to find peace in the beautiful symbolism of the religious life at Brent. But it's no good,

I'm sick of symbolism, sick of religion. We never reach its heart, we only see the outer husk. I am weary of all forms and symbols, I am weary of matter. I want the life of the spirit alone. I think I may claim to have transcended purely sensuous delights. I want neither earth, heaven, nor hell. I want knowledge."

"If you want to realise spirit, you must realise it through matter. When you have passed beyond matter you have passed beyond spirit too, and reached—"

"What can be reached beyond spirit?"

"Perhaps you, who will be contented with nothing less, will tell me. I don't know. If you despise matter you must surely despise its directing power, spirit. You can't have one without the other; and if you don't want either, but want something beyond, or above, or within both, why are you here at all?"

"I didn't send myself here."

"Are you sure of that?"

"I'm not sure of anything, except that I am sick and tired of life."

"Excuse me; I don't believe that. I think you are greedy of life, only you believe you want it in some form other than those you know. But if you ever began to understand those forms, perhaps you would find at the heart of them all the knowledge you need; at any rate you would be less weary and less scornful of them."

"Do you think so?"

"I do; I'm sure of it."

The listener sighed.

"Look," said the other, pointing down the turf road. "Look where Spring goes like a laughing goddess, singing through the meadows. If you knew even a tithe of what lurks in the mystery of colour—if you knew why the Earth-goddess goes dressed in green—why the mist is pearl-grey and faint green in the shadows of the oaks, rosy and violet among the pines, and clear dusky brown under the larches—why that stream shines steel blue between the yellow marigolds and forget-me-nots—why birch boughs are amethyst, and lime-tree buds like rubies—"

"*Are* birch boughs amethyst?"

"They are when they're alive, not if you cut them to make brooms or birch-rods of them. If you knew these things—"

"Stop! We *do* know why these things are."

"You know something of the physical process which produces your impressions of colour. But you don't know the why—the meaning and power of it all; if you did you would draw near to knowing some of the mysteries of spirit; behind spirit and matter lies—silence. If you are not craving for knowledge of matter, you can't crave knowledge of spirit, and if you only crave knowledge of the Beyond, I don't see how you crave knowledge at all. Surely it means you are tired of knowledge too, for knowledge means duality; if you know, you must know something other than yourself, and if you have thyself and myself, you are in the world of matter. O believe me! You're not weary of knowing—therefore not weary of matter—therefore not tired of Nature—nor tired of life."

"Perhaps not, in this wider sense. I am tired of the life I know because it is so small. I crave for something *great*."

"You make me feel a certain shame. I have been contentedly looking at this stitchwort flower. It is very small, but it is very well made. If I could make a thing so well, I would make it larger, to please you. In case I should ever be able to fashion something like this flower with life as my chisel, would you mind defining the terms great and small? I should like to execute your order accurately."

"I—well, really!"

"Precisely. That's my own position to a T. I wonder which of the two, using the terms, as we must, in a purely relative sense, is the more important. I was looking at the sky last night; if you remember, it was wonderfully clear, and I arrived at some conclusion, but the stitchwort this morning shook it badly, the ant who is crawling up that grass had already given it a shock."

"Do you call an ant—who?" said the youth, laughing.

"In his hearing—I do. You would prefer I should wait for your departure before I spoke of you to him as—which."

The young man laughed, and threw pine cones at a squirrel. "Nature is your religion," he said.

"Do you really think Nature means nothing?" said the elder, seriously. "You were much interested a little time ago in the theory that 'thoughts are things,' and have form and colour. What then is the meaning in the world of thought of these forms and colours, the shapes and hues of a countryside in Spring? Must they not be the outward and visible signs of an inward and spiritual grace? Are they not a showing forth in form of intelligent forces, of ideas that endure? Think of a virtue, if you will, not as a vague abstraction, but as a conscious power or force; you can't think of naked force, it must have form; as you think you clothe it in a form which takes shape as colour, which is the effect produced on your brain by the abstract idea of the virtue manifested thus to you in concrete form. When you perceive the colour you are, in truth, perceiving in some measure that which colour expresses. Therefore, when you sit, as we sit now, and watch 'the Virgin-Mother clad in green,' you draw into the circle of your life that which is expressed by colour. Your mind embraces part of its meaning, and then stretches out to grasp the meaning of all beauty, which is ultimately the same as Wisdom, Power, Knowledge, Love, or any other great abstraction of which we talk much and know nothing. You get, as you sit here, a continual ebb and flow and interchange of action, as the life in these things which surround you beats on your life, and yours responds again. If you send forth your thought to all that this wood means, and then are still of thought for awhile, you will feel the throbbing heart of the wood answering you. Now, I mean that *literally*, and not as a poetic phrase. Wordsworth knew it when he said:

> "One impulse from a vernal wood
> May teach you more of man,
> Of moral evil and of good,
> Than all the Sages can.

"For that which manifests the wood to our senses, manifests also angel, man, beast, and all the powers which be, and can reveal them all to us as one, with a single brief innermost touch of life on life."

"I met a man the other day who said the love of Nature was purely sensuous,"

"Very likely. And how do we learn anything save through the medium of our senses in one or other region of our being. You may have a sense which includes all senses in all other regions; I don't know anything about that. I am not tying myself down to the thought of five physical senses and no more. I am stretching the term. There may be senses of the naked mind, organs whereby it perceives."

"What do you mean by the 'naked mind'?"

"I mean mind without brain, working by methods of its own, in a world of its own. I will grant 'a point of force' which is the ultimate Perceiver, or Thinker, if you will. But it must perceive through and by certain organs of which we know nothing. I am of opinion that mind, as the Perceiver, must clothe itself in matter in order to perceive."

"Your view, it seems to me, is very materialistic."

"Being a view taken in, and by means of, a material world, it probably is so. But when you have risen above the limits of the material world, stretching the term material very widely, and making it include every state of matter, however unthinkably ethereal, I do not see how you can express yourself at all in terms which I can understand, unless you descend again to me, and accommodate your terms to my organs of understanding. Why! you cannot even express the idea of a 'fourth dimension' of matter, so that people who can experience only through 'three dimensional' matter can understand what you mean, yet many of these very persons who can't understand you will talk of 'a spiritual world,' of 'pure spirit,' 'pure reason,' 'absolute unity,' and so forth."

"You think then that we cannot understand save through the medium of matter; you do not think we can learn silently of the one Life in all?"

"I do not know of any means of learning save through the one Life in all; and I think if we were more silent we should learn more quickly; but I think also that we learn through the working of this one Life in the one Form. It may be, I do not know, that we who learn have an enduring home, beyond all we can discover through, and concerning, the things seen and unseen."

"One Life—yes! But how speak of one Form?"

"You grant one Life though you see many forces at work in Nature?"

"Yes."

"Why not—on the same principle—admit but one Form."

"I believe I see what you mean; but do you know your theory bids fair to drive you to some conclusions liable to shock, startle, and distress?"

"It does, but I only said it to you. When persons, like yourself, are tired of life, have exhausted the possibilities of manifested Nature, and are beyond learning anything by merely sensuous perception, they ought not to be startled, distressed, or, for that matter, shocked by anything. They ought to have no prejudices or predilections for any given methods; they should only view the suitability of the means to the end, and the desirability of bringing that end about."

"It brings in appalling possibilities."

"Fortunately Nature is not so easily appalled as those who have transcended her 'purely sensuous' effects; if so, we should have cataclysms when they were not needed. Let me entreat you to turn your attention for awhile from the problem of good and evil, which there is little probability of your solving until you know the difference between the two at all times, and in all places, and till you also know their origin and uses. Look at this little pond; it is the best place to see dragon-flies which I know, except the Black Pond in the Claremont woods in Surrey, which is better. Please look! See the little mosses on the verge, and the tiny water-weeds like emeralds; see the moor-fowl and the rushes; think of all the little worlds within worlds below the surface of the water and in the air above; think of the patient powers that balance and guide the whole. And 'you do not want earth, or heaven, or hell, but pure knowledge!' Don't scamp your work; as an honest scholar learn to do things thoroughly."

The youth laughed. "I did not need to stay at Brent for a sermon."

"A sermon! The Powers forbid! Have I indeed preached a sermon? Gods of the wood, forgive me!"

"Nature preaches, doesn't she? Sermons in stones—and so forth."

"You have to extract your sermons by your own power of dealing with the stones, they don't swirl down on you unasked. There is a little purple cloud scudding across the sky. There will be a shower, and afterwards we shall watch the raindrops hanging on the pine-needles."

MICHAEL WOOD.

"THE XIPÉHUZ"

[AMONG the writings of the now well-known French author, J. N. de Rosny, there was published, some years ago, a small booklet,* which passed unnoticed as the product of this gifted novelist's peculiar imagination. On second reading, however, it seems to contain more interesting information and more accurate knowledge than intuitional writers of fiction generally give. If we may venture our own speculation as to the nature of the "beings" which he describes under the name of the Xipéhuz, it would seem that we have to do with creatures of an astral, or at any rate etheric, nature, whom the psychically-gifted early race dwelling on the future site of ancient Babylon, may have been able to see, but not to understand. The colour-language, the shape, the rapid changes of form, the vulnerability by sharp weapons only; the small central star, centre of the higher life-currents—all seem to point to the super-physical nature of the Xipéhuz. M. de Rosny's speculation is so curious that we have thought the readers of THE REVIEW would be interested in a rough *résumé* of his story.]

IT was many years before the dawn of the attempts at civilisation from which, much, much later on, arose Babylon, Ecbatana and Nineveh.

A tribe of nomads were camped within the sight of a great

* *Les Xipéhuz*, "Société du Mercure de France" (Paris; 1896).

forest called Khzur, in those antique realms which still teem with mysteries. They heard that a natural well was hidden in the freshness of its green aisles, and so they arose to go to it. But soon they halted, for a wonderful sight met them on the borders of the forest. This was a great circle of bluish conical forms, transparent, each of a grown man's size. On their surfaces were a few clear lines, a few dark convolutions. At the base they all had a star. Other forms stood farther off, cylindrical, of a bronze colour, starred with green, all with the mysterious star at the base.

The nomads halted; a strange awe made them unable to stir. Then suddenly there was a noise like the hissing of water poured on fire. The stars trembled; the Forms began to move towards them.

The first who were touched by the Forms fell down as dead. The shock paralysed like lightning, it brought death or a simple swoon. The Forms glided between the trunks of the darkening forest, striking with intelligent choice, with deliberation. The women and children were spared; the men, seized with unspeakable horror, fled and fled. At some distance, however, they perceived that the pursuit had ceased. It was as if a mysterious line had been drawn which the beings could not pass. They were still visible, faintly glimmering under the trees.

Children and wives came running back to them; then one of them took heart and lit a fire and sounded his horn to guide the last stragglers home.

With the first light of day the chief of the tribe went forth to see the peril again. Alone he passed the limit which had stopped the Forms. He saw them still under the forest trees, radiant in the morning sun. Their shapes swayed and changed from disc to spiral, from cone to cylinder. They shone like turquoise and copper and amethyst, and their stars were brighter than the rays of daylight. They saw the chief and stirred. And he, in spite of his courage, had to flee.

The struggle began between the mind of man and the unknown.

Larger and larger grew the area which the mysterious beings could enter in chase of man. At last, all attempts to destroy

them failing, man looked into the very face of destruction and awaited the end of his race.

But in the vast desert where later, much later, was to rise Ecbatana, there lived a chief whose name was Bakhun. He had settled down alone, passing his time in the cultivation of the soil, and in meditation on man, the stars and the reality of things. To him, renowned as he was for courage and self-control (some whispered, for magic) the priests and the people went for aid.

He meditated for two days and then went to live near this fatal forest, the Forest of Khzur. There he watched and the story of his watching was written on tablets of stone in ante-cuneiform characters in the "Book of Bakhun." Therein is written :

The hero said : These beings are the Xipéhuz. They are living ones. They display will and choice ; they associate and they act independently. Their mode of progress is a gliding, even as a ray glides, but they direct it as they will. They cannot ascend the trees, but they can kill the birds, drawing them down in some strange way. Birds and beasts they kill, burning them up entirely, without using them for food. They give death for death's sake, and to every animal indifferently.

Round a big animal they assemble in circles of ten to twenty, and they direct on it the rays of the star that burns within them. The action of that ray is not immediate, so that falling on a human hand it begins to burn on the skin only after a while.

What is marvellous about these beings is the instability of their forms, changing from cone to cylinder or disc in one day, and also the variety of their delicate and radiant colours, which seem to come as their passions play, and to give each of the beings an individual expression. Yet no observation of man enables him to be certain. He only sees that they love and hate, and wish and choose ; their wrath is terrible to behold. More than once the hero saw one of them launch his ray on another, so that under the shock the victim shrunk, fell, shrivelled up, and turned to stone. These corpses of the Xipéhuz look like yellow crystals with blue lines, irregular in form and of unknown substance.

At a distance the Xipéhuz cannot kill, and the wide, luminous

area surrounding them helps man and animals to perceive their abode or approach in time to take to flight. Thus are other creatures preserved from danger, and also by the strange law that the Forms cannot pass beyond a given distance from their habitat. This limit increases its area with the increase of the numbers of the Xipéhuz, and accordingly diminishes when that number decreases. It seems to be connected directly with the habitat prescribed to the race by mysterious circumstances, and no Xipéhuz can escape the law ruling the whole of his kin, which binds the life of individual and race among them closer than among men or animals.

Their numbers increase only by a kind of procreation—the strangest thing about these strangest of Earth's creatures. Four times a year, a little before the equinox or solstice, groups of three Xipéhuz assemble and unite till the three creatures form only one, extending like a long ellipse. The whole night they remain thus linked till full sunrise, when they separate, and high up into the morning air one sees new Forms ascending, vague, vaporous, enormous. Slowly these Forms condense, decrease, and after ten days turn into amber-coloured cones still much larger than the adult Xipéhuz. To bring them down to adult stature two and a half months are needed. After that time they become as others, and a few days after their "coming of age" the area of their invasion grows in proportion to the number of births.

Have they senses? They can see things at a great distance, and no absence of light or form deceives them, so as to make them take an animal or a plant one for the other. To kill a bird one Xipéhuz is sufficient; to burn up a large animal there assemble ten, fifteen, twenty, as the case requires. They see through obstacles, and select their victims. They destroy the warriors, the men, but the child, the woman, is safe in almost all encounters.

They also have the gift of language—its form, not its sound—but still they speak. When a Xipéhuz wishes to talk he directs his rays to another Xipéhuz, the latter stops attentive. The speaker traces rapidly, on the surface of the listener, luminous signs by a play of light. They remain visible a few seconds, then fade out. After a short pause the answer flashes back.

For hours and hours sometimes they stand conversing together through signs related to an order of things so out of all human experience that vainly did the wise Bakhun try to unravel the abstract, unknown thoughts they exchanged. Some on the contrary never spoke but sought solitudes; some loved to listen, lingering near the speakers, glowing columns of sapphire or cones of emerald. They seemed to cherish the sunshine, and enjoyed it, especially in its full vigour. And many a time an elder Xipéhuz would stand in the midst of quite young ones and teach them the glowing signs of the light-language, the children repeating every sign till each was perfect.

Yet was it necessary to find the means of destroying them, to extinguish on earth the light of life for that race, for that kingdom of which humanity has lost even the conception. The Xipéhuz, or mankind—one of the two had to go.

And Bakhun made attempt on attempt with his sling, but the enemy did not seem even to notice the stones that struck through their shining surfaces. One day the hero tried an arrow; the Xipéhuz fled. Then they began to chase him, turning so as to hide the star at their base from his arrows. It was a ray of light on the mystery; the star was the life-centre and only the sharp point of the arrow could penetrate there, deep into some unknown focus of life-energy.

One rosy evening the attack began. A hundred thousand men went forth against the Forms. The fire from the Xipéhuz' stars burned up thousands of warriors, but human ingenuity invented shelters of wood too fresh and too thick to be destroyed by sudden flashes of fire. Soon it was apparent that strong blows dealt under cover could bring the Xipéhuz to the ground and force them to show their stars. Then the man struck and the Form died. Yet Bakhun saw with wonder that such of the warriors as used weapons of brass to strike at the Xipéhuz fell dead themselves as if struck by lightning. Bakhun at once ordered his warriors to take long wooden spears with only a metallic point, thin and sharp, to plunge into the centre of the mysterious stars.

The fight went on and on, till at last, another sunset, crimson with the rubies of the sky, mingled with the earth-red mist,

the blood of men that ran from ears and nose and lips from the electric shocks given by the Forms—a sunset glowing with red rays in the sky and with blushes of anger and triumph on the faces of the warriors. The last group of the Xipéhuz was surrounded, thrown down by the rush of thousands, and slain, leaving only a heap of strange-looking small corpses strewn about like fragments of metal.

The army of men set on fire the forest of Khzur throughout the whole area which had been haunted by the now destroyed Forms, and earth knew no more of the Xipéhuz kingdom; its mystery receded with it into the inner spaces to the Source of all Life. And Bakhun sat under the pale moon of the desert and dreamed of the dead race of the beings that were forms of light and mind, beings of love even, for some were merciful to weak creatures, and many had their loved ones among their kin. And the hero mourned for them because of the law that makes the life of one form the price of the life of another. And those who called him chief he bade worship only the One Life and love only the rule of Wisdom.

A RUSSIAN.

EACH soul must digest the heavenly manna for itself. For every sorrow the heart has turned from, we lose a consolation, for every fear we dare not confront, we forfeit some of our hardihood, and for every truth, I will add, that we fail to cherish, we forego a portion of our very souls.

HENRY MCCORMAC.

WHILE theology and philosophy are often occupied with the vain task of bridging a chasm between the finite and the infinite, which they assume to be separated, the supreme facts in the life of man as a spirit spring from their unity.—HENRY JONES.

THROUGHOUT the world, God, who is above human laws and reverences them not, works with means which men would despise. What to Him are the virtues which we call morality and respectability? Nothing; but love, helpfulness, honesty, are precious as fine gold.—JOHN NETTLESHIP.

THE EVOLUTION OF CONSCIOUSNESS

(CONTINUED FROM p. 462)

THE WAKING CONSCIOUSNESS

WE have already seen that the physical Consciousness is that which works in the materials of the physical body, and does not form part of what is called the normal waking Consciousness at this stage of evolution. This is part of the true "sub-conscious" in the human being, and purposive actions—actions directed by Consciousness—as they are constantly repeated tend to become habitual and then automatic, also sinking thus out of Consciousness into Sub-Consciousness. The Consciousness of the cell—shown in secretion, absorption, assimilation and similar activities, in the "memory of the cell," in the war waged by one species on another, etc.—belongs to a very early stage in evolution, that in which still exist such organisms as the amœba. This forms a portion of the Sub-Consciousness, which never intrudes into human Consciousness, save in its effects. The activities of internal organs—parts of a body, specialised for particular activities within the body—were in many cases purposive at one time, but have now become automatic, and are carried on without any reference to human Consciousness; these have sunk into the Sub-Consciousness, and may be recovered therefrom by persevering efforts of thought and will, as is evidenced by certain practices in Hâṭha Yoga. These again, do not in their normal healthy activities intrude into human Consciousness, save in their effects. Closely allied to these, but nearer to the borderland of Consciousness, are the automatic actions of particular organs, the activities of which are concerned with the relations of the entity to the external world; these were once directed by its Consciousness to the preservation of its physical body, and having now sunk by habitual practice and consequent automatism into the Sub-Con-

sciousness, remain there as instincts, and occasionally irrupt into Consciousness with imperious energy, overbearing the dictates of reason, save in those who have reached an advanced stage of self-control. Consciousness working on the astral plane in the past has formed these instincts, and they belong to the Sub-Consciousness of the astral plane, and some elements from the working of Consciousness in the past on the mental plane, and belonging thus to the Sub-Consciousness of the mental plane, also mingle in them. Human Sub-Consciousness, working on the physical plane, is thus composed of very varied elements, and it is necessary thus to analyse and to understand it, in order to distinguish its workings from those of the true human Super-Consciousness, which resembles the instincts in its sudden irruptions into Consciousness, but differs entirely from them in its nature and place in evolution, belonging to the future while they belong to the past. These two differ as atrophied rudimentary organs, recording the history of the past, differ from germinal rudimentary organs, indicating the progress of the future.

We have also seen that Consciousness, working on the astral plane, built up and is still building the nervous system for its instrument on the physical plane; but this also does not form part of what is called the normal waking Consciousness at this stage of evolution. In the average man, Consciousness, working on the mental plane, is now building up and organising the astral body as its instrument in the future on the astral plane; but this again does not form part of the waking Consciousness. What then is the human waking Consciousness?

It is Consciousness working on the mental plane and on the astral, using mental and astral matter as its vehicle, seated in the physical brain as Self-Consciousness, and using that brain with its connected nervous system as its instrument for willing, knowing and acting on the physical plane. During waking Consciousness the brain is always active, always vibrating; its activity may be stimulated as a transmitting organ from outside through the senses, or it may be stimulated by the Consciousness from the inner planes, but it is ceaselessly active, responding to the without and the within. In the average man, the brain is the only part in which Consciousness has definitely become Self-

Consciousness, the only part in which he feels himself as "I," and asserts himself as a separate individual unit. In all the rest of him Consciousness is still vaguely groping about, answering to external impacts but not yet defining them, conscious as to changes in its own condition but not yet conscious of "myself" and "others." In the more advanced members of the human family, Consciousness, working on the astral and mental planes, is very rich and active, but its attention is not yet turned outwards to the astral and mental worlds in which it is living, and its activities find their outer expression in Self-Consciousness on the physical plane, to which all the outer attention of Consciousness is turned, and into which is poured as much of the higher workings as it is capable of receiving. From time to time, powerful impacts on the astral or mental plane create so violent a vibration in Consciousness, that a wave of thought or emotion surges outwards into the waking Consciousness and throws it into such furious motion that its normal activities are swept away, submerged, and the man is hurried into action which is not directed or controlled by Self-Consciousness. We shall consider this further when we come to the super-physical Consciousness.

In the earlier stages of human evolution, there is little activity in Consciousness on the inner planes except as stimulated from the outer; but as Self-Consciousness grows more vivid on the physical plane, it enriches with ever-increasing rapidity the content of Consciousness on the inner; Consciousness working upon its content, rapidly evolves, until its internal powers far outstrip the possibilities of their manifestation through the brain, and its latter becomes a limitation and a hindrance instead of a feeder and a stimulator. Then the pressure of Consciousness on its physical instrument becomes at times perilously great, causing a nervous tension which endangers the equilibrium of the brain, unable to adapt itself with sufficient rapidity to the powerful waves beating upon it. Hence the truth of the saying, "Great wits to madness near allied." Only the highly and delicately organised brain can enable the "great wits" to manifest themselves on the physical plane; but such a brain is the one most easily thrown off its balance by the strong waves of these same

"great wits," and this is "madness." Madness—the incapacity of the brain to respond regularly to vibrations—may indeed be due to lack or arrest of development, lack or arrest of brain organisation, and such madness is not allied to "great wits"; but it is a significant and pregnant fact that a brain in advance of normal evolution, developing new and delicately balanced combinations for the enriched expression of Consciousness on the physical plane, is the brain of all others that may be disabled by the throwing out of gear of some part of its mechanism not yet sufficiently established to resist a strain. To this again we must return in considering the super-physical Consciousness.

The Super-physical Consciousness

Psychologists in the West have lately betaken themselves to the study of states of Consciousness other than the waking; these are variously designated as "abnormal," "sub-conscious," "inconscient," and often as "dream-consciousness"—because the dream is the most generally recognised and universal form of Other-Consciousness. At first there was a tendency to regard these states as the result of disordered brain conditions, and this view is still largely held; but the more advanced psychologists are out-growing this narrow idea, and are beginning to study such states as definite manifestations of Consciousness under conditions not yet understood, but not necessarily disorderly; some definitely recognise a "larger Consciousness," a part only of which can find expression in the brain as at present evolved. In the East this state of Other-Consciousness has for long ages been regarded as higher than the waking state, as that of the Consciousness set free from the narrow limits of the physical brain, and acting in a subtler and more plastic and congenial medium. Dream has been regarded as one phase of this super-physical activity, and as a touch with higher worlds, and means have been taken to arouse Self-Consciousness in the dream-world, to set Self-Consciousness free from the body at will, so that instead of the vague and confused answers to impacts from that world in undeveloped dream states, Self-Consciousness may be established therein with clear and definite vision. For this Self-Consciousness must be at first removed from the physical body and made

active on the astral plane, for until it knows itself out of the body it cannot separate out in the "dream" the extra-physical experiences from the chaotic fragments of physical experiences mixed up with them in the brain. As clear water poured into a muddy bucket becomes mixed up with the mud, so does an astral experience, poured down into a brain full of fragments of past physical happenings, become blurred, confused, incongruous.* Eastern psychology hence sought after methods of separating the Self-Consciousness from its physical vehicle, and it is interesting to observe that these methods, wholly different as they are from those used in the West, and directed to the intensifying of Consciousness, reduce the body to the same state of quiescence as that induced by physical methods in the West, when the western psychologist betakes himself to the study of Other-Consciousness.

Trance is but the sleep-state, artificially or abnormally induced; whether produced by mesmeric, hypnotic, medicinal, or other means, the result is the same, so far as the physical body is concerned. But the result on the other planes will depend entirely on the evolution of Consciousness on those planes, and a highly evolved Consciousness would not permit the use of hypnotic or medicinal means—unless, perhaps of an anæsthetic for an operation—though such a one might allow, under exceptional circumstances, the use of mesmerism in producing the trance-state. Trance may also be produced by action from the higher planes, as by intense concentration of thought, or by rapt contemplation of an object of devotion, inducing ecstasy. These are the means used from time immemorial by the Râja Yogîs of the East, and the ecstasy of the Saint in the West is produced by this rapt contemplation; the trance is indistinguishable from that produced by the means above referred to in the Salpêtrière and elsewhere. The Hâṭha Yogîs also reach this same trance condition, but by means much resembling the last named—by staring at a black spot on a white ground, at the point of the nose, and other similar practices.

But when other than physical vision and physical tests are used, how great is the difference between the super-physical condi-

* The student will do well to read carefully Mr. C. W. Leadbeater's useful book on *Dreams*.

tions of Consciousness in the hypnotised subject and in the Yogî. H. P. Blavatsky has well described this difference: "In the trance state the Aura changes entirely, the seven prismatic colours being no longer discernible. In sleep also they are not all 'at home.' For those which belong to the spiritual elements in the man, *viz.*, yellow, Buddhi; indigo, Higher Manas; and the blue of the Auric Envelope will be either hardly discernible or altogether missing. The Spiritual Man is free during sleep, and though his physical memory may not become aware of it, lives, robed in his highest essence, in realms on other planes, in realms which are the land of reality, called dreams on our plane of illusion. A good clairvoyant, moreover, if he had an opportunity of seeing a Yogî in the trance state and a mesmerised subject side by side would learn an important lesson in Occultism. He would learn to know the difference between self-induced trance and a hypnotic state resulting from extraneous influence. In the Yogî, the 'principles' of the lower quaternary disappear entirely. Neither red, green, red-violet nor the auric blue of the body are to be seen; nothing but hardly perceptible vibrations of the golden-hued Prâṇa principle, and a violet flame streaked with gold rushing upwards from the head, in the region where the Third Eye rests, and culminating in a point. If the student remembers that the true violet, or the extreme end of the spectrum, is no compound colour of red and blue, but a homogeneous colour with vibrations seven times more rapid than those of the red, and that the golden hue is the essence of the three yellow lines from orange-red to yellow-orange and yellow, he will understand the reason why; he [the Yogî] lives in his own Auric Body, now become the vehicle of Buddhi Manas. On the other hand, in a subject in an artificially produced hypnotic or mesmeric trance, an effect of unconscious when not of conscious Black Magic, unless produced by a high Adept, the whole set of the principles will be present, with the Higher Manas paralysed, Buddhi severed from it through that paralysis, and the red-violet Astral Body entirely subjected to the Lower Manas and Kâma Rûpa."*

ANNIE BESANT.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

* *The Secret Doctrine*, iii. 479, 480.

JESUS AND MARY

Posthumous Romance by Alberto Sormani

Restera nella mia povera parola
Qualche cosa del mio pensiero?

A. Neera.

[The memory of Alberto Sormani, whose conspicuous genius was torn from the world of art and the battle-ground of thought at the immature age of twenty-six years, is a still living grief to many. The new romance (but little known) that we now publish was a favourite with the author, and one of the most interesting documents of the artist and the thinker. It is impregnated with that mystical idealism which is characteristic of all his works. The epigraph, chosen by himself, sounds like a presentiment. Many of those who knew and loved him will find him living again in these pages.—Ed. "Nuova Parola."]

And it came to pass that at the tenth hour, when the sun was yet high in the heavens and the heat-rays descended in their strength, that Jesus went in unto his disciples and said unto them: "Peace be with you. Expect my coming; I will be with you at the evening hour." Then he departed.

Fatigue and a mortal heaviness weighed on him and his soul was sad even unto death. And he walked by the Street of Olives, mounting to the summit of the hill which bears that name. The ardent rays of the sun descended on his head, but he heeded them not. At the farthest end the street was all shaded by the olive trees, the tamarind and the Indian fig, and standing in the midst of this refreshing shade was the tranquil abode of Martha and her sister Mary.* He knocked at the door, and it was opened

* *Note of the Author.*—The central figure of my story (which does not pretend to be historical) is the sainted Mary of Bethany, sister of Lazarus and Martha. I have made her identical (for artistic reasons) with the famous repentant sinner and with

by Martha, who bowed low before him. "Welcome are thy footsteps in my dwelling, O Master," she said. Then she prayed that he would enter and be seated in the best chamber.

At this moment Mary appeared before him. She was dark and pale, the most beautiful of the daughters of Judah. Though she had sinned deeply Jesus had granted unto her remission of her sins. Kneeling before him, she said unto him: "Lord Jesus, the blessing of this house wait upon thee!" Then, as was her custom, she sat at his feet waiting till it might please him to speak to her.

But Jesus spake no word. And the silence of peace dwelt on that house. From without came the loud murmur of the country, and within was shade and freshness. Gathered roses were there. In the freshness of the morning Mary had brought them from the valley of Cedron, for she loved the beauty of flowers.

And Martha now returned, carrying a refreshing drink of fruits, and with the hurry of domestic cares upon her, she said unto Jesus: "Will it please thee that my sister should aid me in the service?"

But he answered: "Martha, thou art busied of many things. Now, of all there is one thing needful, and she hath chosen the good part that shall not be taken away." And he remained alone with Mary.

Jesus was silent, and Mary, filled with the great and gracious words that once he had spoken unto her, bent on him her dark eyes full of faith and mystery, saying: "O Master, why art thou silent and why is thy soul sad?"

Jesus regarded her sweetly and gravely, but he spake not, and his gaze lost itself in the infinite as though it followed a vision it could not seize. There was none to understand him; no, not one. Among his disciples, even those most intimate and most dear, there was none who could comprehend his thought in their small and timid souls. His enemies gathered in threatening numbers, and his friends cowered in fear. How small was their

Mary Magdalene. In reading the Evangelists, these three women appear different while yet retaining something in common. But the legends and the religious traditions confuse the three, making them as one only. So, as an artist, I claim the right to lean rather on the legends than on the history.

faith in him and his kingdom that was to come! In their hard and material brains were thoughts of a world diverse from his, and there were no means of communication which could reach from his mind unto theirs.

Of what avail were his words, his discourses? If these were necessary, was it not a sign that they did not comprehend him? They could not *see* the truth; for them it could never come. After such heavenly, such tremendous hopes—after such struggles and so much love, love that had been so lavishly given, his heart failed him. All had been illusion. The crowd that had followed on his footsteps had caught no ray from the grandeur of his ideas, they had been simply fascinated for a moment by the novelty of his preaching, by the splendour of his wonders, it may have been even by his voice and his personality.

And the thought came to him: "Why should I still live for a people who understand me not? In such a world are not all things useless?" And to Mary he said: "I am tired and weary."

For all reply Mary regarded him stupefied, dismayed. He spoke again. "Mary"—he loved the sweet name of Mary—"Mary, marvel not that your teacher is tired," he spoke softly with his sweet and deep voice. "It is three years that I have wandered teaching in Judea and in Galilee, and all for nothing, for they cannot understand. Their minds are too small and the kingdom of God is too great. They see only with the eyes of flesh, and I with the eyes of the spirit. I offer them spiritual riches, and they demand of me only those that are material. They see not, they understand not, they will never understand." And, in mystic figurative language, he added: "Fools are they."

Then he continued: "Yesterday I spoke at great length to the disciples concerning the riches and gifts of the world. They disputed among themselves and asked of me which of them I would make greatest in my kingdom, and in such disputing they befouled and accused each other. When I told them that of such greatness I had none to give, they became sad and began to think I was deceiving them. They tremble, they are timid and afraid of the enemy. For enemies gather about me and persuade them that I am deceiving them, and my teachings lead

them to error. What rests for me to do? Why should I go on? Is it not useless—all? Tell me your thought, Mary."

Never before had Mary heard such words from the lips of Jesus. For the first time she heard misery and desolation in the adored voice. What strange thing had befallen him? How could he, the divine teacher, doubt of his own work? But together with these confusing thoughts, a mystic sweetness invaded all her being. Leaving his work in the world, the Master took refuge in her. If all others failed him she could comprehend. For want of merit in the others, hers shone the brighter. And he would be hers—all hers—words, voice itself, and that ineffable regard that, from the first moment she had seen him, had enveloped her whole being in celestial beauty, and had drawn her vanquished and redeemed unto his feet. Filled with these thoughts, she raised her eyes to the face of Jesus, saying timidly and sweetly: "It may be true that the world understands thee not, O Master, but there is one who looks for the coming of thy kingdom, and who worships thee for no greatness to herself."

Jesus gazed at her with a mournful smile, and a long silence rested upon them. He was thinking that truly Mary seemed the only one in all the world who could read his soul. If only the others had been more like her, how easy would it have been to spread the light, to bring God's reign on earth! Yet she alone of all the earth—was it not better thus?—she, she alone; to speak to her, to teach her, to raise her thoughts together with his own to Heaven. Not enough one soul, but two souls entirely united—could they not form the celestial kingdom? Why struggle, why painfully seek a far-off unattainable good, while the supreme sweetness, the supreme victory of life, was here close to him? Why go from her, perhaps abandon her, lose her for ever—never see her more? For what? To carry light to the blind, to teach the truth to those who would not see it, and could not understand. In that quiet house, at ease, was the peace from which he had always fled, urged by dreams, luminous and chimerical. Was it not a misleading dream that he had followed even until now?

The leafy trees showed themselves outside the windows,

spreading through the room a soft and shaded light that invited to intimate and quiet thought. The hum of thousands of insects filled the air, and seemed a quiet solemn hymn that travelled upwards to the creator. And his soul, that had long been shut, began to expand in the sweet confidence offered to him, and breathed itself forth in a long recital of the terrible contrasts of his apostolate, telling of the ignorance and lack of understanding that surrounded him on every side. To her he spoke with a gentleness that surpassed all other talk.

Mary knew this, and felt herself to be the favoured one, the dear disciple. The sweet names unuttered in his speech, she saw and heard in the softness of his voice and look. And she sat always at his feet, so tender, so humble, so happy, to be thus honoured of the Lord. And she replied to him, she understood him, was the faithful echo of his thoughts most secret and profound. She found the words that comforted the suffering and unquiet heart. In this comforting talk his soul found peace. His mind relaxed and softened like a sore wound over which an unguent is gently poured.

What mattered all the rest if Mary was there at his feet, if the dear, the beautiful, the loved one was not lost, if she listened and understood. His speech was for her, his teaching was for her, to her he gave all his thought, to her he spoke the highest truth that as yet he had given to none.

"Dost thou think," he said, "that the woman or the man should be nearer to God?"

"Why dost thou ask? Surely the man!"

Jesus paused, and then said: "Maybe thou hast reason."

For a time there reigned a silence. Then the gaze of Jesus became luminous as one who saw all that lay in the future. "Verily, Mary, I say unto thee, the day shall come when woman shall be great as man and seated at his side."

"Thinkest thou so, Lord?" she asked, in wonder.

"Yea, for I behold it."

And yet she wished to stay lowly and humble at his feet, for there she found it sweeter. And again there was silence.

"Knowest thou, Mary," asked Jesus of her, "what is this thing called love?"

Mary raised her head. "Of which love dost thou speak, Lord?"

"Of the love of men. Of this I have never spoken, because even this they do not understand. The earthly love is base and vile, yet is there a love saintly and holy. Verily, I say that man is not truly man without woman, nor is woman truly woman without man. But I speak of the soul. Without seeing, without touching, man and woman may unite to form a single soul. And nothing is greater or more powerful than this union would be. Man is the heat and woman is the light. Without heat and without light whence cometh the flame? Man's life is of the outward being; woman only can bring consolation. Man is the action, but woman is the word. That which he knows, 'tis she who should teach it him. In this way their union is a saintly love and brings them on the road to Heaven. See'st thou this, Mary?"

"O Master," she replied, with fervour, "thou speakest of things too high for my comprehension, but not for my heart; for that which thou speakest I have felt for all my life. Thou dost know it, O my Lord."

Jesus gazed upon her fixedly. She saw the look and trembled. She saw the thoughts, troubled, obscure, of menace and condemnation; she read it all in those eyes, usually so soft, and on that pure and noble forehead. "Mary," he said, at last, and his voice was suddenly altered: "Wherefore didst thou fall into sin?"

At this strange and dreadful question, that she so long had feared, but that till now had never come, she grew pale. For from that day supreme in which he had absolved her from all her sins, he had never questioned her upon this theme; it had seemed to her that from her sighs, her tears, he had comprehended all that she had to tell. And now he was accusing her; now he had no more pity for her. His gaze was fixed; perhaps he despised her, thought her beneath all other women. She stretched her arms convulsively towards him. "O Master, why dost thou ask me what thou dost know? Hast thou not seen into my heart and known the mysteries of my soul? O Lord Jesus, was it not thou who didst speak to me the sweet words of pardon? And now dost thou condemn?"

But Jesus spake no word. She waited thus a moment; then, wringing her hands, she cried: "O Lord, why dost thou not understand me? What should I say to thee? I cannot speak it."

Desperately she rose, tortured in her inmost being, her eyes dry and burning in a misery without name. Then she sank helpless; her hair fell round her, but her clasped hands were still stretched out towards Jesus. She tried again to speak, but her convulsed lips could utter no word.

Then Jesus, moved to compassion, said: "Peace be with thee, Mary; I understand thee, for I know. Thou soughtest the ideal, and loved as they love not in this world. Thou soughtest but didst find it not; and thou hast followed the way of the shadows in searching for the light. And now, I say unto thee, thou art greater for thy sins; and many another woman is small by her very virtues."

The sweet, divine voice calmed her, and infused her with a great hope. When she heard from his lips the words that she could never have pronounced, when she heard herself for the second time not only pardoned but even exalted and glorified, a wave of passionate gratitude seized her, and, dragging herself to the feet of the Master, she kissed the hem of his robe.

But Jesus drew the robe away, saying: "What dost thou, Mary? Verily, I say the time will come when not the woman but the man shall prostrate himself before the spirit of the woman, adoring even her robe."

In wonder Mary listened to these words so new and strange, gently withdrawing to her post of humility and subjection, weak, weary, yet full of sweet hope and comfort. And again the silence fell upon them.

The day was beginning to decline. The surrounding atmosphere became more peaceful and profound. In the house the shade and the freshness increased. A soft evening air entered, moving the shadowy curtains that descended from the roof.

And Jesus looked at Mary. She was beautiful as the dark-shaded flowers of the garden, or as the lilies that bloom at night on the banks of the Jordan under the rays of the moon. She was lovely as that moon herself when she lights the Mount of Olives with a languid beauty, fugitive and fleeting. In the soft

shade she seemed like the figures that weep over the tombs of the dead, and make the thought of death beloved. The wonderful hair, dark and shining, gave back strange reflections under the soft green light that suffused the chamber. From her pallid face her dark eyes, so full of mystery, were raised and ever sought the face of the Master with an expression of infinite faith. A spell fell on the divine soul of Jesus. He thought that here was the true, the dear, the only loved one on the earth. In her tender and profound soul lay the potency of truth sublime; of her who had fallen low by the way in her ardent search for the ideal, and had finally found repose in him who was the way and the life. No, he could not abandon her. Were not their two souls already united in the love of which he had but now spoken of to her? He was the spirit of the fire; she was the light and the word. Again he looked upon her, and the spell fell more sweetly than before, as he mused on the sad face, the pensive head, and the arms that fell abandoned at her sides. The roses near her were now dying in agony and a spasm of passion; the petals curved inwards, straining towards the centre, some were breaking and falling. She was like one of these flowers, a poor, pallid rose which lacked its vital nourishment. But to the mystic gaze of Jesus it seemed as though flowers bloomed in all the chamber. He scented the delicate and fugitive perfume, and from its power there crept on him a morbid tenderness. He thought of things strange to him. He imagined her there close to him on his heart, and on his lips he felt her warm and trembling breath. Feeling her within his arms, he touched the wondrous hair with his lips in ardour and transport. No, he could not leave her. At this thought his soul and body sank together in a weakness and a bliss that had no name. What was this weakness? Was it passion, or was it that terrible human love which he had so often condemned, and which for him should never exist? Then he thought with joy and ecstasy that this was not the base love of men, but the soul-union of love with the ideal, the love of Heaven—the souls of two united in one single body in the Spirit, the love of saints. He yielded to the sweetness of that thought and dwelt upon it.

She was there before him with an added tenderness, a more profound regard. He thought to kiss her and caress the shining

hair. He raised his hand towards her but in the action stopped —for he remembered his high mission of peace to the world and glory to God. Had he then abandoned *that?* Was not this a polluting breath that he should chase from his mind? Was this not commanded of his celestial Father whose Spirit rested on him? But to follow this divine command, must he abandon Mary? His soul was torn and lacerated at this thought of separation. Was she not for ever a part of himself? Were they not one? Without her he seemed spiritless and powerless. And the eternal tempter, the very Spirit of the Great Abyss, made to pass before him the vision of a divine mirage: "Love her, love her, as men love, thou who art man and prophet of God. She is beautiful and saintly among the daughters of men. Love her in obscurity and mystery. Her tears, her kisses, will be thy purification. From her heart thy force will come with greater strength, better tempered for the hard struggles that yet await thee in the world of men."

Filled with these thoughts, the imagination of Jesus showed him a life of delicious peace and tranquillity lived by the side of Mary. To leave this arid world—this world without soul—to live with her in peace, in communion of spirit and of heart! With what ardour would she follow him, what joy would suffuse that sad and pallid face! But he would put her to the proof.

"Mary!" She started and look at him, "I must go."

The sweet face paled, "Thou wilt go, O Master?"

"My mission calls to me, wouldst thou not that I follow that call?"

The large eyes opened and shone with an internal light. "How, Master, couldst thou doubt it?"

"And the road I follow takes me far from thee, and thou wilt be left behind."

"Lord Jesus!" she cried in anguish.

"I must go whither my destiny calls me. That destiny is bitter and uncertain, I know not whither it may lead. Maybe I shall never see thee more." Mary hid her face within her hands; she sobbed.

"Believest thou, Mary," he asked, "that I should follow this path? My ideals are failing. The light that has illumined them pales and dies out. What remains for me to do if the souls

of men follow me not? I have spoken so long—with the voice and with example. I have shown wonders. What now remains for me to do?"

At these words her hands fell from her face, and she fixed her tearful yet burning eyes upon the face of Jesus. "What is this? The ideal can never fail. Is it thou, Master, who speakest these words? What remains for thee to do? O Jesus, thou art great as is thy ideal work. Thou must follow it even to sacrifice, even unto death." Her eyes were fixed on his, a light began to shine in her.

Jesus regarded her in astonishment, not comprehending well what she would say. "Mary, thou wouldst die for thy ideal?"

"I would die!" she answered proudly, vibrating to her inmost soul.

"Mary!"

Her large dark eyes were flashing. He was thinking, looking within himself, penetrated for the first time with the terrifying idea of death. He saw his own solitary agony, the cold sepulchre wherein they laid him. He trembled, and a cold sweat broke out on him. The spirit was indeed willing, but the flesh trembled, and rebelled. On one side death, the sepulchre, while here was Mary, the supreme bliss of sentient life.

In a muffled voice, as though speaking to himself, with veiled eyes fixed on the future, as though following an anguished dream, he spake: "The shade of death is cold and dark, and beyond there is the void and forgetfulness."

But Mary started to her feet, saying: "Beyond death there is life!" She was transfigured, a holy light irradiated her countenance as though the Spirit of God had fallen on her.

For the first time in his life Jesus asked humbly: "Knowest thou this, Mary?"

"I know it."

"How?"

"Is it thou who knowest it not? Was it not thou, Lord, who hast taught me?"

"I have."

"I do believe, yea, for I see it even now before me." She seemed inspired and exalted with prophetic genius. Risen to

her feet, the light from the window enveloped her head as with a scintillating aureole, and to the astonished gaze of Jesus she seemed endowed with a new beauty such as mortal eyes had never seen.

"O Lord Jesus," she continued, still gazing ardently upon him and calling him by name, "How canst thou fear? Art thou not the chosen one of God, chosen to set forth His glory, and couldst thou fail in thy promises? Dost thou think that I love thee if thou follow not that road? The love that I have given is to thy soul in its high calling. Couldst thou fall from that? Couldst thou fail even in one iota in the greatness of thy calling, my love would fail thee too; for thou wouldst no longer be that which I have loved. O Jesus, thou art the fire, and I the light; 'tis thou thyself hast said it. I am the word from thee, and in my soul is thine reflected—that which now responds to thee and illuminates thine own. Go forth, die, if it must be so; that is thy triumph. Go forth in thy greatness; and be this our marriage for all eternity. Farewell, O Jesus! Farewell, thou Lord and Master!"

Jesus, his head bowed down, stood pensively listening to the words of fate. This was his inner voice, the voice of his conscience. Thus did his own soul speak to him from the mouth of Mary. He was confused and astonished at a mystery so great. Their union now was for evermore complete. Love could do no more. Now once more his mission completely possessed him. When she had thus spoken he raised his face. It was calm and serene. To be humbled before her was not humiliation, for she was his own soul.

And then there came to pass a thing grand and new in all the centuries that had passed. Jesus prostrated himself before Mary, and raising her mantle to his lips, he kissed it.

Mary cried aloud: "O Master, what is this?" And, recalled to the reality of things, seeing that Jesus had risen to his feet and was about to depart, exhausted from her long exaltation, in anguish she fell on her knees, and with suffocating sobs and arms extended, she cried: "Stay, stay; oh, go not, do not leave me!"

But he knew that the true words were those she had spoken

when her eyes were full of light, and not of tears. The words that came from her now, were those of a woman in pain. His true spouse was the other. Nevermore could come one single moment of feebleness or hesitation. He placed his hand on her beautiful dark hair, but its touch was no longer mortal. He spake no word. His lips trembled not, in his eyes were no tears.

Thus he departed, and Mary, sunk to the earth on that spot where had passed the feet of the Master, lay there weeping in a grief that had no name. Outside the sun was sinking in flames of light. The figure of Jesus in the Street of Olives, on the summit of the hill, was enveloped in those effulgent rays of blood and gold. The sun spoke of martyrdom and of glory. Yes, this remained to him according to the divine words of Mary—the sacrifice and the death. And he thought of the approaching time of agony, of anguish supreme, without her. But he also thought that at the last moment the dearest and most faithful would come to comfort him, and love him the more with a love that would be eternal. And then was formed the irrevocable resolution—to brave the storm, to face the tempest, to go where his enemies, even the most powerful—were gathered. All that he had done was not enough. Other prophets, other apostles, had done as much before him. Something more was necessary, something that should strike the small minds of men and raise them towards Heaven. The Father had accepted him; the Father willed it. He who had spoken to him by the mouth of Mary, and now spoke from that distant Heaven, so tremendous and so glorious, that Father had guided and inspired him—that great Lord of Spirit, that gracious celestial Father, whom for a moment he had forgotten, but who now returned to his heart and mind, infusing him with a desire of work that until then he had never felt. Something within him seemed to burst into flame, a flame before which even the sun paled, something that he had suffocated, something that he had dominated, and over which he now reigned as complete Lord and Master.

And now with what gratitude he thought of Mary. Strong now, master of himself, body and soul, he gazed at the sun and the heavens. And then passed before his mind a splendid vision of that which was to come. Beyond the ignominious

betrayal, beyond the agony, beyond the martyrdom, he saw the glory of his never-dying name, the triumph complete and universal of his divine thought. The Spirit of God had descended into the humble soul so fearful and inert. That soul was shaken to its depths and illuminated. He could have now gone into the whole world to carry the glad tidings, to announce the Evangel, in the name of Him who had sent him.

And the world was large. The sun was sinking behind Lebanon in a supreme and effulgent glory of purple and of gold, and he thought that behind that far Lebanon was the spreading sea—beyond it, a new earth, a whole new world, and oceans greater, still grander, further than his mind had ever reached. He saw his great Evangel preached among these peoples in the infinite future, to bring a new humanity and a new civilisation that would take his name; and this civilisation would diffuse itself in all the world, making of his dream a splendid reality, a world of peace and of love, of great and strong works, the spirit elevated above the flesh, liberty obtained by knowledge and by love, an endless progress from light to light, from splendour to splendour. And in this future world his spirit would re-live, in each human soul would rest a ray from his own soul as guide eternal to the good and the beautiful, and thus that soul would be propagated from glory to glory, for ever and for evermore. And all this would come from the one sacrifice: his own death. And thus, as Mary had so truly said, after that death would come the life eternal.

In the exaltation of these thoughts he descended along the quiet hillside in front of which the last rays from the west spent themselves in mystic colours, like a tender prayer. And when he was come into the house he called his disciples unto him and said: "Make all in readiness, for to-morrow we will depart for Jerusalem." The disciples regarded him in fear and astonishment. Each would have wished to show him the too grave perils of this so sudden resolution, but no one dared to speak, for gazing on the Master they beheld a light, such as even in that holy face they had never before seen.

Translated from La Nuova Parola *by*
A. McDouall.

HOW TO PROCEED TO STAND STILL

A Travesty

Meeting assembled, 7.30 p.m.

President—in chair. Vice-President—somewhere.

Hon. Secretary—hidden beneath books.

Hon. Treasurer—adding up accounts.

President: "Now we are all assembled, we will begin as usual, with the reading. Mrs. B—— has charge of it this month. Is she here?"

A Member: "She cannot come to-night, but asked me to take her place."

President: "Oh! that's a pity."

Loud laughter, in which the President does not join, not perceiving the subtle depth of his own speech.

Reading begins.

Seven minutes spent in making public an impossible story on "Love." Most of the members in a beatific realm of conjecture, brought to the observance of present proceedings by the abrupt termination of a droning voice.

President: "Now we will meditate five minutes on 'Love.'"

Members immediately assume strange and wrapt expressions. Some eyes seek refuge on the ceiling. Others modestly regard the floor matting. Others, again, close their fringed lids; whilst a few blush, feeling the appalling efforts of public concentration entirely beyond them, and something to be avoided.

Happy release dawns at last! The President guesses the time to a second.

We now proceed to read half a page of a scientific exposition of Theosophical attributes.

"To a full stop," cries the Hon. Secretary.

Most of the time is now well occupied in gauging the particular "full stop," preceding and terminating that sentence which by calculation should be yours. Thus one is able to polish the pronunciation to a startlingly fine point.

Trial past.

PRESIDENT: "The way is now open for discussion."

Then the fun begins. I mean the intelligences begin to work. The "Ego" is the centre around which there rages a whirlwind of supposition.

A MEMBER: "I should like a lucid explanation, please, of the 'Ego.'"

ANOTHER MEMBER: "What do you mean by the term 'lucid' as applied to the 'Ego'?"

FIRST MEMBER: "It seems to me (the rights of this phrase should belong exclusively to our Lodge, from frequent usage) —it seems to me that—that the 'Ego' in its sublime machinations in the sphere of matter, subdivided by the experiences, in the first round, under the influence of astral potentialities, merges itself, as it were, so to speak, on its planetary explanatory voyage —merges, I say, into the sub-atomic etheric."

We never quite got clear on this point, as, unfortunately, one of the members, doubtless wishing to help, released his "Ego" for the time being, and proclaimed the fact, with intense vibratory energy, through which the frail human voice of the speaker melted into silence.

Personal feelings could not be smothered, and derisive laughter lured our straying member back to the fold of conjecture.

After a hot (because of the temperature of the room) discussion of forty minutes time was up.

The meeting adjourned with the comforting words from the HON. SECRETARY:

"We will go over this, again, next week, from the beginning."

A few of us were glad of the information, and decided upon the engagement we would formulate for that day week.

L. B.

CHRISTMAS THOUGHTS

CHRISTMAS!—to whom among us does not this word unfold a panorama, open a door to memories grave and gay?

Christmas!—to the petted darlings of our nurseries a fairy vision of toys, subservient elders, and other enchantments of the Kingdom of Misrule; to the children of the poor, the culmination of parish benevolence, more than they can eat once in twelve months, possibly the rapture of games and unknown toys.

To those among us who are young no longer, whom the passage of the years has made so "sadly wise," a time of heart-searching, of counting empty chairs, of aching longing for loved faces gone before; of redoubled effort that the children may be joyous while their elders mourn—a time peradventure of progress, since every tender thought for others must bear fruit, and to smile when you fain would weep is a very real sacrifice to the spirit of the day.

This and much else was in my mind as I knelt in the little village church and listened to the story of the Nativity. Taken alone the sweet old myth, hallowed by usage, might have fallen on uncritical ears; taken in conjunction with the Athanasian Creed, which was also read, the whole mystery seemed to leap into blinding light when the solemn injunction rang out later from the altar: "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain." True now, as then, this utterance of the Mosaic law might surely in the dark ages of the Church have preserved the sacred memory of the great Master of the West in its beautiful simplicity, and emphasised the teaching of the Ancient Wisdom that fell so graciously from His lips!

Far off in the Chaos preceding Creation, a threefold emanation from the one indivisible God, the Holy Trinity was given to the worlds it was to create, ensoul, and preserve—God the Father, the Creator; God the Son, the Wisdom, the Sustainer;

God the Holy Ghost, the Spirit of Understanding, who first moved in Virgin Matter, causing it to pulsate with the primary instinct of awakening Life. Behind this three-fold manifestation of the Godhead, so well grasped in part of the Athanasian Creed, dwells the Eternal One, to be described by no sign or symbol, He who endures, merging eventually the glorious Trinity in His own effulgence, so that in some dim future, well nigh impossible for us to understand, God may be All in All.

How far removed is this eternal truth from the glib irreverence of the Western Churches, which does not hesitate to incorporate the Second Person of the Trinity, the pervading creative Wisdom, with the life of a human teacher; and, not content with seeing the spirit of that Mighty One incarnated in the Master Jesus' words and actions, ignorantly handles mysteries it cannot understand. God the Son, the revealed Wisdom, the Shaper of immature man through the weary evolution of mineral, vegetable, and animal kingdoms, the gentle yet irresistible Power that guided him to the fruition of his manhood, and made known to him the certainty of immortality! Surely when we grasp these facts we need no such reminder. It becomes impossible to take the name of such a God in vain.

And that beauteous life we celebrate to-day throughout the length and breadth of Christendom needs no falsehood to render it fairer in the eyes of those to whom it has revealed the Father and the Godhead dormant in themselves. On our knees we bless and worship the Master, who, giving up the Heaven He had won, suffered that we might learn it is enough for the servant to be as his Lord, died that we might live for the help of all who do not yet understand that self-sacrifice alone will bring the happiness they strive for.

Let that be our Christmas lesson. Love; the love that does not fear to know, to sift facts from fiction, the spirit from the legend; the one thing that endures when all around us fails, that is content to wait and trust, the love to which nothing is impossible, no Heaven too high to climb, no Hell too deep to sound; the love that goes forth and works for the Master, weaving into the daily life the message of His Christmas bells.

December 25th, 1902. ALICE C. AMES.

FLOTSAM AND JETSAM

While in England we have recently witnessed the unedifying spectacle of the "Ripon Episode" and the wild outcry of obscurantism against a candid statement of things as they are in intelligent clerical circles, in Germany the straightforward expression of the facts of the case has been encouraged by the presence of the Kaiser himself at a remarkable lecture of Professor Friedrich Delitzsch. The Berlin correspondent of *The Times* writes in the issue of January 14th as follows :

Delitzsch and Biblical Research

> The Emperor appears to be taking a keen interest in what is known in England as the "higher" Biblical criticism. His Majesty recently gave public expression to views which he was formerly understood to regard with disfavour, and spoke of the necessity for "a further development of religion (*Weiterbildung der Religion*)." The Emperor is well known to be on terms of personal friendship with Professor Harnack, the leading German exponent of the "higher criticism," but he appears to have been influenced in a still greater degree by the investigations and conclusions of Professor Friedrich Delitzsch, whose lecture, "Babel und Bibel," now published in pamphlet form, he recently caused to be redelivered by the author to a select audience in the New Palace at Potsdam.
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> Last night the Emperor, accompanied by the Empress, listened to a fresh lecture on the same subject which Professor Delitzsch delivered at the Singakademie to a large audience, which included the Imperial Chancellor and Countess von Bülow, the Prussian Minister of Public Worship and Education, and many of the leading members of the Protestant clergy. Professor Delitzsch, who illustrated his lecture by limelight views of Babylonian excavations and inscriptions, dwelt on the importance of Assyriology for the intelligent study of the Old and even of the New Testament. He went so far as to declare :—"There is no greater mistake of the human mind than the belief that the Bible is a personal revelation of God. The contents of the Bible really controvert this view. The Book of Job contains passages which verge on blasphemy. The Song of Solomon has lyrics which celebrate worldly delights. . . . Scientific theology long ago recognised and demonstrated that by constant reconstruction and adaptation of entirely heterogeneous literary elements the Bible has become the canon of Scripture

we now possess. The attempt to disintegrate these elements has met with some measure of success. Hand on heart—beyond the revelation of good which every man finds within himself we need no other."

Dealing with the origin of the ten commandments, Professor Delitzsch derived them from ancient cnstoms and laws of households and communities regulating the relations of man with his fellows and with the Deity. "All these regulations were collected and were ascribed to Moses, and tradition made him the intellectual author of all that is contained in the Mosaic laws. Now we know that long before the time of Moses there existed in Babylon a well ordered State based on law and possessing legislation in which we find all the provisions which Moses enforces. Of prime importance was the protection of orphans, widows, and the weak. But who would dream of asserting that the laws of Babylon were of Divine origin? Just as the Babylonian laws are of human origin, so are those of Moses. It will be the work of future research to try to distinguish in the Mosaic law what is specifically Israelitish, what generically Semitic, and what purely Babylonian in origin."

Professor Delitzsch then traced the Babylonian origin of the conception of Jah-veh as a national deity, and attributed to this idea many of the evils of the exclusive and particularist monotheism of the Jews. He attacked the views of those who decline to admit any parallel between Babylonian and Hebrew civilisation, and maintained that in several points the Babylonians were in advance of the Hebrews, particularly in the position they accorded to woman. Among elements which were common to Assyrian and Biblical conceptions were the sacred character of the number three, the belief that the spittle was the element of life, and the idea of resurrection from the dead. A physician would have had a poor reputation among Orientals if he did not profess to raise the dead. With pointed reference to the New Testament, Professor Delitzsch spoke of the love of mystery and of the recital of fanciful stories which still characterised Orientals, and especially the Beduin. He attributed to this Oriental characteristic the discrepancies in the narratives of the New as well of the Old Testament, since many of these narratives had passed from mouth to mouth before they were ultimately committed to writing.

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A New Chemical Experiment

Possibly the following quotation from the number for October 15th of the *Journal of the Society of Chemical Industry*, p. 1250, may interest some of our readers. The rapid movements and collisions of the particles of gases in high vacua have long been recognised; but that the particles of a sufficiently sub-divided metal should show movements of translation and vibration, though to have been expected, is, we think, a fact not previously observed.

The author has studied colloidal solutions with the aid of a microscopic method, not yet described, worked out by H. Siedentopf and himself. First examining gold glasses, he found that a colourless glass, showing only a slight cloudiness, contained all its gold in grains of which the diameter was about a wave-length of light. In a glass somewhat more cloudy, but still almost colourless, the gold particles were about one-fifth the diameter of those previously mentioned. In other samples with red colour, the diameter of the gold particles was 20$\mu\mu$. (1$\mu\mu$.=0·000001*mm*.) and in others of deep red and violet colour it was 10$\mu\mu$. But the colour is not a safe indication of the diameter of the gold particles. In liquids the existence of the suspended particles is similar to that in the glass, but in the former, whilst the larger particles remain simply in suspension, the smaller particles are in active motion, of which the activity increases as the size diminishes. For instance, in the case of gold, the smallest particles partook of two motions, one of translation, by which they travelled through a space of from 100 to 1,000 times their own diameter in from $\frac{1}{6}$th to $\frac{1}{8}$th of a second, and one of vibration, of shorter period. Hence such a solution remains thoroughly mixed for weeks or, it may be, even for years. In other colloidal solutions there may be a similar variation in the size of the particles. ("Solutions; Colloidal," by R. Zsigmondy; *Zeits. f. Elektrochem.*, 1902, 8 [36], 684-687.)

[S.]

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The Demands of the Dukhobors

Our readers are doubtless interested in what from time to time has appeared in our pages on the intractable fanaticism of the "Spirit Fighters," or Dukhobors, who have lately presented the world with an instructive subject for psychological study. It will therefore be of service to hear what they have to say for themselves. The St. Petersburg correspondent of *The Times* of November 14th gives the text of a petition which the leaders of the sect have addressed to the Sultan of Turkey and probably to other sovereigns. It runs as follows:

Your Majesty, before appealing to your kindness, we must tell you in a few words about ourselves. We emigrated from Russia to Canada to the number of 7,000 in the years 1898-99. We had heard of Canada as a land of religious freedom, but that appears to have been a misunderstanding. Freedom of conscience does prevail in Canada, but not the freedom of conscience we desired. We believe that God rules our lives and leads us to eternity by His own holy ways. We obey only the commands of the Lord in our hearts, and can obey no other commands or laws. We cannot submit ourselves to the laws or regulations of any State, or be the subjects of

any other ruler except God. Our expectation that we should be allowed to live according to our belief in Canada has not been fulfilled. It is true that we are exempted from military service because we cannot bear arms or kill living beings, but they demand that we should become the subjects of Great Britain and not of the Lord. They refuse to give us any land unless we promise to obey all the laws of Canada. We declare before God that this is impossible, and that we would sooner bear any oppression than be false to Him. We only beg that compassion should be shown to us, and especially to our children, and that we should not be needlessly ill-treated, for we are in the Lord's power and will be true to Him unto the end.

Now we turn to your Majesty and beg you to show grace to us and to our families, not only as a Monarch, but also as a fellow-being. As pilgrims of God in this world we beg you to give us hospitality and shelter in your wide dominions. We beg for some tiny corner in your land where we can live by the labour of our hands and follow the law of God, where we shall not be compelled to obey laws made by man, and where it will not be demanded of us to be the subjects of any Monarch except the Lord. We venture to add that we eat neither meat nor milk foods, but only vegetables and fruits. As we give freedom to every living being we cannot bring ourselves to use force either towards men or even towards animals. We keep no domestic animals, but do all our work with our own hands. We therefore beg your Majesty to give us a parcel of land such as we can cultivate without employing beasts of burden and such as we can use for vegetable and fruit gardens in order to maintain ourselves. We pray God to move your heart to have compassion upon us, and we declare before Him that our petition is not dictated by selfish motives, but solely by the wish to be true to the Lord.

* * *

The Jewish Chronicle lately contained a paragraph which declared that Palestine was made uninhabitable to the children of Abraham by the precession of the equinoxes. But the earth is about to return to the favourable tilt of its axis and Palestine will again be fit for habitation, and this is excellent news for all Zionists.

Races and Stars

The theory is fully explained in *Bible Records of the Earth's Changes*, by Joseph Lewin ("Manx Sun" Office, Douglas).

The reason of course is obvious to "pious" astrologers. The tilting alone would not affect the happiness of the most sensitive race on earth, but it brings certain stars above the horizon or condemns them for many thousands of years to be below it. Thus the fate of the Arab race is bound up with Soheil, the talismanic star, which has also been grievously

affected by the change of the position of the poles. The Arab lives only where its light is shed. Soheil shines upon Damascus, Irak, India and Africa, and many centuries ago it shone upon southern Spain. Some say it was visible in Upper Aragon, but very low on the horizon and ever retreating imperceptibly southwards. Then the Christians gained victory after victory, and at last in Spain no Moor was left. But let them take heart of grace, Soheil will come again to shine upon the olives, the canes, the cactus and the palm trees. The ruined aqueducts and mosques will be restored. The City of Pomegranates and the Alhambra will glitter anew with gems and gold, and poets, travellers and men of science will gather together again in Salamanca, Toledo and Seville!

[B. H.]

REVIEWS AND NOTICES

Man as seen from Within

Man Visible and Invisible: Examples of Different Types of Men as seen by Means of Trained Clairvoyance. By C. W. Leadbeater. (London: The Theosophical Publishing Society; 1902. Price 10*s*. 6*d*. net.)

Our colleague's eagerly awaited volume is before us, and is without question the most striking production which has ever been issued by the Theosophical Publishing Society. In it Mr. Leadbeater does his best to give the normal man who is limited to his five physical senses, some idea of the inner vestures of the soul as they appear to the subtle vision of the trained seer. The difficulties which confront any attempt to depict the nature of the subtle vehicles of the human spirit, which in their very hypothesis belong to grades of matter beyond the physical, are almost insurmountable. When, moreover, the seer tells us, and we can very well believe it must be so, that man invisible is no longer a thing of solid flesh, but a tenuous sphere of subtle matter in rapid vibration, which appears to subtle sight as a kaleidoscope of living colours, colours that even in the lowest subtle

stratum, the animal soul or vesture, beggar all possibility of reproduction by means of ordinary colouring, we can very easily understand how exceedingly difficult it has been found to give any adequate suggestion of the inner "auras" of the human mystery.

If even the grosser nature of the so-called "astral" man—a name chosen by the mediæval alchemists because of the starry light of the state of subtle matter in which that "man" moves and has his being—can only be dimly realised here, by the analogy of the passage of bright light through coloured glasses, how much more impossible is it to give any conception of higher vehicles, the fire-colours of which surpass the brilliancy of the sun in its noonday glory? The higher vehicles of man, as we may very well believe, rise from intensity to intensity of light, and innumerable as are the shades of colour even in this our grey world down here, these colours are but a meagre earnest of the possibilities of the light-worlds. So much for an intuition of the ideal; and now to return to the actual.

The chief feature of our colleague's book is the attempt to depict various types of "auras" by the best means as yet available in the way of colour-printing. We have thus a coloured frontispiece, three diagrams in colours, and twenty-two coloured illustrations. The illustration work has been excellently done by the Photochromogravure Company, to whom it has been entrusted, and we have seen nothing better of its kind anywhere. It must, however, be noticed that one of the coloured diagrams is spoilt by the huge lettering which has been chosen; the diagram is useful but artistically it is out of keeping with the rest of the work.

But the praise for these illustrations does not in the first place belong to the reproducers, excellent though their reproductions are. The praise belongs to Miss Gertrude Spink, who worked up the original rough sketches into the highly artistic illustrations which are before us. Mr. Leadbeater is to be congratulated on having found a so skilful and sympathetic helper. Indifferent illustrations would have severely handicapped the suggestiveness and utility of this most recent contribution to Theosophical literature; Miss Spink's artistic taste has turned this somewhat hazardous undertaking into a success.

As for the letterpress, it must be said that Mr. Leadbeater has done his best to set forth the very difficult subject with which he has to deal, simply and clearly. As a frontispiece we have an illustrated table of the different colours and their main shades, with the meanings which are assigned to them; we have also illustration of types of the

causal, mental, and astral vehicles of the savage, of the ordinary person, and of the adept, pictures of the auras of health and disease, and illustrations of such sudden emotions as a burst of mother love, devotion, anger, fear, and of the ordinary person in love, of the irritable man, of the miser, and of a man in deep depression, also pictures of the astral aura of the ordinary devotional and scientific types of men; besides these we have coloured diagrams of the planes of nature and of the "three outpourings," and also one to represent involution and evolution.

Mr. Leadbeater tells us that "the past, the present, and the future of man may be examined at first-hand by all who will take the trouble to qualify themselves for the study"; doubtless this seems to be a simple statement to our seeing colleague, but, on the other hand, we know a large number of people who have been trying very hard and who have seen nothing, and we also know of others of whom it is said that they could not by any possible means develop clairvoyance in this life. In this our colleague seems to be somewhat too optimistic about the blind, doubtless because he has met with more myopic folk than ourselves, and for these he specially writes. Being, however, blind ourselves we cannot criticise the seers; we can only be glad that they tell us what they see, and as far as "man invisible" is concerned it must be admitted that there is much in what our colleague says which seems reasonable even to those who walk in outer darkness and the shadow of death.

That this pioneer contribution to the infant science of things invisible is little more than the spelling out of a single word of the mystery as compared to the "glories that shall be revealed," no one will admit more readily than our colleague; but so far no one else has spelled this particular word of the mystery so distinctly for us, and as most of us will never catch the utterance at all unless it is articulated very clearly, we owe him our thanks and our best regard. May many another work come from his pen.

G. R. S. M.

Esoteric Islâmism

Études Théosophiques: L'Islamisme et son Enseignement Ésotérique. Par un M. S. T. (Paris: Librairie de l'Art Indépendant; 1903. Prix 1*fr.* 50.)

This book is a painstaking attempt to give a general sketch of Islâm from a Theosophical standpoint. It begins with a sympathetic de-

scription of the life and environment of the great founder of the faith, who single-handed shook the apathy of the ancient world, and whose followers, now numbering two hundred millions, established their dominion from India and beyond to the Pyrenees, and from the Caucasus to the cataracts of the Nile, and further south still. So far it is a useful work for the Theosophical student, giving many valuable references, but when it comes to the esoteric teaching of the Prophet the case is altered.

Was the Prophet an initiated esotericist in communication with other initiates; and if so, how much of the secret doctrine did he give out in public and how much did he carefully exclude from his Book? These are questions of immense interest to all engaged in research into religious literature, but in the humble opinion of the present writer they are very far from being answered, or even properly studied so far.

We may hold it as a "pious belief" that the Prophet was certainly an initiate of no mean order, and that he probably taught a certain few of his most intimate companions the secret doctrine.

The point to be emphasised, however—supposing this to be true—is that it cannot be established by hurling isolated texts out of the Qurân like so many brick-bats at the heads of those who are not so pious as we are; and then being much surprised because you have not brought down your man to the ground with his forehead in the dust.

The verses which are quoted by our author, and which he thinks settle the question for ever, do not surely *teach* reincarnation, though they might certainly suggest it to someone who knew it already. Take the first quotation from Sura V., verse 26 (from the author's French): "How can ye be ungrateful towards God, ye who were dead and to whom He has given life again, towards God who will cause you to die and later will make you live again, and to whom you will return one day?"

Our M. S. T. does not say what version he used, but it differs from Palmer's ("Sacred Books of the East"), and from Wherry's ("Trübner's Oriental Series").

In Wherry the verse is 28, and runs thus: "How is it that ye believe not in God? Since ye were dead and He gave you life, He will hereafter cause you to die and will again restore you to life, *then* shall ye return unto Him."

This might mean simply that the soul had no life before God

gave it this present one, then He will cause it to die and raise it up again on the Day of Resurrection, *then* it returns to Him. The "one day" of the French gives a different impression. But the "Day," or the "Hour," was a central doctrine of the Prophet. Besides, he taught the resurrection of the *body*. He said once: "God takes to Himself the sleepers and the dead, He sends back the sleepers but He *keeps* the dead."

Many other texts might be quoted quite incompatible with the theory of reincarnation. As a matter of fact there is limitless scope for conjecture in this field. Hear the Prophet himself: "We have covered their hearts with more than one envelope that they may not comprehend the Book."

One cannot help thinking that he knew perfectly well what a bone of contention his "Book" would be; a revelation perhaps to the few, but to the many a stumbling-block—"the letter which killeth," or greatly confuses; that he knew how seventy-two jarring sects would arise and argue over every letter, every vowel-point, each of them discovering a cryptogram of their own, and reading into it most successfully their own pet theory, thus "out-Galluping" Mrs. Gallup a thousand years before her day!

Now it is a curious fact that the Traditions are conspicuously rich in the subject of a future life, or lives, whereas this is the subject in which the Qurân is conspicuously poor. Was this intentionally arranged by the Prophet or not? No one knows. The Traditions are an even sorer point in the learned world of Islâm than the Qurân. The study of them is a science by itself, and the work of a life-time even to the finest native scholar. Of these scholars there is at present a small set whose exclusiveness has no parallel, except perhaps in that of the highest class of Brâhmins. They admit only "the man who has fought his way in," who proves that his learning is equal to others.

However, to return to our author; he is correct as far as conscientious reading of English and French will take anyone. His chapters on "Fraternities" and the secret societies in Islâm well repay perusal, and this is a subject which deserves more research than it has yet had.

Arabic scholars are still too rare in Europe, and the few that exist are seldom unprejudiced in religion; and even when unprejudiced, they are seldom interested in the esoteric side. Esoteric Islâm is therefore at the present day almost an untrodden field.

A. L. B. H.

The Sex-Element in Religion

The Real Origin of Religion. By Jabelon. (London: Simpkin, Marshall & Co.; 1902.)

This pamphlet of forty-eight pages deals with the sex-element in religion. The author is, however, a man of one idea, and though he clearly sees the limitations of such one-pointed theorists as the sun-mythologists or the vegetation-god-ists (the Covent-Garden-ites, to echo Mr. Andrew Lang), nevertheless he falls into the same exaggeration when asserting that "phallicism" is the "real origin" of religion.

That sex played and plays a most important part in the religious culture of mankind is true, that it is the "origin" of religion is as false as all the other discarded "origins." It is to be regretted that "Jabelon" has not been able to get his values correctly. We have had enough of the old-fashioned "phallicism" of Payne Knight, Godfrey Higgins, Inman and Forlong. We are no longer impressed when we are told that about 1,400 books and papers have been used in the preparation of "Jabelon's" essay, especially when we see the vague and confused way in which his bibliography (mostly simply authors' names) is set forth; and least of all by that weird word-play which for so many writers on this subject stands for philology. What we want now-a-days is a just appreciation of the evidence, and not a piling up of curious scraps of information. It is no good girding against the priests; it is no good regarding the ascetics as the foes of human kind; we are recognising that it takes all kinds of men and women to make a humanity. It is no good telling us that the spiritual ideals of men are begotten of a perversion of sex. Sex is one of the manifestations, if you will perhaps the most potent manifestation so far, of a great mystery lying back of the whole nature of man, but it is not the "origin," not the "cause" of religion. In tracing the kârmic progress of an individual soul, it is said that the two factors which affect the character most deeply are "love" and that other something which is sometimes called "occultism." But the love which thus modifies the character is not physical passion, but something that is far deeper. The animal is not much affected one way or the other, and to that side of man, the animal, we will confine "phallicism." "Jabelon," however, has some ideas on "the transformation of adolescence" as connected with savage "initiations," and those who find it necessary in their studies to dip into the mysteries connected with sex, will find some curious bits of out-of-the-

way information which may be of service, but the utter materialism of the writer is ludicrous.

G. R. S. M.

Spiritual Alchemy

Truths of Life as gathered from certain Hermetic Authors. By the Rev. G. W. Allen. (London: Reprinted from *Light;* 1902. Price 6*d*.)

We are exceedingly glad to see that the admirable paper read by Mr. Allen before the Christo-Theosophical Society nearly a year ago is procurable in a convenient form. It is a valuable contribution towards an understanding of the mystic and spiritual side of "Alchemy," that is to say a thoughtful exposition of the Christ-mystery within us. From this point of view Alchemy is nothing else but a mediæval form of the Gnosis; the analogies, nay the identities, between the leading ideas of the mediæval masters of the science and those of the earliest Trismegistic literature and of the great doctors of the Gnosis are striking.

That this is so may be seen by quotation from our author:

"Before time was, the principles, the bases, the germs of all that ever was to be manifested, existed in God, in the sense of a pure Potentiality, or a First Principle. Therefore as now, force and inertia, and other pairs of opposites such as attraction and repulsion, light and darkness, cold and heat, bitter and sweet, exist, so these existed from eternity in the divine nature; but not as they do now—separated, and one of the pair in excess of the other; but in a way incomprehensible to fallen faculty; united and blended in an inchoate state, a state which would have been to us, had we been there, potentiality, latency, non-manifestation.

"But when the Verbum Fiat, the Word of Power to create, to say, 'Let there Be,' went forth, these hidden principles were manifested; and objects, shapes, forms, colours, and natures arose, manifested in a heavenly and glorious manner, in a universe of Beings Angelic, where all was Order, Light, Joy, and Praise. In this creation everything was in Temperature; each extreme so blended that nothing was too dark or too light, too hot or too cold, too bitter or too sweet, too wet or too dry. There was no plant that had learned, like the nettle, to extract, from the same sunshine that gives the violet its sweetness, the venom sting that causes pain; none that, like the nightshade or the hemlock, drew from the same earth and rain that

the apple, the pear, and the plum turn into wholesomeness, the poison that tortures and kills. Life and death, poison and healing, were then, as now, everywhere; for only through opposites can manifested Being Be; but then they stood in true Temperature. The night-shade and the hemlock, that now draw only the poison and the death into themselves, then drew also a due proportion of the opposites of these; so that the poison enabled the life to manifest, and the life neutralised the poison, whereby they became good and wholesome because the principles stood in them in Temperature. No thought of ever separating these opposites had then arisen, no shadow of any desire to do so had as yet dawned upon manifested faculty. The True Unity ruled in all things, and resulted, as ever, in beauty and wholesomeness, as this very word 'wholesomeness' implies.

"But though the state of these Beings was one from which sorrow was far removed, and therefore ought to have been a state of joy, the joy was only half realised. It was like the state of the undeveloped photographic negative, on which the picture actually is, but is not visible; and the only developer that could 'develop' and make it visible was its opposite, sorrow. Manifested faculty can realise nothing but by the mediation of an opposite: it requires the presence of opposites for its Being; and the separation and reunion of opposites for its realised joy, which is the life of its Being.

"How it took place we know not, but we know that something like this must have taken place. To one of the glorious Beings of that world of perfect Temperature there occurred the thought that it might be a delight to see what would happen if the qualities, hitherto always united, were separated. If a command had been given not to separate them, this itself might have suggested the idea. As I have said, we know not how the thought of separating them arose, or how the act of separating them was accomplished; but we do know that by some agency other than the *direct* volition of God, they were separated, and remain separated for us in this world to this day."

In the first paragraph we have the "all-seed" of the universe as so magnificently set forth by Basilides; in the second we have the plerōma; and in the third and fourth paragraphs we have the Sophia-mythus. We cordially recommend the study of this instructive pamphlet to those of our readers who desire to learn how the Gnosis has not remained without its witnesses in spite of Nicene dogmatism.

G. R. S. M.

A Roycroft Édition de Luxe

We have received from the Roycroft Shop, East Aurora, N.Y., a copy of their *édition de luxe* of Charles Dickens' *Christmas Carol*. It is admirably printed on excellent paper and the binding is charming. Those who love beautiful books at a very moderate cost cannot do better than send to the Roycrofters for their catalogue; they are a community of workers who make beautiful books—their work being, so to say, the product of the three H.'s: Head, Heart and Hand.

An Eirenicon

Toward Unity. Grounds for Reconciliation between Theist and Agnostic, Unitarian and Trinitarian, Protestant and Catholic, Spiritualist and Materialist. By the Rev. J. Tyssul Davis, B.A. (London: Philip Green; 1903. Price 6*d*.)

These four papers are written so entirely from our own standpoint, and we agree with what is said so heartily, that the least we can do is to wish them every success. In brief, Mr. Tyssul Davis' *Toward Unity* is a distinct contribution to Theosophical literature, and will be found a most useful little book to give or to lend to all broad-minded folk who are tired of the controversies of the warring sects. It was written especially for Unitarians, but it will appeal to all thinking people, and cannot fail to do good. As the writer says in his closing words: "Let us argue less, and try to understand more. Let us dispute less, and love more. For the way is long and the night is dark, and companionship is sweet. The joy of brethren dwelling together in unity is proof against all adversity. In religion as in politics, fellowship is the law of life."

G. R. S. M.

Magazines and Pamphlets

The Theosophist, December. In "Old Diary Leaves" Colonel Olcott continues his tour with Mrs. Besant in 1894. He relates how they "met the leading Pandits of Benares for discussion," and how amusing the contrast was "between the appearance and views of Annie Besant, the champion, for so many years, of the uplifting and education of women, and the hard, stony conservatism of those fossilised Pandits." They were at Allahabad in time to see the great pilgrimage of more than two millions of people collected on the plain

between the Jumna and the Ganges. The Colonel, as a practical man, seems to have been chiefly impressed with what he describes as the "pious humbug" of the yogis (so called) and the "pretentious humbug" of the gorgeously dressed gurus and family priests of the Indian princes. For us, the moral of the affair lies in a speech of Countess Wachtmeister: "What a wonderful crowd! See, there is not one single drunken person, not one booth for the sale of liquor, not one fight! Every man's and woman's face wears the expression of innocent enjoyment, and one feels as though the common sentiment of religious devotion was animating them all. Where else in the world, in any nation or town, have you ever seen so orderly and self-respecting a crowd as this?" And then remember that this is, to the English, one of the "dark places of the earth." One would think that to recall one of our crowds in England, and compare it, would be enough to make a missionary blush! The remaining contents of the number are solid and serious. S. Stuart begins an interesting paper on "The Forces of Nature, Manifest and Occult"; M. A. C. Thirlwall concludes a study of Yoga from the Yoga Vâsiṣhṭha Bṛihat; N. M. Desai speaks of "Siva, His Names, Symbols, and Emblems"; V. Gopala Aiyer replies to a previous criticism on his views as to the date of the Mahâbhârata War; and G. Krishna Sastri begins a valuable study entitled: "Why should a Vedântin join the T.S.?"

Prasnottara, November and December, is mainly occupied with business matters of the Section; but has a reply on getting rid of Mâyâ, very pious and good, but one which does not enter on the more important question of how we should *use* the Mâyâ in which we live, and *not* want to get out of it till the time is come; and also portions of two Upaniṣhads, and of a lecture on Religion by Professor M. N. Chatterji.

Central Hindu College Magazine for December promises considerable improvements for the coming year. We receive with somewhat mixed feelings the announcement that two more English Theosophists, Mr. M. U. Moore and Mr. G. S. Arundale, have offered their services free as professors in the College. We congratulate the College heartily, and say no more. Govinda Das gives an interesting account of the methods of study pursued by the aspirants to the priesthood in Benares; W. Babu Ras shows "the Hindu Religion a gold mine," and the article on Bhakti and Jnânam is continued. All Theosophists will regret the failure of Dr. Richardson's health, and join in the hope that his journey to Australia will restore him.

Theosophic Gleaner, November, has by way of original matter a paper read to the Theosophical Society at Srinagar, Kashmir, on Zoroaster and a "Bijou Study of the Noble Eight-fold Path," by N. R. Varma. We are very glad to welcome a reference to the Buddhist faith in one of our Indian contemporaries.

The Vâhan, January, has two columns of an interesting account of the last hours of our much-regretted friend Mme. Meuleman. "The Enquirer" contains answers to questions as to the evidence of the existence of Masters, the evidential value of the clairvoyant visions as to the origin of the Gospels, the Vedântin view of instinct in animals, and the Theosophical theory of insanity; the answers to the last question, however, leaving very much to be desired.

Lotus Lodge Journal, January, has much interesting matter in its twenty-two type-written pages, including a further portion of Mr. Leadbeater's "The Gospel of Wisdom." We sincerely hope the desire of the editors, Miss E. M. Mallet and H. Whyte, to attain the dignity of real print will soon be fulfilled.

From the *Bulletin Théosophique* we take a few lines of Dr. Pascal's fervid defence of H. P. B. He says: "Amongst all the multitude of the enemies of Madame Blavatsky you will not find a single soul above the petty matters of the lower personality, not one above the crowd; whilst on her side are found all who have received the benefits of her teaching. And (amongst these) her most fervent defenders, her warmest admirers, her most devoted partisans, are found to be those who have had the best opportunities of judging and knowing her, who have lived for years beside her under the same roof and as one household, those whom she has led to the feet of the Great Brotherhood; and most of all those who have developed the powers which give the true discernment of spirits."

Revue Théosophique, December, gives translations from Mrs. Besant's "Thought-Power," Mr. Keightley's "Sânkhya Philosophy," Mr. Leadbeater's "What has Theosophy done for us?" and S. Stuart's "Sun-spots and their Influence," and an extract from Mme. de Genlis' "Memoirs," giving an account of her girlish acquaintance with the celebrated Count de St. Germain—on the whole, a very favourable one.

Theosophia, for December, is entirely devoted to the memory of the late Mme. Meuleman, with a life-like portrait. The number is to be reprinted, with additions, as a volume. It contains notices from some of our English friends, as well as her own country folk.

The Antwerp *Théosophie*, for January, gives a long extract from Mrs. Besant's *Autobiography*; and amongst its other contents is a paper on "The Problem of Suffering," by Mme. Aimée Blech.

Teosofia, December, naturally begins with a report of Mrs. Besant's Roman lecture: "Theosophy and the Religious"; and gives some interesting examples of early anticipations of the truth from old books and manuscripts.

Sophia confines itself almost entirely to translations from Mrs. Besant and others.

Teosofisk Tidskrift, November and December, contains amongst other interesting matter, papers on "Evolution and Individuality," by Richard Eriksen "Theosophy and Socialism," by Pekka Ervast, etc.

Theosophy in Australasia, for November, has for its *pièce de résistance* a study of "Vicarious Atonement," by Mr. Martyn; also "Union in the Christian Churches." As to this last we doubt if the attempts at union on which the writer congratulates his Christian contemporaries are indeed the favourable symptoms he thinks them; they are really junctions as of separate army corps—the better to fight all outside.

New Zealand Theosophical Magazine, December, announces that henceforth it must be run on business principles, and raise its price to make it pay its expenses. Its literary contents are quite up to its usual high level, and it thoroughly deserves success.

We have also to acknowledge *Revista Teosofica*, the organ of our Havana Society, and the *Theosofisch Maandblad*, from our Semarang brethren; of other periodicals *Modern Astrology*; the wonderfully well got up and illustrated *La Nuova Parola*, of our friend Signor Arnoldo Cervesato, which in this number opens its third volume; *Scienza e Diletto*; *Metaphysical Magazine*; *Mind*; *Theosophischer Wegweiser*; *East and West*; *N.Y. Magazine of Mysteries*; *Logos Magazine*; *Star Lore*; *Review of Reviews*; *Principles of Absolute Philosophy*; *Un seul Champignon sur le Globe*; *A donde Vamos* (Santiago); *The Indian Review*; *The Psycho-Therapeutic Journal*; *The Philistine*; *The Light of Reason*; *Little Journeys: Whistler*; and a set of small pamphlets from Rangoon, published by the Buddhasasana Samagama, containing a paper on Buddhism read by Allan Macgregor, now Bhikkhu Ananda Maitriya, before the Hope Lodge of the Theosophical Society at Colombo, and an essay by the same on Religious Education in Burma, from which it appears that our Scotch Bhikkhu is setting himself to a similar work to that

which our President-Founder did for Ceylon. There seems abundant necessity for the undertaking, and we must wish him every success.

A Pre-Christian Source of Christian Dogma

The following extraordinary passage, which I do not remember to have seen quoted by any of the writers who have asserted what it proves, is taken from Epiphanius (*Haer.*, li. 22):

How many other things in the past and present support and bear evidence to this proposition, I mean the birth of Christ! Indeed, the leaders of the idol-cults filled with wiles to deceive the idol-worshippers who believe in them, in many places keep highest festival on this same night of Epiphany, so that they whose hopes are in error may not seek the truth. For instance, at Alexandria in the Koreion, as it is called, an immense temple—that is to say the Precinct of the Virgin; after they have kept all-night vigil, with songs and music, chanting to their idol, when the vigil is over, at cock-crow they descend with lights into an underground crypt, and carry up a wooden image lying naked on a litter, with the seal of a cross made in gold on its forehead, and on either hand two other similar seals, and on both knees two others, all five seals being similarly made in gold; and they carry round the image itself, circumambulating seven times the innermost temple, to the accompaniment of pipes, tabors and hymns, and with merry-making they carry it down again underground. And if they are asked the meaning of this mystery, they answer and say: To-day at this hour, the Maiden (Kore), that is the Virgin, gave birth to the æon.

In the city of Petra also—the metropolis of Arabia, which is called Edom in the Scriptures—in the idol-temple there, the same is done, and they sing the praises of the Virgin in the Arab tongue, calling her in Arabic Chaamou, that is Maiden (Kore), and Virgin, and him who is born from her Dusares, that is Alone-begotten (*monogenes*) of the Lord. This also takes place in the city of Elousa (? Eleusis) on the same night, just as at Petra and Alexandria.

G. R. S. M.

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